# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 28, 1918

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# 1918

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# NASH MOTORS

VALUE CARS AT VOLUME PRICES

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# UNCLE SAM, RAILROADER

## By Edward Hungerford

A SHIPPER who had lost six carloads of freight in transit between Cincinnati and Dayton went into the general office of the United States Railroad Administration at Washington on a muggy day in September last and asked if something could not be done toward the immediate tracing of his lost cars. They were loaded with raw material which if not absolutely essential to the winning of the war was so far removed from nonessential that he felt the men in charge at headquarters would be justified in using the telegraph or other emergency provisions toward helping locate his freight. But the men at headquarters had no intention of doing anything of that sort. They told the shipper so; politely but very firmly.

"Don't you understand how it is?" said one of these officers. "The Government now is running the railroads. It is like the post office. If you drop a letter in the post box the Government assumes no personal responsibility for the safe or prompt transmission of that letter. It gets through, of course. But if it should happen to be delayed the Government has no method of hurrying it through. With the railroads it is now the same thing."

And as the manufacturer went back to the Miami Valley to make still another appeal to the local railroad authorities to dig out his stuff he felt that he had had his first real touch of the government control of transportation. And he did not like it. But, as almost any other good American would do, he vowed that he would keep his mouth shut in regard to the incident until the war was ended. Which he did.

Another manufacturer—a New York man who for the past two years has used the night trains between that city and Washington almost as a Staten Islander uses ferryboats—had a different sort of experience. Booked through to Washington on the midnight, certain exigencies made it necessary at the last minute for him to drop off for two or three hours in the morning at Baltimore. In other days he could have done this very easily. But because the Railroad Administration abolished even the simplest stopover privileges when it raised passenger fares in June last, it was necessary late at night for the manufacturer to go to the ticket window at the Pennsylvania Station in New York, turn in his Washington ticket, have it redeemed, and then purchase an entirely new railroad ticket to Baltimore. This would not have been so bad if it had not been for the fact that in the huge passenger terminal but one ticket window was open. And in front of it stood exactly forty-six persons; with the most important night train to Washington to start within twenty minutes.

The manufacturer, his watch in hand, beckoned a floor officer in the terminal.

"I can't afford to miss my train," said he. "Is there not some way in which this ticket business may be hurried along?"

The railroad man shook his head.

"We are going to try and get another window open in a few minutes. We are trying to find a man for it now."

The manufacturer expostulated. "In the old days they didn't try to run this station on a single ticket window," he sputtered out.

The floor officer smiled. His mind went back to the days when he was working for one of the most distinguished privately operated railroads of the land.

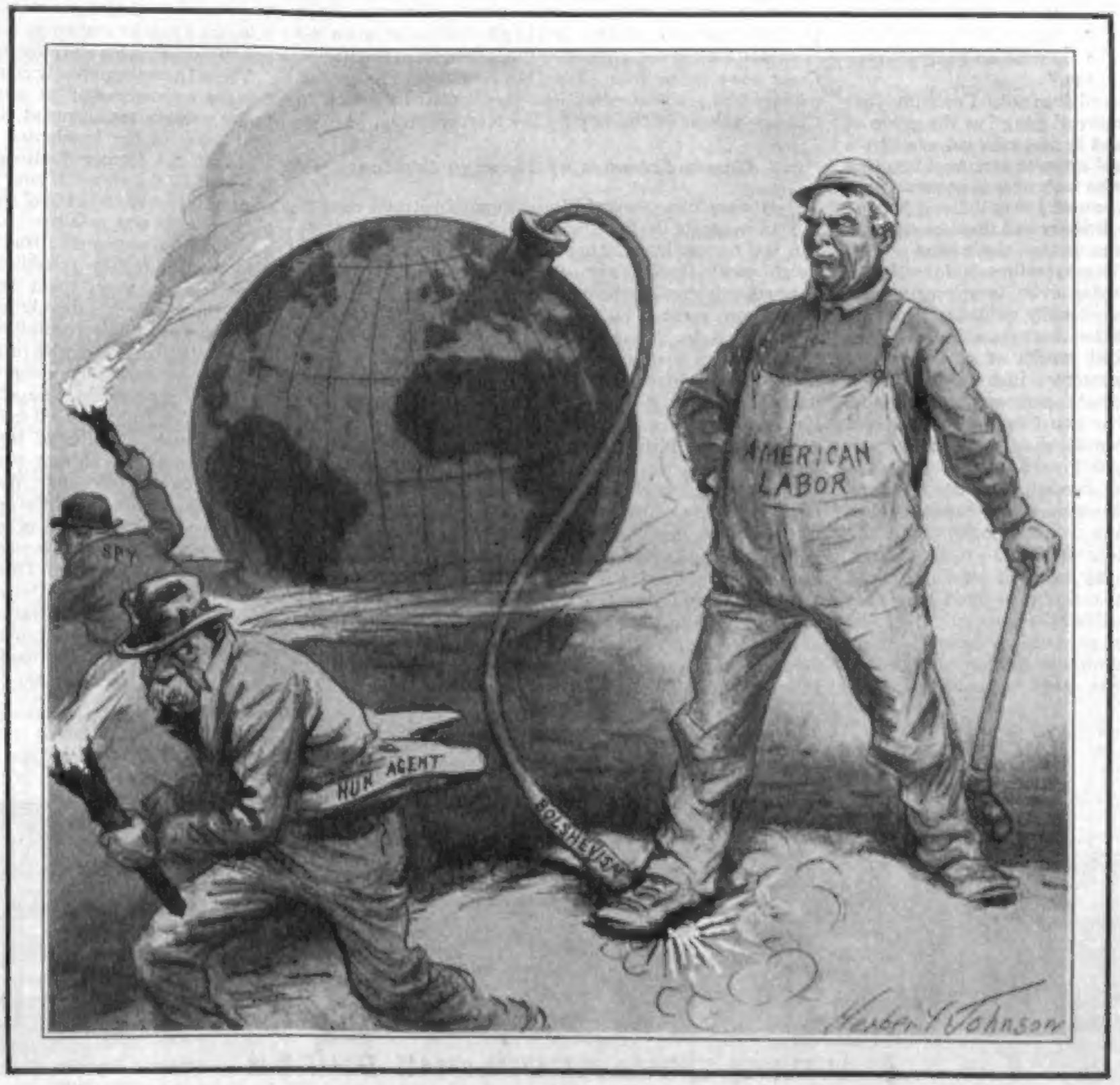
"Uncle Sam didn't run them then," said he.

These cases are not extreme. They are all too typical. There is hardly a man or woman user of our railroads who has not gone through similar experiences of late. Single-windowed ticket offices or ticket offices which had ceased to be ticket offices at all; trains shortened in equipment or lengthened in running time or, more likely, entirely removed from the running card; innumerable delays to freight and to passengers; railroad employees slacking in interest or in courtesy—the instances multiply as you cross the land. And the American traveling and shipping public has borne the many inconveniences with an uncomplaining silence and stoicism that one who had carefully studied the psychology of the average American might at first find hard to understand.

"*C'est la guerre*," they tell you in France to-day when even worse railroad accommodations or hotel facilities are offered you; when the little shop is out of fine linen or the restaurant of fresh beef; or there is not a taxicab to convey you to the station nor a porter to carry your luggage to the train.

"It is the war!" That is what passengers said to themselves last summer when the New Haven's fast limited trains on which they were riding between New York and Boston were pushed into sidings, that a through preference freight laden with munitions or the raw materials of war might go ahead of them and be given the right of way. "It is the war," breathed the commuter when his favorite seven forty-two disappeared from the place on the time card which it had filled almost since the line was first put through. "It is the war," laughed the shipper when he found his freight being put aside and behind priority orders, his necessary fuel and raw materials delayed, his output lost in transit. "It is the war," said McAdoo when first he took over the railroads as a part of the solution of the national emergency and made clear to every patriotic and right-thinking American the eminent necessity of subordinating his own good and his own comfort and his own profit to the good and the comfort and the profit of our adventure overseas. "It is the war," he repeated, when in June last he made his tremendous increases in both freight and passenger rates, and found the plea so potent that they were accepted by the American people—almost without a word of protest.

But now the war is over. And though the task of returning soldiers



to their homes—as well as that of getting materials for the reconstruction of France and Belgium to the seaboard for shipment overseas—is going to be a considerable strain upon our railroads it is in nowise to be compared with the strain placed upon them in hurrying troops and munitions to ports of embarkation; when every minute counted and the fate of the world rested in the balance. *"C'est la guerre"* no longer is a fit excuse. And the railroads during the government operation that still awaits them under the exact terms of the law that placed them under Federal control will have at least to approximate if they cannot equal or even better the service which they gave in the hands of private initiative and enterprise.

The average man—"the man in the street," as the newspaper writer likes to call him—inherently does not care very much whether the Government or private capital operates the railroads, as long as they are well operated. But with the war a thing of the past he is going to demand this last. And this the Railroad Administration already knows.

McAdoo now is out of the railroad situation—at least to all intents and purposes—and comment upon the situation is relieved of personal bias. But our Uncle Sam is not out of the situation. His real task still is ahead of him. He must either fish or cut bait. On the one side stands the government-ownership crowd feeling that with the wedge already driven, under the highly fortuitous circumstance of a war emergency, the transition from mere Federal control to Federal control plus Federal ownership would not now be a difficult matter; and on the other side are the great business interests of America demanding the return of the railroads to private hands—though under greatly changed conditions of organization and control. In addition there is a third group, which advocates a compromise plan of control and ownership, in which the Federal Government and private capital will enter as partners. Of these schemes, more in good time. We shall speak of them in some detail before we are done with this article. For the present consider them only as they bear upon the immediate position of the Railroad Administration.

"Of all the men in authority at Washington it was McAdoo who played the lone hand."

### Car Miles Saved by Rerouting

SO SPEAKS a man who from the very beginning of the war overseas has made a careful study of the Administration and its human components. He speaks the truth—and does not.

"The trouble with McAdoo," says a radical who is immensely interested in the entire railroad situation, "was that he was in the hands of the old railroad gang and was controlled body and soul by them."

He also speaks the truth—and does not. I presume that we may translate the "old railroad gang" as the group of experienced and very able and honest railroad executives that the first Director General chose to surround him as a transportation cabinet when he took over the operation of the properties. These men assumed a very difficult job and as far as the science and the efficiency and the thoroughness of it are concerned they have more than made good with it.

The great railroads of the United States even temporarily and very hastily welded into a single national system have shown good results of efficiency and economy—just as far-sighted private operators predicted more than two decades ago. Released from the shackles of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and the conflicting regulatory commissions all the way across the land they have been able to simplify and unify their facilities—even though many times at public cost and inconvenience—in a way that enabled them not only to handle the pressure of war traffic in an admirable fashion but also to show great actual economies.

To come to actual cases: It was good railroading when the centralized Washington administration began assembling various sections of various lines so as to gain not only more direct routes between important traffic centers but lines of lowest possible gradients as well. In the West, particularly, great progress has been made in this direction. For instance, in the old days of competitive railroading the Southern Pacific quite naturally operated its through route from Dallas or Fort Worth to Los Angeles and San Francisco over its own tracks through San Antonio to El Paso. Of course the old-time and somewhat unfortunate Texas and Pacific had a far shorter route from Dallas and Fort Worth direct to El Paso but the competitive situation—the fact that it was Texas and Pacific and not Southern Pacific—prevented it from getting much volume of traffic for its short line.

Under government unification the T. & P. line has come into its own; with the result that several hundred miles have been taken off the through route between the important northern Texas cities and southern California—with great resultant time and operating economies.

Similarly a newly assembled through line from the oil fields at Casper, Wyoming, to Montana and Puget Sound points is 880 miles shorter than the route which the competitive situation formerly forced. Freight from southern California to Ogden is hauled 201 miles less than by the pathway formerly used; the new route between Chicago and Sioux City is 110 miles shorter than the old; and 289 miles have been saved in the through traffic between Kansas City and Galveston and Houston. Multiply these examples and it is easy to see how in a period of sixty days last summer some 9000 freight cars were so rerouted as to effect a saving in distance traveled by each car of about 195 miles—or a total saving of about 1,754,805 car miles.

To be ranked with this sort of operating economy is the work undertaken by Regional Director R. H. Aishton at Chicago, who early in the spring of the present year began consolidating train movements, so that instead of the several competing trunk lines coming down from out of the Northwest, each operating competing through-freight trains each day into the great terminal and interchange yards at St. Paul, and there shifting and resorting their cars incredibly, for distribution between the six trunk lines leading for four hundred miles down into Chicago, through trains were operated solidly from the Puget Sound points through to Lake Michigan. For through freight the great railroad yards upon the line between St. Paul and Minneapolis represented no more of a stop than was necessary for changing engines, cabooses and crews. Moreover, these through trains were distributed in alternation between the Northern Pacific and Great Northern lines from the Pacific Coast down to the Twin Cities, but because of its superior mileage and gradient conditions they were handled on to Chicago almost exclusively by the Northwestern.

### Simple Schemes of Through Service

NOR was Chicago—with almost inevitable traffic congestion despite the fact that it now bears upon its western rim the largest interchange and clearing-house yard for freight cars in the entire world—a railroad point big enough to break this simple scheme of through service. Take the export corn specials out of the Missouri Valley: One of these trains, let us say, consists of thirty-one cars from Omaha and five cars down from Sioux City, all moving under special government permits, and is routed intact from Omaha to Philadelphia. It comes east over the Northwestern to a point well outside the Chicago congested district. There it is turned to the tracks of the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern—one of the outermost of the belt-line railroads which encircle Chicago. The Elgin, Joliet and Eastern in turn delivers the train—intact and unchanged, you will remember—to the Nickel Plate, which at Buffalo hands it to the Lackawanna, which in turn carries it as far as Scranton, giving it there to the Central Railroad of New Jersey and the connecting Philadelphia and Reading for prompt handling through to tidewater and a waiting ship at Philadelphia. There has been no switching and but little delay en route, and the train should be through from the Missouri to the Delaware in considerably less than a week.

Such prompt through movement with its savings of time and money was quite unheard of in the days of competitive railroad management.

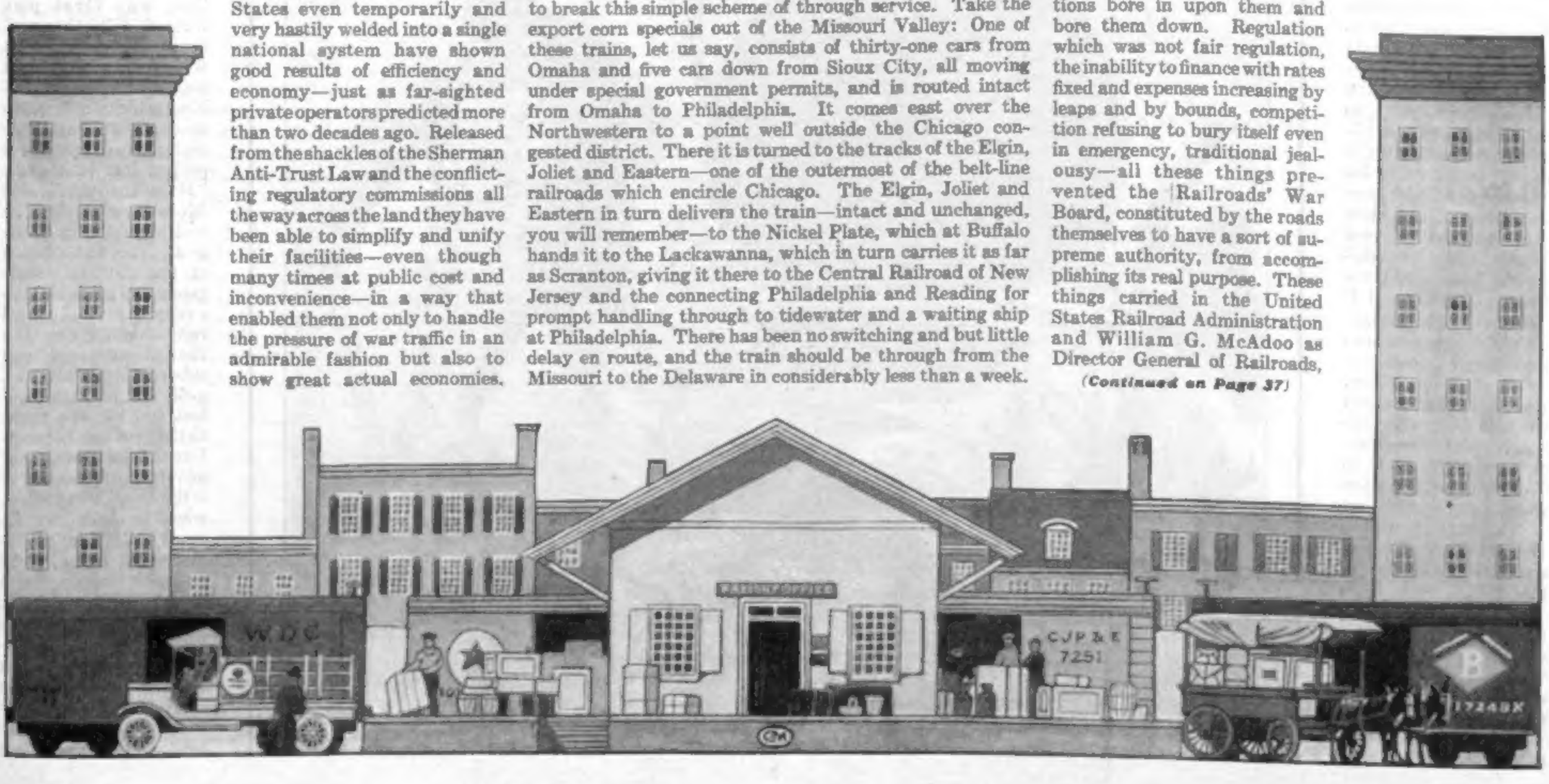
All the reroutings and consolidations of this sort have by no means been confined to the West. In the East many others have been made—particularly in the congested sections of war munitions manufacture, where in addition to great numbers of war brides and shipyards and camps and cantonments requiring not merely outbound shipping facilities but large quantities of raw materials and fuel there has been a vast movement of coal for both domestic use and export. In the handling of this coal ingenious savings have been made—both in the routings and in the details of train operation. Roads and portions of roads formerly in bitter competition have been joined together in a way possible only under absolutely unified and autocratic control. And in some cases the routings have been made to divert the great streams of through-freight traffic so as to avoid areas already badly congested. Thus Atlantic-bound freight coming up into St. Louis from the Southwest is sent far to the north and even through Canada before it reaches the seaboard. A glance at the map and a fair understanding of the present traffic situation will show the necessity of this. The lines that reach into the coal fields of eastern Kentucky and West Virginia and western Pennsylvania are much burdened these months. It is hardly fair to ask them to carry much through freight upon their already heavily laden shoulders. And the Pittsburgh district with its various narrow impasses made by broad rivers and sharp-sided mountains is a railroad abomination, a fearfully congested traffic gateway, which by reason of those selfsame rivers and mountains is hardly capable of radical enlargement, even at great cost.

### Men of Vision With Tied Hands

THE railroads that run along the south shore of Lake Erie, ample as are their facilities, have a full load of traffic from Chicago, the West and the Northwest. So the traffic from St. Louis and the rich country back of it must cross the Chicago currents and go to the north of Lake Erie. The Wabash—one of the least understood and most abused railroads of America—at this time justifies the fine strategy of its position. It to-day is the main factor in bringing the St. Louis freight up to Detroit, where it may cross into Canada by ferry or through the great tunnel which the Michigan Central completed less than a decade ago; and by sweeping easily along through the gradeless tangents of the Province of Ontario reënter the United States at the Niagara Frontier and go on to New York or Boston by any one of half a dozen uncongested traffic routes.

These things apparently could not have been done under private management; at any rate they were not done under private management, though it is but fair to say that some of the far-sighted railroaders who sat at the table of the former Railroads' War Board—which attempted at the eleventh hour to consolidate the lines and so save the obvious perils of government operation even as a temporary war measure—had the vision of these very consolidation economies. Had the vision but not the power. Too many weighty considerations bore in upon them and bore them down. Regulation which was not fair regulation, the inability to finance with rates fixed and expenses increasing by leaps and by bounds, competition refusing to bury itself even in emergency, traditional jealousy—all these things prevented the Railroads' War Board, constituted by the roads themselves to have a sort of supreme authority, from accomplishing its real purpose. These things carried in the United States Railroad Administration and William G. McAdoo as Director General of Railroads,

(Continued on Page 37)



# The Lobster and the Wise Guy

## By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIAN KEEN WAGNER

IT WAS a pretty room—this room in which my story opens—and it was a pretty girl who lay with her cheek on the pillow, though there were tears in her eyes for an immemorial reason and in her hand she held a bottle about the size and shape of her little finger. But before I begin to tell you about the girl, and the tears in her eyes, and that wicked-looking vial which she held in her hand, her thumb and finger tightened to pull the cork, I am going to tell you about the room, because the room is really worth description.

If you had reached it in the usual manner, walking along the street until you came to Number 710, climbing the steps and passing through the hall, you would have seen at once that it was a furnished-room house, and a cheap furnished-room house at that. The sign below the bell would have told you so, and so would the cold smell in the hall—such a smell as might rise from feeble hopes that had long ago died of malnutrition. The unclaimed letters on the hall rack would have told you the same thing, lying there dispirited, friendless and wrinkled—old letters that looked as though they were full of sighs and bad news, like sad old men with lackluster eyes waiting in vain for listeners to come and hear their mournful tales.

*Before Leaving for Camp He Called on Mary. He Was Feeling so Horribly Lonesome and Woebegone That He Simply Had to Call on Someone*

As you passed along the dark halls and up the darker stairs the impression previously gained would have grown upon you. And when you finally reached the top floor and stood before the last closed door you came to, you would probably expect it to open upon some dismal little cubby-hole—a place to give the stoutest heart the blues. As a matter of fact that is the place where my story opens and—if you can only forget the tearful figure on the bed—you would have searched New York a long, long time that day before you would have found a sweeter, brighter, happier looking apartment.

There were two rooms, and from where you stood in the doorway you could see them both.

The first, lighted by a skylight, was part sitting room and part studio. Below the light was an illustrator's table and the walls were covered with line drawings and water colors, most of the latter being pleasantly tinted in flower-like shades. They were pretty pictures, as pretty as the room they were in, as pretty as the girl who lay with her wet cheek on the pillow; and yet they had, without exception, a peculiar quality which I shall mention later. Against the north wall was a fireplace with an alcove on each side of it filled with books. Items: a couch with a tapestry covering, a wicker chair, a table holding a silk-covered electrolier and a copy of Barrie's What Every Woman Knows. For the rest of it the rugs had evidently been woven by some poetical Persian who had been fond of autumn leaves and old-fashioned flower gardens, and the wall paper looked like a June morning—one of those mornings on which every woman wishes she were starting on her honeymoon this day, and every man over thirty wishes he were twenty-one again, with his bangs brushed into a barber's blessing and all the world a carpet for his feet.

The next room was the bedroom, and even if there had been no one there to hush your noise the moment you peeped in you would have experienced that feeling which is generally associated with church interiors or the sight of sleeping children, especially when their cheeks are pink and they smile in their dreams. In short, it was evident that this apartment had been decorated and furnished by the tenant—which brings us now with undivided attention to the girl in the bed who wept to herself for an immemorial reason and gazed with tear-filled eyes at the man's photograph which stood in a frame on the table by her side.

"You're—you're no good—no good," she sobbed.

And suddenly seizing the photograph, which had seemed to be regarding her attentively, she slapped it—slapped it with all her might—and sent it sailing grandly across the room.

### II

IT IS now, coming to the end of the prelude, that I am about to strike a series of chords, the same having for their motif the life and habits of Warren Wilmer, Esq., the gentleman who has just had his photograph slapped so soundly and sent sailing across a room.

He had been born in a small town about thirty miles from New York, and you can tell how his parents felt toward him from the fact that they nearly called him Cyril, but finally compromised on Mrs. Wilmer's maiden name.

When Warren was three years old the doctor called round one evening and left him a baby sister. A few months later this new arrival was playing with a clothespin, which, except for a bottle and a pacifier, was her only toy. In the same room Master Warren was sitting on the floor surrounded by a mechanical railway, a castle of building blocks, a loop-the-loop, a rocking horse, and all the rest of those impedimenta with which proud parents are apt to load their firstborn sons.

His father watching him, said: "Warren, when you grow up you'll let your little sister play with your toys, won't you?"

To which Warren immediately made violent gestures of dissension. "She's dot her clothespin, ain't she?" he demanded.

His parents burst forthwith into laughter and loud applause, and oh, how they repeated the story!

"Warren isn't letting anything get away from him," they said. "He's going to be a rich man some day."

As all the world knows well, it's a little thing that often starts the great adventure—King Bruce's spider, for instance—or Watt's teakettle—or Newton's apple—to say nothing of Eve's bland fruit—and, for all we know, the clothespin story may have been the determining factor in the formation of Warren's character. At any rate he heard it often enough, and always pitched in the key of admiration.

When he was twelve years old he worked nights and mornings in Ginger Carroll's hat store. Every Saturday night he was paid a dollar and a half; and every Monday morning he put it in the savings bank. For which I give him credit.

When he was eighteen he left school and went to work in Peter Kain's furniture store, where he received ten dollars a week. Out of his first year's wages he deposited five hundred dollars in the savings bank. From which you can see that his clothes and amusements that year cost him twenty dollars, and that he lived at home and paid no board. To say the least, this was a thrifty thing to do.

In the same year that Warren cast his first vote his father fell off a ladder and hurt his back. The following week, after thinking it over with almost sulky absorption, our hero went to New York to seek his fortune. He had "been thinking of it for a long time." He felt "buried alive in this little hole." His parents heard his decision with mixed emotions, especially his father, who was still in bed and hated to think how long it would be before he would see a pay envelope again—possibly not till spring. Perhaps if the old gentleman had cracked Master Warren on the side of the head instead of applauding so proudly his clothespin sentiments he wouldn't have looked so thoughtful and old that winter.

However that may be, his son went to New York and almost immediately found a position as salesman in the furniture store of Bolton & Sons. He was at that time a stern, pale young man, with a look of concentration that can only be described as intense. He also had a way of brushing his hair which made him look like a college man. He neither swore, smoked, drank nor sang—for which again I give him credit. And oh, how he shunned the ladies!

"When a fellow's got a girl I notice he's never got much else." That was one of his private reflections on life, one of the thoughts that gave him a certain wise look when his face was in repose. Though perhaps he never formulated the proposition so baldly as I am going to give it to you, away down deep in his heart he regarded marriage as a sort of graft—on the lady's part, of course. "Show a girl you like her"—this was the substance of his musings—"and the first thing you know you have to support her all the rest of her life. A nice how-do-you-do!"

You will understand, of course, that when he referred to a nice how-do-you-do he was speaking ironically.

One Sunday afternoon while reading a volume of Kipling which he had taken from the library he came to the lines:

*You may carve it on his tombstone; you may cut it on his card*
*That a young man married is a young man marred.*

Warren liked that couplet and treasured it in his memory.

A few days later he came across the following joke in his evening paper:

BINKS: I haven't seen Bob lately. Is he married or dead?
JINKS: Why, is there any difference?

This pleased him too. After that he sometimes called the married ones dead ones, and he began to feel that he

was in accord with the riper minds of the age on this strange, this unbelievably one-sided subject of marriage.

Meanwhile he continued to concentrate his more serious thoughts upon that great problem of life which is generally described as "getting along."

"I'm going to be rich some day," he often vowed to himself. "Rich—rich—rich!"

As the preliminary of riches he mastered the clerical work of his department, studied the stock from A to Z, kept himself fit by taking long walks, breathing exercises, a glass of water every hour and carefully avoiding late hours, fried foods, spices, puff pastry and anything that had cheese in it. He also pressed his clothes in his room every evening with an electric iron and finally succeeded in getting a chance to show the stuff that was in him.

"Young man," said the manager of his department one day, "I don't think much of this model living room of ours. Judging from their orders our customers share my feelings. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to take everything out of here and furnish it again according to your own ideas." He then gave Warren a keen glance from behind his spectacles—a glance that was not without significance. "Take plenty of time," he said. "Take plenty of time; that's all I can tell you."

Our hero felt like a young knight about to go into battle for the first time, and something told him he was getting a chance to win his golden spurs.

As you have probably guessed by now Warren had many things in his favor that would lead him far toward the attainment of his heart's desire, but he was lacking in two small things: The first was beauty of thought; the second was imagination. As a result of these shortcomings his first attempt at a model living room looked like the smoking room of a coastwise vessel crossed with the ladies' parlor of a country hotel. Even Warren felt disturbed by it. He had the leather-covered pieces moved out and went on a forage among the wickers and cretonnes—"something to give it a more feminine touch," he told himself.

"What's the idea?" asked a friendly clerk when the second effort was assembled. "Porch scene at Bar Harbor?"

Warren began to sweat a little at the crown of his head and the palms of his hands, and probably felt the same as the young knight used to feel when it suddenly burst upon him that if he fell down flat in his suit of armor he might never be able to rise again to win his golden spurs. It was just at this moment that Mary first crossed his vision—Mary who had come down from the advertising department to sketch a wicker bird cage which Warren had commandeered for his model living room.

"You can take it away if you want it," he said in moody numbers. And partly in desperation and partly in explanation of his somber tone he added: "I'm trying to get a model living room together—but somehow it doesn't seem to come."

It was the helplessness of his voice that did it. Unconsciously Mary felt the instinct to comfort him, to mother him, to help him. You mustn't gather from this, though, that Mary was old!

"If I were you I think I'd have the wall covering changed first," she said, slowly looking round. "The colors aren't friendly." And noticing his helpless look at that she added: "What do you say if we go downstairs and look at the new designs?"

As a matter of fact she not only selected the wall coverings but she picked the rugs for him too; and when that was done she chose the pictures and draperies.

"I was always good at colors," she smiled.

Then threading in and out among the stock she carefully began picking the furniture—her eyes looking dreamy at times, as though she was making believe that this was her own home that she was furnishing—and when that room was finished a few days later not only did the manager congratulate Warren upon it but old Mr. Bolton had it copied for his own house on Riverside Drive.

When Warren heard of this he began to walk round with a dignified step, as though he could already hear the jingling of those golden spurs.

"Young man," said the manager the following Monday, "Mr. Bolton has suggested that it might be a good idea to institute a department of interior decoration. Do you think you could run it?"

It will give you still another line upon our hero when I tell you that he had learned from life a rather clever trick: When he wanted to hear more he kept quiet, looked studious and went on listening.

"I think we could start you at twenty-five hundred," said the manager. "After the first year you would be paid in reasonable proportion to the amount of profits earned by your department."

Warren continued to listen, but seeing that nothing more was forthcoming he had a vision of Mary assembling that model room for him.

Contemplating this vision he thoughtfully replied: "Of course I'd need someone to make sketches and do work like that. There's a young girl in the advertising department—I don't think she's getting much—if you could let me have her ——"

"Why, I think so," said the manager unsuspectingly.

Upstairs, just as unsuspectingly, Mary was drawing a vase on a table and humming The Maiden's Prayer.

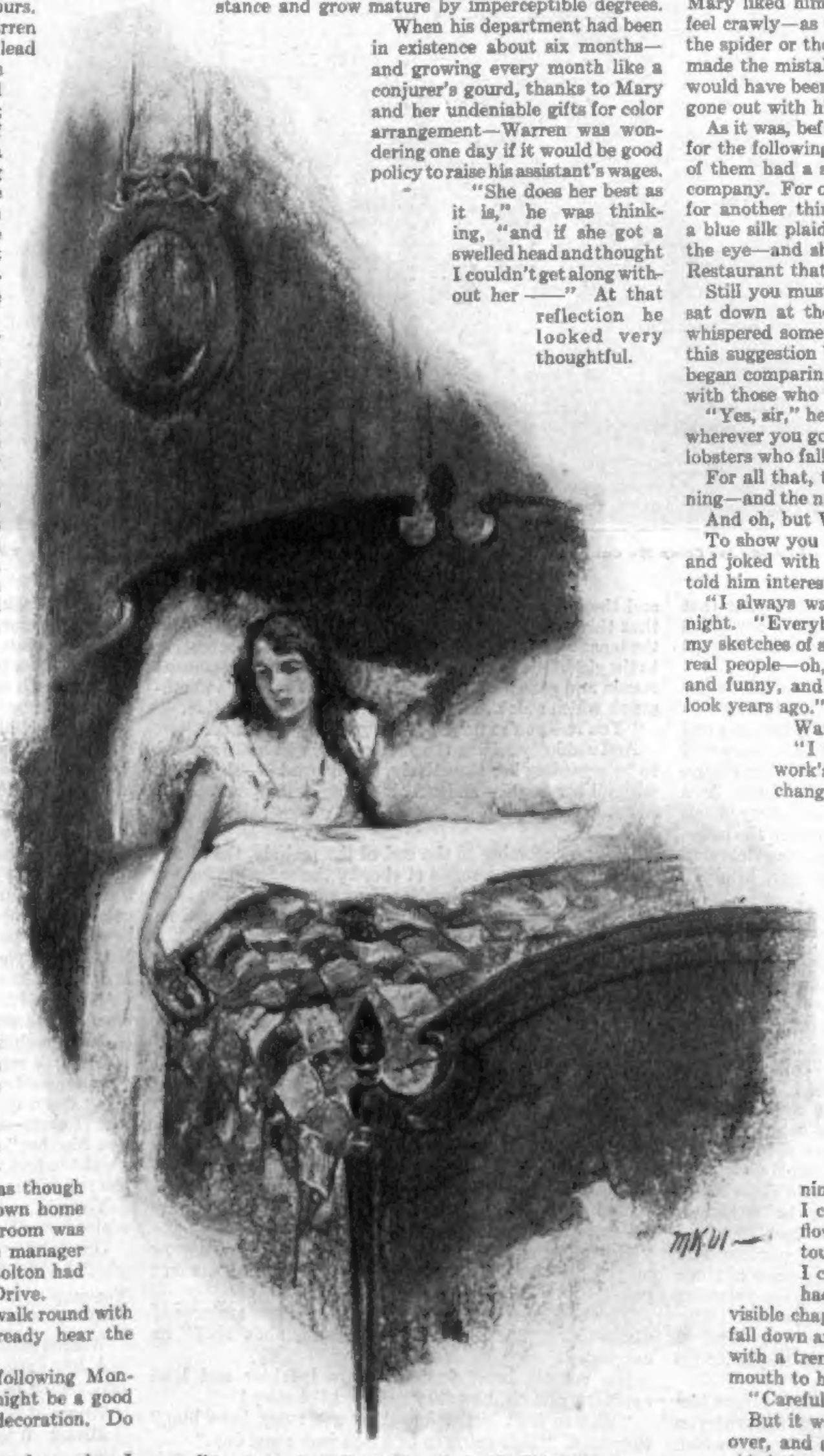
Life is sometimes like that.

### III

NOW I don't want you to think that Warren meant from the first to act as he did toward Mary. It was like most other schemes of man: it didn't spring forth, life size, all in a moment, like the devil in an old morality play; but rather it was one of those children of the mind which are conceived by accident, born of circumstance and grow mature by imperceptible degrees.

When his department had been in existence about six months—and growing every month like a conjurer's gourd, thanks to Mary and her undeniable gifts for color arrangement—Warren was wondering one day if it would be good policy to raise his assistant's wages.

"She does her best as it is," he was thinking, "and if she got a swelled head and thought I couldn't get along without her ——" At that reflection he looked very thoughtful.



*"For Seven Long Years You Made Me Think You Were Going to Ask Me to Marry You"*

"Of course I could get somebody else in time," he continued, "but it would certainly put me in a hole."

This was in Bolton's store, and while he stood there trying to figure it out, his arms crossed like a young Napoleon, he was watching Mary, who was talking to one of the buyers. Warren couldn't hear them, but suddenly he saw the buyer give Mary a very gallant look. Mary dropped her eyes and shook her head.

"Asking her to go out to dinner with him to-night, I'll bet," frowned Warren. And then a larger, more disturbing thought came to him. "Suppose she gets married and quits work entirely."

He walked round a bit, keeping one eye on the buyer and frowning with concentration.

"She's just the age," he thought; "and she's certainly got the looks. Perhaps if instead of raising her wages I took her out to dinner once in a while myself she'd think a lot more of it."

So about a week later he and Mary went out to dinner together; but oh, wasn't Warren careful, and didn't he watch his step! If you had been there you would have thought that he had an invisible chaperon with him, some crabbed old misogynist who was continually whispering: "Mind your eye there, now! Careful, boy, careful, or you'll be a dead one too!"

Yes, Warren was very careful and very correct—and Mary liked him for it. A spoony man always made her feel crawly—as though he had something of the nature of the spider or the caterpillar in him; and if her escort had made the mistake of acting mushy with her that night it would have been the last time that Mary would ever have gone out with him.

As it was, before they parted they made an engagement for the following Sunday evening. On that occasion each of them had a sense of increasing pleasure in the other's company. For one thing they knew each other better, and for another thing Mary was wearing her nicest dress—a blue silk plaid which simultaneously held and charmed the eye—and she was easily the prettiest girl at Ardin's Restaurant that night.

Still you mustn't forget that Old Man Mind Your Eye sat down at the table with them, and once at least he whispered something into Warren's ear. In obedience to this suggestion Warren looked round the restaurant and began comparing the couples who were obviously married with those who were obviously single.

"Yes, sir," he thought with new conviction, "you see it wherever you go. The wise guys stay single; it's only the lobsters who fall."

For all that, they dined together the next Sunday evening—and the next—and the next.

And oh, but Warren was careful!

To show you how Mary trusted him she smiled at him and joked with him as though he were her brother, and told him interesting items of her life.

"I always wanted to be an illustrator," she said one night. "Everybody said my color work was good—and my sketches of still life too. But when it came to drawing real people—oh, oh! They looked—I don't know—stiff, and funny, and formal—the way fashion plates used to look years ago."

Warren didn't think much of an artist's life.

"I wouldn't bother," he concluded. "Your work's congenial where you are. Why think of changing it?"

He unfolded some of his own dreams of the future.

"I'll bet you, some day," he said, "I'll come and take you out to dinner in a big automobile of my own. We'll go to some place up the Hudson and have the time of our lives."

One very dark night, after several months of this, as they were walking down the street to the house where Mary lived, two quarreling men approached them, and Mary's hand somehow found a natural resting place on Warren's arm. The quarreling men passed by, but the hand stayed where it was as innocently as any child's. To make it worse, Mary started humming an air which they had heard that evening. You would understand this better if I could hum it to you—because there were flowers and love and hope and longing and a touch of sadness in it too. However, though I cannot hum it I can tell you the effect it had upon Old Man Mind Your Eye, the invisible chaperon. It nearly made that sour old crab fall down and bump his nose, but he caught his step with a tremendous effort and immediately put his mouth to his protégé's ear.

"Careful—careful—careful, boy!" he whispered.

But it was a narrow squeak. Warren thought it over, and after much concentrated thought he decided that it would be advisable to make himself safe for the future. So the next evening they went

out together he waited until the moment was propitious and then he started in.

"What I like about you, Mary, is this," he said—"you're so sensible."

She gave him a smile.

"The trouble with most girls is," he continued, "if you look at them twice they think you want to marry them. But you—you're not that kind at all. You're a real friend—a chum; that's why I like you the way I do."

She patted his arm.

"Some day, perhaps," he said, coming to it, "when I can afford to think about marriage I'll talk with you just as frankly about that as I'm talking about this. But it'll be years yet—perhaps another ten years, I don't know. It depends on how I get on. Meanwhile you know the way I feel about you, don't you? You're a friend—a chum—and I'd rather be with you than with anyone else I know."

Such was the declaration of a careful man—a curiosity, perhaps, for the curious. It had two widely diverging results: It not only made him safe but it made Mary devoted to him. If it was only money and success that he needed before he could speak, oh, how she would help him!

For nearly seven years he let her work for him, think for him, strive for him, drudge for him, pull for him, draw for him—her whole life centered round him in a splendid, shining dream. And then one day she woke to the fact that he was gradually drawing away from her.

For one thing he had lately started in business for himself—THE LITTLE SHOPPE ON THE AVENUE—and he was beginning to have vague visions of a wife with money. Then again Old Man Mind Your Eye had been whispering to him: "Careful, boy—careful! You're drifting into it. Your name will be in the obituary column yet. You've got money enough now to hire a good decorator if you want one. You don't have to marry 'em!"

Whatever the reason, Warren gradually cooled toward Mary—growing cooler and cooler with every passing week—till finally we arrive at that morning on which our story opens, when Mary looked with tear-filled eyes at his photograph on the table by the side of her bed.

"You're—you're no good—no good—no good," she sobbed.

And suddenly seizing the photograph, which had seemed to be regarding her attentively, she slapped it—slapped it with all her might—and sent it sailing grandly across the room.

### IV

A GOOD burst of temper is sometimes like a clap of thunder. It clears the air. And if you had been in Mary's room that morning you would have seen at once that she felt better. But while she lay there, dry-eyed at last and defiant, another thought came to her.

"Wouldn't it be awful," she said to herself, "if anybody ever threw my picture round like that?"

Moved by this impulse she jumped out, picked up the photograph and jumped back again.

"Oh, Warren," she said, "how could you? What did I ever do to you that you should treat me the way you are doing?"

The man in the photograph seemed to look back at her with attentive eyes.

"For seven long years you made me think you cared for me, and that some day, when you could, you were going to ask me to marry you. Don't you know right well you did?"

Half-whimsically, half-mournfully she wiggled the picture so the attentive young man seemed to be nodding "Yes."

"I can see it now," she said. "You wanted to use me, that's all. Even when you started in business for yourself you never committed yourself for a moment; did you? Not even when I had worked there every night for nearly two months, trying to make it look as no other decorator's shop ever looked before or since. Oh, Warren, that was mean of you! If you had only been natural just once; if you had only said, 'Mary ——'"

But she didn't finish the thought—or, rather, she finished it with a sigh.

"Yes; you've always been careful—terribly careful. But lately you've been more careful than ever. Whenever you simply have to write me a note you dictate it to the stenographer and have her sign it for you: 'Dear Miss Mallon'—'Dictated but not read by Mr. Wilmer.' And whenever you want to see me in your office you always have somebody else in there.

"What's the matter, Warren?" she sadly asked. "Is it because I'm growing older? Don't you care the least little bit any more?"

This time, except for a slight tremor, the man in the photograph made no sign, but continued to regard her with attentive eyes.

"Listen," she continued, "it's Decoration Day to-day—the first one since I've known you that you haven't invited me to go out with you somewhere. Why, Warren, it's spring! Haven't you felt it in the air these last two weeks, and in the happy, dreamy way it makes you feel if you only try to give in to it a little—and have nothing to worry you?

*"I'm Trying to Get a Model Living Room Together—But Somehow It Doesn't Seem to Come"*

"And with that new car of yours we could go to so many lovely places. Don't you remember the trips we used to plan—'when you were rich, too, and had a car'? Well, now you've got a car—the very car you always said you were going to have—and you leave me home on Decoration Day—and m-m-make me feel like a stale sandwich—left on the plate—a sandwich that nobody wanted—and the party all gone home."

She proudly brushed the returning tears from her cheeks with the same hand that had so lately slapped his face.

"Phoo, how my head aches!" she murmured half to herself. "But then it always does when I lie awake half the night worrying. And I simply hate to take these little green pills!"

She frowned, looking at the vial in her hand. "I'm sure there's morphine or something in them—they make me feel so peaceful and drowsy. Wouldn't it be awful if I got to be a dope fiend and couldn't go to sleep till I'd taken a pill?"

Staring at the pellets with a glance that had something of fascination in it, she tilted one out into the palm of her hand, and then she picked up the photograph again.

"Now listen," she said: "before I take this I want you to tell me something. Are you sure you're listening? Well, let me see just how I'll put it——"

She was still considering with her half-whimsical, half-mournful smile—the little green pill in one hand, the photograph in the other—when a knock sounded on the outer door.

"A gemman on the phone dahnstairs, Miss Mallon," said a voice in the hall, "wants to speak to you."

"Did he say who it was?"

"Yas'm—Mars' Wilmer."

Mary turned to the photograph with beaming eyes.

"All right, Ruby!" she called out. "Tell him I'll call him up in about ten minutes."

### V

AS YOU can guess it was nearer half an hour when Mary finally reached the telephone downstairs. And oh, what a different Mary it was from the girl whom you first saw lying in bed. No longer her cheeks were damp and mottled; no longer her lashes were heavy with tears. Her cheeks were pink and glowing—so pink and glowing that if you could have laid your palms gently against them for a moment they would have warmed your fingers; and Mendelssohn must have looked into eyes like Mary's just before rising to his first immortal inspiration for the Spring Song. It didn't take her long to call up the number she wanted—and then:

"Good morning, Miss Mallon," said a suave, even voice on the other end of the wire.

"Good morning—Mr. Wilmer," she amilingly echoed.

"I've been wondering whether you'd care to run out into the country to-day?"

"I'd just love to!"

"Good! You know that Wollman contract we have—the house at New Rochelle?"

"Ye-es."

"I've just got in touch with the new mural decorator—a splendid workman from all I can hear. He says he can be there at half past one. And—I've been thinking—if you could meet him there and explain your color schemes to him ——"

Mary didn't say anything—it wasn't in her—but if you could have gently laid your palms against her cheeks just then I'm pretty sure they would have burned your fingers instead of merely warming them. Perhaps the speaker at the other end of the wire sensed her silence and knew what it meant.

"I'd run you up in my car," he continued in his suave, even voice, "but the car's laid up for repairs this morning."

And still Mary said nothing, but like a certain famous parrot I think she thought the more.

"You could meet him then at half past one?"

"Why, I think so," said Mary, trying hard to keep her voice in the same key as that in which she had pitched her opening sentences.

"Good! I'll let him know. New Rochelle at half past one, remember. Good-by."

"Good-by."

It was thus perhaps that Josephine said good-by to Bonaparte.

It was thus perhaps that Sheba's queen once spoke to Israel's king.

### VI

AS MARY neared the Wollman residence at New Rochelle she became conscious of a bulky young man sitting on the unpainted steps. At her approach he rose and raised his hat, and Mary couldn't help but see that his hair was tight and curly.

"Pardon me," he said, "but are you from The Little Shoppe? I thought so. Stanley's my name—the decorator."

Whereupon Mary also noticed that his glance denoted admiration; and looking at his chest, which he wore in front of him with a proud, barrellike effect, she couldn't help thinking, "How strong he must be!" She glanced at the door, half open behind him, and then she looked at him more carefully.

"The plasterers are inside," he smiled, answering her thought. "A fine bunch of wops. I've been listening to them singing. They get double time to-day because it's a holiday, and whenever they happen to think about it they hit the good old favorites like a popular Sunday night."

"I'd love to hear them," said Mary, answering his smile at last. "Let's go in."

But as soon as they crossed the threshold she suddenly became all business. "Have you a notebook?" she said. "I want an antique effect here in the hall. I'll give you the exact shades at the office in the morning."

*(Continued on Page 53)*

# NANCE IN A STATE OF WAR

## The Workless Worker—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IN APRIL, 1917, the sun being in Taurus and America now at war, I heard just previous to the dinner hour the sharp firm clack of high heels upon my sidewalk. I rose up quickly and let Nance in.

"Is it war or peace?" I asked.

"War," said Nance, and cast her semimilitary cape upon the sofa.

"Were they there—every woman in old Highhold in her place?"

"Every one," said Nance, a gleaming hatpin in her teeth.

"And what did they finally name themselves?"

"The Community at Work," said Nance, and laid down her semimilitary hat and came and kissed me.

"Not the Red Cross, then?"

"No," said Nance briefly. "Something more distinctive!" And she had the dinner put right on.

"What else did they do?" I asked her when she had the leisure.

"They had their motto given them, for one thing," said Nance.

"What?"

"Work or fight."

"Aha," I said. "By whom?"

"Their president," said Nance.

"And who was that?" I asked.

"Who would it be?" said Nance, reducing me to absurdity.

"Again!" I said; and I laughed—for a second only.

"She will too," said Nance abruptly.

"Will what?"

"Work or fight."

"Woman," I said, "I warn you now: Lay not your bloody hands on God's anointed."

"She can fool round all she wants to—with her names and her mottoes, and her distinctive movements—ordinarily," said that red-headed patriot, "but these are wartimes!"

"For Us," She Said, "the Sex That May Not Fight, There Remains a Trinity of Service: Work—Save—Sacrifice. But the Greatest of These is Work!"

"Work, not words," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin to the first regular meeting of the Community at Work, "will win this war."

She wore, I understand, the new Coutts-Corbin sable stole, turned back from her neck, and her picture hat. Otherwise she was in black, very severe, with just one simple orchid at her breast. Her hair was drawn back very simply and gathered in one simple knot low on the neck—as she first wore it, I am told, at the initial performance of Iphigenia in Tauris at Vascliffe. "For us," she said, "the sex that may not fight, there remains a trinity of service: Work—save—sacrifice. But the greatest of these is work! Work, we must remember, ladies, hard bruising work—from which none is exempt—must be our first and primal contribution to our country in its need."

She moved, slightly advancing the other knee, and slightly adjusted the sable stole upon her neck. She made few gestures; she needed few. Her manner like her dress was very simple. While she was still Isabel Smyth—before her marriage to Samuel Coutts-Corbin—she was generally conceded to have the most striking platform presence of any undergraduate at Vascliffe.

"Realizing this," she continued, "when it became necessary to make a definitive organization for war work it seemed best to those few of us who met first to choose a form and a designation which would be symbolic of our exact purpose, and so the Community at Work—as we have called it—has come into being. A hard, practical name, workaday in every syllable, yet to me it is a glory and a clarion call to service—the mere name alone—to which I dedicate myself and all my humble powers as your president."

She swayed slightly, as she does at times, it seems, while speaking, and placed her right hand just underneath the single orchid at her breast. Her eyes closed temporarily under the stress of the emotion—her whole audience keeping silence with her.

"So it will be, I know," she said, recovering her voice somewhat and reopening her unusually large blue eyes, "with all of us. In these strenuous days," she said in a much stronger, steadier voice, "there will be none who will hold back her hand from the plow. Every fiber, every ounce, every atom of force in us will be given freely to our country. Work to the utmost—work without stint or respite—work without thought of self is the unspoken pledge, I know, of every woman here."

She stopped, erect and breathing hard—with the light of high purpose in her very unusual blue eyes.

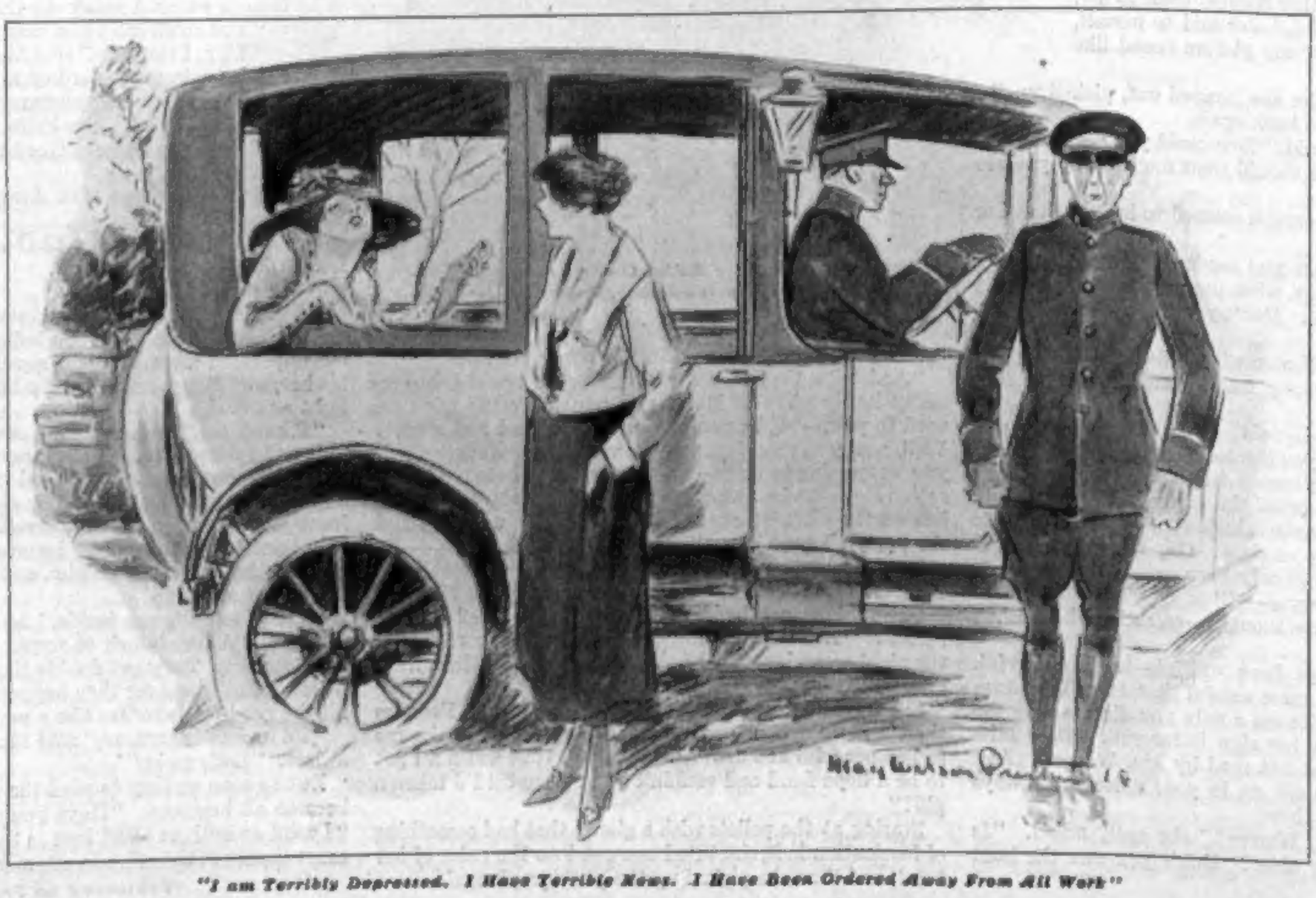
"But," she said then, and stopped significantly, her audience waiting with her, "but," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, "work is not enough! As individuals, I hope," she said, "we may all be trusted to give our every effort, our last full modicum of strength to the common cause. But that alone would be a duty only partially performed."

She waited a moment more, very slightly straightening her picture hat.

"A nation at war, someone has said," she continued then, "is a nation at work—to its very limit. Every ounce, every fragment of its man and woman power must be conserved and occupied in useful work. This is a truism. For us," she went on, "who know the meaning of the words 'work' and 'sacrifice for country' no added stimulus is needed. But there are also those in this great cosmopolitan land of ours upon whom much of the merely physical labor must devolve. Many of these are of foreign birth. Men and women who are—what shall I say?—beginners, children in democracy; to whom the idea of sacrifice for the general good is not repugnant, let us say, but novel. To these the message must be brought if the great labor power of the republic is to be mobilized for war. It is our duty—which we would be utterly remiss in not performing—to see that this is done. We must not only work ourselves—we must organize the labor power of others, especially that of the great laboring classes among us. We must not forget the physical workers! They will need us—our advice, our encouragement, our aid, in the stress of war work, which will soon be on them.

"And we must remember, too," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, closing, "that our time is all too short. War is upon us. There is not one moment for us to waste—as a nation or as individuals."

She then, it seems, appointed all her workers—the heads of the committees. Having done this she moved through the ranks of the woman power she had organized for war and passed, bowing very graciously, out to her limousine on the curbing—an imported machine, I am told, recently purchased for her by Mr. Coutts-Corbin. The silent



"I am Terribly Depressed. I Have Terrible News. I Have Been Ordered Away From All Work"

footman closed her in; the silent chauffeur started on. She rolled away to Upper Hill, the Hudson residence of the Coutts-Corbins, with her Russian staghound staring out the window, still bowing graciously to individual members on the sidewalks, Nance among them.

"Man power!" said Nance, relating it at dinner. "Conserving!"

"You must remember," I said to that fiery patriot, "the luxuries of some are the necessities of others. She is a large woman," I said, "who demands the larger setting—large limousines, large dogs, large wars!"

"Large fiddlesticks!" said Nance. "Do you know what she gave me? Conserving the man power ——"

"What?" I asked.

"—— of the future."

"What?" I asked again.

"Weighing babies," said Nance.

"Weighing babies!" I said after her, not grasping it at once.

"In the tenements," said Nance, "through the summer."

"Yes?" I asked. "Just where does that fit in with our women at war?"

"Seeing they are fed right—so they won't die," she explained to me. "Conserving the future man power of the nation."

"She is apparently organizing," I said, "for a long and complicated war."

"She is," said Nance succinctly; "in all departments."

"Yes," I said. "She is evidently a very thorough organizer. But there is one matter still which puzzles me: Just what part of the work does she reserve for herself?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Nance briefly, "unless it is her Question Hour."

"Her Question Hour?"

"That she started the time before this one—the first thing; when she stands in that picture hat and wants us to ask questions about the work."

"After all," I said, reflecting, "there must be always someone directing large enterprises, while others do the active work! Someone with a larger gift!"

"You remember what I told you about her first," said Nance crisply, "and her motto?"

"'Work or fight,'" I said, recalling it.

"Yes," said Nance.

"I'll remember," I said. "Try to."

*"Merely a Slight Case of Myxoedemia," Said the Efficient Secretary to the President*

In the last of June, America now having been at war more than two months and every baby in the tenements weighed at least six times, I sat with my wife in my residence shortly after dinner, again discussing the leadership of the war in Highhold-upon-Hudson, and the difficulties and discouragements of preparing the next generation of workers for the next war.

"I saw her to-day," I said.

"Who?" asked Nance.

"The great head of the war in Highhold, your commander," I said. "In her limousine; hard, hard at work, working her workers. She's a wonder," I said; "a wonderful woman."

"What's so wonderful about her?" inquired Nance critically. "I can't see. She's just like any other big, good-looking girl. She's got to show herself just so much, that's all. Especially since she married old Coutts-Corbin and his war profits. There's nothing strange about it; nor the way she's always doing it, for that matter. It's all the style now."

"The style?" I asked—for information.

"Certainly," said Nance. "This Vascliffe crowd brought it in. They all do it—if they're good-looking at all. Naturally," said Nance, explaining, "you can show yourself more on a platform than in a parlor. More people see you. I should think anybody could see that!"

"And yet," I said, "there are those who grudge the opportunities of higher education to our women!"

"Leading great moral causes, with your best gown on," said Nance, proceeding. "Always a leader, in every new movement that comes up—dropping one and taking up the next. Spiritual gadders I call them," said Nance. "They're all the style now."

"Flitting," I said, "from one gracious benefaction to another."

"Standing round," asserted Nance, "in picture hats, distributing free information about work. Work they never did, and couldn't in a thousand years!

"I don't object to it," she went on, taking the broad, impersonal view, "if they want to; ordinarily. It is natural enough for a big, fine-looking girl to want to show herself. What I object to is doing it now—delaying things—when our boys are starting over abroad to get killed! And we've got to work for them.

"What should have been done," asserted Nance—"what should have been done," she said as she had so many times before, "would have been to have gone in with the Red Cross like the women everywhere else! And we would have, too," she stated, "if she hadn't had to have a distinctive movement of her own to play with."

It was not fifteen minutes afterward, I myself being out watering the lawn, when I looked up, and there at the curbing was the great green limousine and the picture hat and the staring staghound; and the silent footman deploying from the supersilent chauffeur in my direction.

"Could you?" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, leaning from the window of her limousine. "If you would!"

She wore, as I remember it, under her picture hat some blue thing—very simple—that matched her eyes. She was very, very pale.

"Oh, certainly," I said, and went in.

"Well?" said Nance, a little sharply.

"Isabel the Great," I said with some hesitation, "is out there. She wants you to come out—just a minute—and see her."

"I suppose you told her," said Nance, "I'd run right out, just as soon as she called for me!"

I said nothing.

"I can't go. You can go out and tell her so!" said Nance, fixing up her hair.

I stood waiting.

"Well," said Nance, "why don't you go out and tell her I'm coming?"

"In just a minute," I said to Mrs. Coutts-Corbin, "she'll be with you."

"Thank you so much," she said, with the accent on the "so." "It is very kind of her to come."

She leaned back then upon the flowered summer cushions of her limousine, her hand upon the bony head of her Russian staghound—relaxed and very languid, speaking most encouragingly of my wife.

"She is so energetic—so wonderful in her work," she said. "I could always depend on her. She was always one of the very best of my workers. And such a tiny woman. I don't see how she does it, really!"

She spoke in the confidential, somewhat languid way she has with men—as one operator of large affairs to another—somewhat veiling her large blue eyes. But more relaxed, more languid, much, than usual.

"She is a wonder," I said. "Especially with this war work."

"And with those hot-blooded, impetuous Italians particularly," said Mrs. Coutts-Corbin. "We were so afraid that no one could handle them and their babies. Make them understand it all. And now she has not only done it but has them under perfect control. I wish you could tell me," she said, with the stress on the "wish," "how!"

"She's got some underground political connection she works through her washerwoman, whose husband is president of the Mafia—or something," I said. "That keeps her in right. She's got a great knack with that sort of thing."

"It is a wonderful work," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin. "So terribly important now, when the hot weather is coming on."

"It will require some faith and patriotic zeal to carry it on through the summer," I told her.

"She has it," said Nance's president confidently. "A perfectly wonderful physical energy. I only wish I could say the same," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, and sighed distinctly—a wistful look in her unusual deep blue eyes.

And then Nance herself came out; and I stepped aside.

"My dear," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, and leaned from her limousine, "can you forgive me for bringing you out here? I simply didn't feel able to drag myself out to your door. I am utterly exhausted from this afternoon."

"Oh, that is nothing," said Nance, somewhat ambiguously.

"All this afternoon," continued the other from her limousine, "I have simply been rushing on from place to place—visiting my workers for the last time."

"The last time!" said Nance—unexpectedly, even to herself.

"Yes," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin; "I am terribly depressed." Her voice showed it. "I have terrible news," she said. "I must leave the work—perhaps for months. Yes," she said and pressed her hand a moment on the simple parting of her hair, "this strenuous spring has been too much for me. I have been ordered away from all work."

"Is it possible?" said Nance in a low, sympathetic voice.

"Absolute rest—absolute!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin. "I fought and fought and fought! But the doctor is imperative. He says that I must go before the beginning of the really hot weather or he will not be responsible! So next week we shall open our home in Seal Harbor."

She smiled—a slow wan smile.

"What is it that Thoreau says," she asked Nance, "about the tyranny of large houses? You have no idea how dreadful it is! The size of the rooms; the keeping up of the social demands upon you—that you can't in decency avoid; the servant question—especially since this war began. To go from one large house here to another at the shore! I simply should not attempt it if Mr. Coutts-Corbin hadn't provided me always with the most wonderful of housekeepers to take everything from my shoulders. But even as it is I find myself waking up in the night dreading it. Oh, how I envy you your dear little home here!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, Isabel!" said Nance in a very low, constrained voice.

Her face was not turned toward me—but I could distinguish quite clearly a marked flush developing behind the ears.

"I do!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin once again. "Just that! Especially now that I am going—leaving behind the work. Still, there are compensations. I shall touch—at Seal Harbor, and Bar Harbor, that cosmopolitan center so near by—the war workers from all over the world. New ideas, new methods, new inspirations! I should be dull

indeed if I did not bring some home with me for our Community at Work."

"I can see that too," said Nance very courteously. Her neck as time went on seemed redder, if anything, than before.

"But, my dear," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, "I mustn't keep you standing here chained to my chariot wheels, as it were! All I am doing now is to go round and speak a word to the staunchest of my workers; to see if there is any way in which I could help them before I go."

"Oh, yes," said Nance without enthusiasm, "I see."

"Any questions," suggested Isabel Coutts-Corbin again, "that may have occurred ——"

"I don't know," said Nance, "of a single one, as far as we are concerned."

"But you will!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin impulsively—and seized her arm, reaching from her limousine. "If there are any questions at any time through the summer which you think you would like my advice upon you will let me help you? You will not hesitate—just because—I have worked myself out?"

"Oh, no!" said Nance quickly.

"For, doctor or no doctor," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, "I shall keep in touch with the work and the workers. I should be lost without my work!"

Her paleness had gone now—almost entirely. I never saw her handsomer than when she said this.

"Thank you, my dear," she said, and pressed Nance's hand, "for your promise not to spare me—when you need advice. Thank you! It has given me new life, just talking to you, and feeling your wonderful vital energy and enthusiasm again. And I hope you will have splendid good fortune with your splendid work among our babies this summer! And now I must not keep you standing here a minute longer," she said to me. "If you will—please," she told me, with the weight upon the "will."

And I spoke to the silent footman, who gave a silent signal to the supersilent chauffeur, who started the starter of the limousine. We stood upon our curbing—Nance and I—and watched the leader of the Community at Work and her staghound roll heavily home, after that last long day, toward rest and Seal Harbor.

"This is more terrible," I said, "than I had dreamed."

But Nance said nothing.

"Gone!" I said. "The worker from the work!"

She answered nothing yet.

"But always," I went on, "in touch with you. Ever ready for the questions of her workers!"

And suddenly a newer, warmer crimson swept across her face. "Some day," she prophesied in a clear cold voice, "somebody will come along and ask her questions she won't care so much for!"

In September, it being now the sixth month of war in Highhold-upon-Hudson, and my wife and her committee being now in shreds, and every future worker in the tenements being weighed and fed and in splendid condition for its coming work in the next world's war, the president of the Community at Work returned once more and presided again over her workers.

"I wish that I could tell you," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin at the opening session for fall work, "what a tonic effect it has upon you—the air about Bar Harbor and Seal Harbor. I know nothing like it anywhere. So tonic—so wholly restful! I would advise all of you, another summer, to plan to go there by all means—if only for a very limited time. It is wonderful what it does for you. It has made me a new woman."

She looked, in fact, wonderfully well. She wore, it seems, a tweed walking suit—very simple and businesslike—and a moderately large picture hat. She was splendidly tanned.

"I have come back," she said, "full of new life, new vigor, new enthusiasm, which I mean to make show in our work. I mean earnestly to use it; to consecrate my newborn energy to our work—to relieve in every way I can the workers who through this dreadful summer have borne the heat of the day."

She was full of life; every gesture showed it.

"But such a wonderful summer for me," she started on again. "I can't begin to tell you! New ideas, new methods, new systems of modern work—learned first-hand from the workers from overseas, from the whole world in that wonderful gathering place of the real leaders of things about Bar Harbor. I have simply devoured them. And now," she pledged herself, "I plan to do my part—to bring the latest methods in war work to Highhold-upon-Hudson, to take more burden upon myself, and so, not least by any means, to release the stress upon the faithful workers who have borne the labor of the summer. It will mean of course—my plan—a reorganization almost, along new lines. But with your loyal backing and my new experience there is no question that can arise now that I shall not feel competent to meet."

And then she made the change right there, the members of the Community at Work in consenting silence, swept on by her marvelous enthusiasm.

"What is it now?" I said to Nance, rising hurriedly when I first saw her in the doorway. "What ails you?"

"Card catalogues," said Nance, deathly pale.

"What?" I asked sharply.

"For all of them—everybody!"

"What?" I asked again.

"Trained workers!" she replied, her color returning suddenly. "Under her! She pays for them herself!"

"Where?" I said.

"Do you think they'll stand for it?" she continued.

"Who?"

"No," she stated positively. "They will not!"

Her color now was entirely too high.

"Possibly," I said, "we are talking at cross-purposes. Wait just a minute. Who is it?"

"That workless worker!" said Nance. "She always was, from the time she was a little girl."

"Oh," I said simply.

"That Star-Spangled Slacker! Letting you do all the work and then grabbing it! Stumbling round, getting under your feet, talking."

I waited, silent.

"And now," she said, "since she married that old Coutts-Corbin—that old profiteer—she's impossible, intolerable, incredible! There's nothing she won't grab and spoil to decorate herself with!"

There was nothing I could say. I let her take her course.

"What do you suppose she's done?" said Nance after a slight pause. "Now?"

"How could I guess?" I told her.

"Thrown us out—every one of us—from our committees! Changed us all round!"

"Thrown you out?" I said. "Herself!"

"Herself."

"How could she?" I exclaimed. "She can't."

"How could she!" said Nance—a still stranger, newer red. "She has, that's all! Discharged us—everyone that ever did anything. Reorganized along modern lines—with her at the head of everything! With trained workers provided by herself. Turned the whole thing upside down and ruined it!"

"She can't—throw you out!" I said. "Herself—without some vote!"

"She has, I say," said Nance with dangerous emphasis. "Don't tell me she hasn't—when I know she has! She has—that's all! Thrown us out, and taken all the things she wanted—and we killed ourselves for, working all this summer—into her own hands!"

"Even baby-weighing," I asked, "for the next war?"

"She's had her eye on that," said Nance, "ever since we made such a success of it. What do you think," she asked me, standing before me—"what do you think of it?" she asked, and seized me by both arms.

"Somewhat high-handed, I should say."

"Ruined—the whole thing!" said Nance. "Just as I said it would be when they gave in to her and didn't go into the Red Cross. Everybody'll get out now—and let her ruin it!"

"You still retain," I said too lightly, "the privileges of the Question Hour. You can still come to her with your questions."

And suddenly her mouth tightened and her color fell.

"I will," said Nance darkly. "I'll ask her one!"

I attached no special weight to it at the time, not even after I learned that the great demonstration tea for outside workers was being planned for—weeks later.

It was in October, America now having been a full half year at war, that the Community at Work of Highhold-upon-Hudson gave its tea and demonstration of working methods, arranged for home and outside visitors by its president, Mrs. Isabel Coutts-Corbin. At this I myself, through error and misrepresentation, was present.

"You've got to come—that's all," said Nance to me. "They're getting out all the men they can so that they can show them just what we are doing."

"What is this sudden enthusiasm to get me out to this?" I asked, a vague unborn suspicion in my brain. "You know as well as I do I'll be the only man there—unless they scare up the two ministers."

"Suppose you are!" said Nance.

I went, protesting, under orders. When I arrived even the two ministers had been unavoidably detained. I was alone—the only man in that vast company of women at war.

"You'll stay right here," said Nance, "now you've come!"

And even then I was too dull to understand. I sat there, trapped, hopeless, idly watching Isabel Coutts-Corbin at her grave task of preparation for her demonstration upon the platform.

She wore, besides her picture hat, black velvet, following the lines of her figure very simply; with no ornament at all except one small and simple cross of some worker at the Front that someone from overseas had sent to her, and Mr. Coutts-Corbin had had set for her, in platinum, very simply. Behind her, forgotten on her chair, was the Coutts-Corbin sable stole—new that spring. Beside her sat her fellow officers and the local dignitaries in the women's world, with others from abroad, present at her invitation to review the progress and the methods of our best women in a state of war.

She rose at last, and I listened dully in heavy self-conscious pain as she outlined the conception and the history and the final thoroughness of the war preparedness of the Community at Work—its card catalogues, and its ordering of its workers for the work.

"While we do not claim," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin very simply, "to be a model in any way, we may still indulge the hope that we have done our bit. And in some ways—some details—we may have added some few suggestions which may possibly suggest, in turn, to others still other means by which they too may carry on."

On either side of her sat the other patronesses of the great war—from home and from the other Communities at Work that she herself, as I was told, had met in Bar Harbor and elsewhere—all simply but very richly dressed. With these, still simpler and more severe, the military semiprofessional younger workers in war—hard, practical belted women in square-toed shoes, the two trained workers in Highhold-upon-Hudson among them. And underneath, below the low informal platform, along the front benches and the front portions of the side walls, specimens, I took it, in clean cotton clothes and head kerchiefs, of the women of the working classes, who had been practically organized for this and other wars.

"Pardon me," said Nance, rousing me most unexpectedly from my lonely stupor. "I'll be right back."

She went forward for a little space of time, apparently to speak with one of her acquaintances among the tenement workers,

(Continued on Page 73)

*"You! You Take the Automobil'—You Take the Two Men Dressed Up Like the Sojdi' Every Day. And You Take—Take—Take—About the Workin'!"*

# NEW MEN FOR OLD

## The Many-Sided Army Reclamation Service in France

## By Isaac F. Marcosson

WHEN the smoke of battle clears away and civilization begins to adjust itself to the unfamiliar sensation of a world at peace it will be found among other unexpected things that war is not all waste. The enforced lessons of thrift, household economy and popular investment will be fully matched by the extraordinary precedent established in the conservation of men and material that can have only a beneficent and constructive effect on all future endeavor.

Less than a year ago, in an article entitled The Salvage of War, I explained in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the immense reclamation work of the British Army, which in three years has saved to the empire more than half a billion dollars out of stuff that would ordinarily have gone into the scrap heap. Since that first revelation of the wonders of war rehabilitation a whole new attitude has developed toward what might be called battle utility.

Despite this astonishing exhibition of rehabilitation wrought out of monster destruction, there was a general and not altogether unnatural feeling when America entered the conflict that, being supplied with almost unlimited men and money, her waste would be prodigal. Just as we fooled the Kaiser and his fellow prophets who declared that we would be a negligible factor in the struggle, so have we confuted the alarmists who maintained that Uncle Sam would be a spendthrift. Profiting by British and French experience we have injected into the spirit of combat and supply a kindred spirit of saving that has become almost a gospel. Our salvage squads march with the advancing troops. We destroy and rebuild at the same time. The battlefield of to-day is the workshop of to-morrow. We not only do the ordinary reconstruction of equipment but we reclaim maimed human beings as well, and go one step farther. The soldiers who are temperamentally and otherwise unfit to fight and who would be encumbrances instead of aids are tactfully deployed into proper and useful stations where their patriotism and their experience are alike capitalized. The salvage of war, American stamp, like the business of war, American brand, is a many-sided demonstration of Yankee originality and application.

The story of our salvage therefore falls into two general divisions—one which deals with the ordinary retrieving of material things, and which has become a common annex of every highly organized army; and one which affects men alone, and which, so far as the American Expeditionary Force is concerned, is one of the most striking and original institutions that I have encountered in the war. We will briefly go into the material work first. All equipment salvage systems operate alike and it merely becomes a matter of pointing out scope, result and picturesque detail.

### Efficiency Applied to Salvage

WE WERE fortunate in being able to benefit by the British and French systems, which with the generosity that has marked the attitude of our allies were placed at our disposal. Since the former is fairly familiar to most Americans I will use it for comparison. At the outset you find that though the method of work is practically the same the motive behind British and American reclamation is not quite identical. The first consideration in British salvage is to save money; with the United States the foremost consideration is to save tonnage. The financial end is useful but incidental. A ton of our ship space represents more than so much ordinary cargo-carrying capacity in times of peace. With us ships are life. We are up against the biggest transport problem in all military history. Wherever you turn in an examination of the A. E. F. you find that tonnage is the supreme question. Hence our salvage grew out of the realization of the chief quartermaster that it would relieve the strain on shipping if it were not necessary to give a soldier a brand-new blouse every time the one on his back became unserviceable. So, too, with shoes, belts, haversacks, rifles and other equipment. The Salvage Service has reached the point where the tonnage that would have been required for the renewal of all this equipment is employed for commodities such as foodstuffs and ammunition, which cannot be retrieved in large quantities.

Colonel T. B. Hacker

What is technically known as the Salvage Service was installed as a part of the work of the Quartermaster Corps. In charge is Col. T. B. Hacker, a veteran Regular Army quartermaster, who took as naturally to the job as if he had been born in a junk shop and had dealt with old clothes instead of hard-tack and canned beans all his life. His office is in the same building at Tours that houses the chief quartermaster, Maj. Gen. Harry L. Rogers. Before him is the great map of the domain of reclamation, which is the usual concrete visualization of American Army work. The salvage depots are indicated by red and white flags; the location of salvage squads by red flags; permanent army laundries by black flags; portable laundries by blue; portable deverminizing plants by green; field bathing and sterilizing establishments by yellow; and fat-reduction plants by black and white. From this list of stations you get an idea of the whole comprehensive sweep of salvage, which cleans not only clothes but likewise the bodies of the fighting men.

At the start Colonel Hacker not only had the great advantage of being able to adapt the British system but he was not forced to labor under the handicaps that made it impossible for Britain even to think of salvage until nearly a year of war had passed. The British had to rush an army into the field almost overnight. They were up against a life-and-death emergency, and emergency knows no thrift. Besides, just as soon as the army caught its breath it regarded waste of food and equipment as part of the soldier's life. There was always the comfortable reflection that "the Government is rich and can afford it." The Tommy had to be taught to save.

Strange as it may seem, the American soldier adapted himself at once to the salvage idea. He was quick to conserve everything, from a horseshoe nail up to a big gun. This adaptability has been of immense help to the service.

A third aid was the obvious fact that we began to salvage at the top wave of reclamation development, which finds expression in the British Army in the saving of everything in a pig except that well-known squeal, and with the French in the use of the threads dropped out of the salvage machines for the manufacture of clothing. We knew that in the Army rags are shredded; that the tops of old socks are made into mittens; that scraps of leather make serviceable shoe laces; and that even the fat is boiled out of the cloths used to wrap up carcasses of beef, and the cloth itself is cut up for washrags. The sum of these trifles, to paraphrase Michelangelo, is the perfection of salvage.

Just as soon as we had the first semblance of an army in France we began to impress the salvage idea. Material piled up, but we lacked the machinery with which to redeem it. The first problem was to find a suitable initial plant. The chief quartermaster assigned Col. John F. Madden and Lieut. Col. M. J. Henry to this task, and they scoured Middle and Southern France. After weeks of effort they located a series of structures in a suburb of Tours. It was a group of railroad shops which the French had used temporarily as a supply depot.

Here we have set up Salvage Depot Number One, which is the largest single institution of the kind that I have seen. Once more you get an example of amazing army expansion. In January of this year it had a personnel of exactly ten, including officers and enlisted men. Only one corner of a building was used. When I visited it last August it was occupying 243,500 square feet of space and employing seven thousand persons, ninety-five per cent of whom were women who have to be hauled back and forth every day in motor trucks. During February the value of the articles retrieved was less than five thousand dollars. For August the salvage represented a saving to the United States of $3,246,588, which was an increase of one million dollars over the July record.

This colossal establishment reeks with a movement that is surpassed only by the odor exuded from the tons of waste that are dumped daily at its doors. The acres of working space in and out of doors literally buzz. The clatter of machines cannot drown the incessant chatter of the voluble French women, who range from short-skirted maids to wizened great-grandmothers and who maintain every tradition of a full-fledged factory, including a strike and a walkout on occasion.

Ten thousand army blankets go through the mill here every day; it is no unusual performance to repair and ship fourteen thousand pairs of socks between morning and evening or renew one thousand pairs of rubber boots within the same time. Nothing is thrown away. The garments incapable of restoration for the American troops are dyed green for our prisoners of war.

### The Biggest Laundry in Europe

THE reclamation of shoes—we turn out thirty-five hundred pairs of shoes every day at this plant alone—is typical of the methods. The shoes are washed in big steam-roller tubs and afterward soaked in oil vats. Mechanical processes attach soles and heels. As in the British shops, the unfit uppers are cut up into laces. No less labor-saving is the system of restoring rubber boots, which are dried by continuous blasts of hot air after washing. All the torn parts are repaired by expert tire men.

No detail of this salvage plant is more picturesque than the laundry, which is the largest in Europe. It is big enough to do all the rough-dry laundry work of a city of the size of Dayton, Ohio, and is as noisy as a foundry. Its steam-driven batteries of washing machines and wringers can turn out 100,000 articles, from socks to overcoats, in a day. In one month they laundered 2,500,000 pieces. I can give you no better idea of the immense value of these machines than to say that each one of them does the work of seventy-five women.

This mammoth army laundry is not without its element of human interest. One day last August a new batch of men was assigned to work in it. The officer in charge lined them up and said: "If anyone here has had any laundry experience let him hold up his hand."

After a silence a little yellow private raised his right hand and timidly stepped out of the ranks.

"Where did you work?" asked the officer.

"I had a laundry in San Francisco," was the reply.

It then developed that he was a Chinaman who had been in the first draft. He is now one of the mainstays of the laundry. Reclassification will never disturb this yellow brother, who is supremely happy on his own working heath.

Salvage Depot Number One, immense as it is, is merely one link in the chain of establishments. In the southern part of France we have a group of four depots which use more than 275,000 square feet of space and employ four thousand people. These stations specialize in shoes and are working toward a daily output of 10,000 pairs. A harness repair shop, which includes the repair of canvas and web equipment, is a feature. All together we have nearly twenty salvage depots large and small with nearly a million square feet of working space, and when the Armistice was

signed plans were under way to expand these already gigantic facilities for salvage.

These salvage depots are joined by a system of communications which collects and distributes the material. This brings us to the really dramatic phase of salvage, which is the wreckage of the combat area. With the A. E. F. as with the other armies there are two kinds of salvage—battle and normal. The former deals with the débris of actual fighting, which may include anything from a haversack to a howitzer; while the latter is the refuse of the Services of Supply, which means empty packing cases, tin cans, kegs and barrels. In both areas kitchen refuse is conserved and employed in many useful and profitable ways, as you will see.

The assembling of normal salvage is a simple matter of gathering up the cast-off waste at supply depots, workshops, training camps, barracks and billeting areas. It is with battle salvage that you get the trouble. Each army in the field has a chief of salvage service, who is charged with the duty of supervising the collection of all material to be salvaged. Under him are salvage companies attached to every division. These are divided in turn into squads, which follow hot on the heels of the fighting men. More than once they have thrown aside bags or shovels or leaped from collection carts and joined in the fighting fray.

Field salvage is assembled in advance dumps, which are precisely what the word implies. Here everything is first piled up without regard to class. You can see acres of coats, blankets, leggings, shoes, some of them marked with the crimson stain which means that death has been near at hand. Still more impressive are the great metal dumps, which are immense stretches of junk and which give the impression that Uncle Sam has gone into the second-hand business. Steel helmets with their telltale holes or deep dents made by flying shrapnel reveal the grim story of battle.

These dumps in the field or immediately behind are something like the unclaimed-baggage rooms of a railway company, though they have a much more definite interest. They include field ranges, stoves, tools, trunks—all the trappings of camp and field. When a unit goes into action it must strip itself of all unnecessary impedimenta. Some of it is already war-worn. In the Army if anybody is in doubt about the disposition of anything it goes to the salvage dump, which accounts for its heterogeneous quality. At one dump I saw a banjo with scores of inscriptions on the drum. It had evidently belonged to a college boy who had beguiled his comrades with it on the troop transport that brought them over. With the curious tenacious affection that soldiers display for trinkets they bring from home, he had lugged it up to the zone of advance and relinquished it only when he began to play a more dangerous and difficult tune than he had ever twanged out on catgut strings. His banjo then probably became a machine gun.

### *Specialists in Reclamation*

NOT all the salvage material brought in from the field of battle is damaged. When our victorious troops swept through the Saint-Mihiel salient they found ample evidence that they had given the Germans a real surprise. In the dugouts of the boche officers were pianos, phonographs and elaborate writing desks, all left intact when their late owners beat a hasty and precipitate retreat.

This reminds me of a striking war contrast that was revealed one day during Pershing's first great offensive. A group of exultant doughboys assembled for a breathing spell dragged one of these captured pianos out in the open. A husky New Yorker, using an ammunition box as a stool, began to pound out American ragtime. Out of forty German pianos gathered up after this historic victory five were of French manufacture, which showed that the barbarians had looted French houses and even carried away heavy plunder.

In the zones of the armies the soldier is never permitted to forget that salvage is one of his first obligations. The injunction is painted—and sometimes in an amusing fashion—on signs that you see everywhere. Once, for example, I saw a piece of German equipment upon which a facetious American had left this sign: "Made in Germany; to be Salvaged for America."

One of the frequent signs reads: "If You Don't Want it—Salvage Does." Another that greets you on all sides is: "What Have You Salved To-day?" A characteristic sign says: "Each Ton Saved Here Means a Ton Saved in Shipping." No injunction is more characteristic of the American spirit, no less irrepressible in war than in peace, than the one which proclaims: "If You are Too Busy Phone Us—American Salvage." Other salvage signs have these inscriptions: "Drop it Here!" "This is Our Dump—Where's Yours?" "Prepare for Winter—Salvage It."

It used to be the fashion to pay no attention to duds, which are unexploded shells. They are now salvaged and added to the ammunition supply. Throughout the whole area of the armies were signs urging shell conservation. One of the most familiar boards reads: "Don't Waste Shells. They are Intended for Fritz, Not for Waste."

Material for salvage, whether enemy or American, is removed from the advance dump, which is always in the combat area, and conveyed to the army dump, which is located behind the lines and at railheads. Here the first sorting takes place. Great care is exercised to see that ammunition is withdrawn from clothing and belts. The property is then carefully scrutinized to find out if it is fit for immediate issue, which is often the case with captured stores. Material or equipment only slightly damaged is repaired at the army dump, which is usually equipped with portable repair shops mounted on five-ton motor trucks.

*Mixed Clothing Newly Arrived at the American Salvage Department in France*

Articles that must go to permanent salvage depots are shipped by railway. Salvage cars are part of every train that goes back from a railhead. So extensive has become the bulk of salvage that it has its own regulating station. During one week in August exactly 195 cars containing wrecked material were loaded and sent out, and these did not include big guns and motor transport, which are a considerable item.

Each salvage depot specializes in reclamations. Clothing, blankets, leggings, rubber and leather equipment, underwear, field ranges, helmets and trench tools, for instance, go to the vast plant just outside of Tours. Range finders, trench periscopes, watches, compasses, machine guns and automatic rifles are shipped to a huge ordnance-salvage station up in the advance section; medical, surgical, dental, veterinary and X-ray instruments go to a highly organized repair shop in Paris; motor transport, rolling kitchens, bicycles, motor cycles and wagons are shipped to the automobile factory somewhere in the intermediate section that I described in the preceding article in this series. There is a special factory for the redemption of gas masks and also one for signal-corps apparatus, which includes radio-vehicles, field telephone and telegraph sets. The salvaging of big guns is done in a complete foundry and machine shop that is an annex of the ordnance service.

The moment that an article, whether a belt or an overcoat, arrives at a salvage station it becomes part of a system of records no less complete than the machine that retrieves it. That is the reason why at the Tours depots, for example, it is possible to issue every week a complete and itemized statement showing the amount of property sterilized, washed, salvaged and returned to circulation. It indicates the total value and amount of material shipped; the wages paid; the cost of new material used in repairs and operations; and the relative cost of salvaging material as compared to its cost in the American, British or French factory. You discover that with the salvaging of a pair of shoes, for instance, the cost of remaking as compared with the present war prices for new shoes is almost negligible.

### *Saving Reduced to a Science*

ONE phase of army salvage deserves a little chapter all to itself because of the great lesson to peace that it will convey. I mean food conservation, which is technically known as kitchen economics. Here we show the distinct influence of the British system, which has reduced the reclamation of refuse to a science that is little short of remarkable. England was forced to adopt drastic measures, first because of the waste in the army kitchens, and second because of the high price she was paying for glycerin, which is one of the essentials in the manufacture of high explosives. To understand the connection between waste redemption and high explosive, let me say that animal fat produces soap, and one of the by-products of soap-making is glycerin. One hundred pounds of fat produce ten pounds of glycerin. All the British Army fat is now bought by a group of soap manufacturers known as the Committee for the Purchase of Army Camp Refuse. By this arrangement the Ministry of Munitions secures glycerin at $250 a ton instead of $1250, which was the price before she began to reclaim army garbage.

We did not suffer the same waste in our army kitchens for the reason that, almost from the start of our overseas adventure, the army salvage system anticipated extravagance and put a premium on economy by making it profitable. It introduced a complete process for the salvage of kitchen by-products, which mean all camp waste such as meat, bones, fat and drippings of all kinds, stale bread and the burlap and wrappings from frozen beef. These products are rendered into fat whenever possible; or are sold in the form in which they emerge from range or table. The price is fixed every six months. At the time I write the price per hundredweight of marrowbones was $3.36; for first-class drippings, $15.36; for butchers' fat, $7.44; for cracklings, $3.54; scrap bread, $3.40. The proceeds go to the company messes and are used for luxuries.

Wherever possible the cook is required to use up his waste products on the premises. When he has an excess over his own needs he assembles it in containers and it is hauled off to the field fat-extracting plants, where it is reduced to fat. The material is treated in boiling tanks through which superheated steam is passed. The fat is run out, put in barrels and is purchased by the United States Government, which thus performs for our Army the same service that the Committee for the Purchase of Army Camp Refuse does for the British.

No army cook in the A. E. F. is permitted to forget the fact that America expects every scrap of food to do its duty. In each cookhouse or camp kitchen is a big chart which contains the following admonition in large letters at the top:

With a view of impressing all units with the importance of preserving and rendering all available fats, the following chart is issued to show the source from which fats can be recovered and the methods of treatment. The preservation

and treatment of all fats is not only necessary from an economical and cookhouse point of view but it has become also of national importance. These fats are used for soap and for glycerin to make explosives.

The chart indicates precisely how recoveries of fat are made. First of all the cook is shown in simple text all the sources of fat which may be obtained from raw meat, the processes of cooking, waste bones, refuse or the scrapings from tin cans and meat wrappings. He is also shown how to treat meat and bones so as to obtain the fat, and he is further taught how to utilize it. This chart is also full of helpful hints for kitchen emergencies. If there is no butter, for example, butchers' fat may be rendered down and used as a substitute. By the same process trimmings from raw meat may be rendered and used in baking cakes or biscuits, and so on

The salvage system permits no scrap of food to escape. Even the bakery sweepings are gathered up and sold for two dollars a hundredweight and the swill is disposed of to French farmers, who pay fifty cents a barrel for it. Our empty tin cans, kegs and barrels are used as containers for the fat when it is shipped, and the flour sacks are sent up to the Front for sandbags.

Most people will probably be surprised to know that the American Army manufactures some of the soap that it uses in France. It is made out of the fat rendered from kitchen waste. Most of this soap is absorbed by the field laundries, which comprise an important branch of the salvage service. These laundries range from a portable motor divisional establishment drawn by a tractor, which provides power to drive the washing machines and transportation as well, to a huge permanent plant which washes the linen of a base hospital with a capacity of 30,000 beds.

### *The Salvage of Humanity*

THE whole process of reclaiming kitchen waste has a much larger value than merely saving army food and adding cash to mess funds. Upon the cook, his helper, and indeed upon every man in uniform who comes in contact with this organized economy, is impressed at first hand the lasting virtue of conservation. He finds that instead of impairing the quality of the food he eats this utilization of waste improves it. The luxuries that he is enabled to enjoy as a result of this thrift demonstrate that saving has its dividends. When he goes back home after the war, resumes civilian life, and goes to grips again with that most eternal of all evils, the high cost of living, which may be even higher than ever, he will be able to adapt himself readily to whatever economic emergencies may arise. He will be able to make his money go further than ever before.

The reconstruction of equipment is a machinelike process that deals with unresponsive things. We can now proceed to the phase of salvage which touches the human being and which is rich with an interest rarely met in war. Technically and baldly known as Classification of Personnel, it is in reality the agency through which wounded men are redeemed, made fit for continued work in the army, and beyond that equipped for the struggle of life that must come when the sword is sheathed. It involves a scheme of conservation of man power that is not only based on an economic principle but meets a military necessity at the same time.

No one need be told that the most successful prosecution of the war demands that every man in uniform, whether officer or private, shall serve where he can serve best and where he can utilize his particular skill and ability. An army of misfits is a handicap. A trained man misplaced becomes an untrained man. A civil engineer, for example, assigned to an infantry regiment throws away years of costly

*Lieutenant Colonel M. R. Walner. Above—Thousands of Uniforms and Other German Wearing Apparel Taken From Prisoners Ready for Shipment to the Salvage Plant*

training needed elsewhere. In the same way the technical training of a gas expert assigned by mistake to the aviation section is totally lost to the service. A machinist is worth probably ten times more in a machine-gun battalion than in a headquarters troop.

The War Department has provided for all this in the vocational deployment of men through what is known as the Personnel System, which deals with casuals – the unassigned troops who come from the United States – and with all the temporarily and permanently unfit soldiers who are shunted from evacuation hospitals and convalescent camps into a central clearing house, which classifies them according to their mental and physical capabilities. It deals, therefore, with casuals and casualties and properly may be called a human-salvage station

If you want to see how this extraordinary system operates you must come with me to a charming little town in Central France overlooking the shining Loire. Nature must have had some vague intimation long ago that in this restful verdant nook the maimed veterans of America's Army would come for sanctuary and to get a fresh grip on usefulness. It is a picturesque little community with crooked streets and with the usual *caserne*—the quadrangle of barracks—which is now the nerve center of our army recuperation.

To this place the able-bodied casuals are sent direct from their port of entry into France for assignment. With these so-called Class A men, who are part of a replacement draft from the United States, it is an easy matter of assignment to a combat unit. The big problem is with the soldiers who have been wounded in battle or otherwise injured, who have been discharged from hospital and who present just so much human material to be salvaged for service. It is with this group that we are chiefly concerned.

### *The Chute System*

JUST as soon as a man is discharged from hospital he must appear before a disability board, which grades him and recommends the service for which he is suitable. Like all other armies we have various classes. Class A, as I have already intimated, is men physically fit for combat service. Class B-1 includes men temporarily unfit for fighting but able to do hard work in the meantime, while Class B-2 includes those temporarily unfit for combat service and able to do only light work in the interim. Class C-1 is composed of troops permanently unfit for combat service but able to do heavy work in the Services of Supply; Class C-2 comprises soldiers permanently unfit for combat service but able to perform light work in the S. O. S Class D men are unfit for all duty with the American Expeditionary Force, and usually go home honorably discharged.

With a knowledge of these various classes in your mind you can readily see how difficult is the task of allocating thousands of men, each one with his own little bit of experience back in the States which must be capitalized to the fullest extent and yet not subject him to exertion or hardship that will impair his health or render his man power unavailable for the Army. Complicated as it may seem the whole work of classification and reclassification is so highly organized that between morning and evening a man can arrive at this station, undergo thorough examination, obtain complete equipment and be on the way to a proper and suitable station.

These results are made possible by what may be called a chute system. The enlisted man may have lost all his baggage, have only the clothes on his back, a freshly healed wound in his side, and a most doubtful state of mind as to what is to become of him. He enters a door and by pursuing a continuous path emerges in a few hours bathed, shaved, fully equipped, financed, with bulging barrack bag in his hand and a little card in his pocket which assigns him to a job that is both useful and congenial. He never doubles on his tracks. So thorough is the automatic transformation that it sometimes seems like a dream to the men who have been through this most humane of all mills. Let us now see how it works.

(Continued on Page 58)

*Shoes Worn Out by the Soldiers of the United States Army in France*

# Doctor Holst's Conversion

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

I DON'T think we were more inclined to interfere with other people than Americans who disapprove of yellow journalism and can sign valid checks are apt to be. It all started, in fact, by spontaneous combustion in the restaurant of the Hotel Schiller one day in June, 1917.

We used to brag more or less about the Hotel Schiller. Old Man Bauer built it and spent probably three times as much on it as anybody would invest in a commercial hotel in a Middle-Western town of forty thousand inhabitants if he expected to get a reasonable return on the investment. The old man built it as a benefaction to the town and a monument to himself and his native land. He was worth two or three millions outside of the brewery.

Our town is celebrated as the seat of an institution of higher education. Any other citizen wanting a monument would no doubt have given a handsome building to the college; but Old Man Bauer chose a hotel, which, at least, was linked up with the source of his fortune by way of the barroom.

Five of us were lunching in the hotel on this June day. We couldn't help overhearing the talk at the next table, though we tried not to hear it or to pretend we were not hearing.

The talk was mostly by Fritz Herzog, son-in-law of Old Man Bauer, and practically in charge of the Bauer estate, for the old man was eighty—and Herzog himself well over fifty. He had come to this country in the steerage when he was eight or nine years old; but he looked his part, or like the familiar caricatures of the part—thick neck, heavy paunch, a broad face, and the most aggressive whiskers I ever saw, parted in the middle and combed out in spiky fashion. He was denouncing Wilson and the United States in general, and taking no pains to moderate his voice.

After a while we couldn't keep up the pretense of not hearing. We were all hot and scowling at Herzog's broad back and muttering among ourselves—and generally helpless. Dan Stapleton, whose blue eyes are usually as mild as May, took no part in our mutterings, but sat looking down at his plate, worrying his bushy mustache and getting redder and redder.

Without a word to any of us he got up, stepped over, clapped Herzog on the shoulder and said:

"This has got to stop!"

Well, there was an explosion, and just about the exhibition of bad language on Herzog's part that might have been expected. Of course he felt that he owned the place. There was an uproar and sensation in the dining room until Dan was escorted out by a much-flustered head waiter, we four marching after and feeling rather sneaky for the milksop rôles we had played.

The Espionage Law had been signed by the President four days before that. Dan went to the United States district attorney, who was a good deal startled and reluctant at first. But Herzog was brought into court, fined ten thousand dollars, and warned that he would be sent to jail next time. It created a lively stir in our city—the first real breath of war.

Dan Stapleton was over forty—older than the rest of us and really more conservative; but he rather took the lead. There was no formal organization and no definite membership lines; but some twenty or more of us understood one another and worked together. We were bound that boosting the Kaiser and backcapping the United States in public should stop in that locality. We dropped a good many warnings as quietly as circumstances would permit, and were instrumental, first and last, in starting four citizens to the penitentiary.

None of us would have chosen the part, or liked it; but, as war went on and it seemed clearer and clearer to us what it all meant and what was at stake, we had less and less tolerance for Kaiser boosters at home.

Only there was Dr. Julius Holst—who fairly stumped us.

Our town is no product of an industrial boom. It is quite aged for the Middle West; substantial, inclined to be conservative. Citizens of a certain standing all know one another personally; mostly know one another's families; very often have grown up together from grammar-school days. Julius Holst might be said to belong in the same crowd with us vigilantes. He was born in the United States; so was his father. His grandfather had fled from Germany with other aspirers to liberty in forty-nine; but he had spent the better part of five undergraduate and postgraduate years in Germany. When the United States declared war he was thirty-five years old.

We liked Julius personally as much as he would let us. Nobody could be more engaging than he when he chose. We honestly admired him very much. Dan Stapleton said solemnly: "He's a genius!" And we agreed with him. Not many men win so brilliant a position in a difficult profession as Julius had won in surgery when he was thirty-five.

We had a sort of civic pride in Julius too—thankful to him for the luster he shed on our town. We appreciated his social value, for certainly a man with his gifts may be far more useful to humanity than any of us ordinary, run-of-mill dubs. Every forward step he took in his art meant the melioration of suffering and the saving of lives. Some years before there had been the locally and professionally celebrated case of the child—a yellow-headed little boy.

I can't describe it technically, but you will find all about it in the medical journals if you care to look it up and can understand the language, which I cannot. It happened rather dramatically. Four carloads of us had started off for a picnic dinner in the woods. We were going down through the flats, as we call the place—our imitation of a tenement district. This chubby, apple-cheeked, tow-headed little boy had got hold of a barrel hoop and was trying to roll it. He chased it into the street and a reckless automobile, coming in the opposite direction from ours, ran him down. I should say, untechnically, that his head was smashed. Julius gathered him up, raced to the hospital, operated on him, and saved him. Men who knew most about it were the first to take off their hats to him for the feat.

Well, in the case of a man like that—when all you could do under the same circumstances was just to stand round in helpless horror—you feel sort of loath to lay hands on him.

You should imagine a handsome man—perhaps slightly under the medium height and stocky, with a strong, agile figure; full gray eyes under thick, dark eyebrows; a broad, well-modeled, smooth-shaved face; looking like a man of distinction, with a habit of holding up his chin. Of course we were well enough aware that Julius was always, as you might say, touching up his air of distinction. He was always well-dressed, but never just like anybody else. If he had on a dinner coat his neckwear would resemble an old-fashioned high collar and broad black stock. When other men wore stiff shirt bosoms he displayed limp embroidered silk, and when limp shirt fronts became fashionable he went back to the stiff kind. Always little touches of that sort, which no sensible person begrudged a man of real ability.

Sensible people didn't begrudge him his egotism. In its ordinary manifestations it was not an offensive quality in a man who had proved so good a title to it. He was not at all an ungenial man; always courteous; and most likable when he had a mind to be.

There was another reason why it was difficult to deal with Julius—maybe the strongest reason of all. He had married Agnes Maitland. Her father had been dean of the English department in our college, and had written a couple of books on Middle English which learned persons spoke of respectfully. By one of those nice arrangements that soften scholarly hardships in every college town, he had married a woman who inherited a very comfortable fortune—a fine woman too.

What I call our crowd, or the more intimate set in it, had grown up with Agnes Maitland; the older ones, like Dan Stapleton, had known her since she could toddle. She was one of those women who, if a man really knows her and doesn't love her, there is something wrong with the man—just good and sweet and gentle. Of course you couldn't prosecute her husband without crucifying her—a prospect that fairly staggered us. The couple had three children—playing round with the children of several of us.

It was a terribly difficult case. And there was Julius, choosing to say openly and calmly that the war was forced on Germany, and the Kaiser was perfectly justified in taking any steps that were necessary—such as invading Belgium and sinking the Lusitania—in order to save German civilization from Slav barbarism. Also, that England was making a cat's-paw of the United States to fish British chestnuts out of the fire. Calm, you understand, and always courteous; smiling at exhibitions of bad temper, his handsome chin held up. As for all German atrocities, our gullibility in believing those British yarns simply amused him. When our boys began going to the Front he was sorry for them; but nations, like individuals, must pay the price of their ignorance and folly. He quoted from Schiller: "Against stupidity the very gods themselves contend in vain."

In the course of time about everybody in our town knew of Julius' case—as he took no pains to keep them from knowing it. The district attorney—who had been reluctant enough, a year before, to prosecute Fritz Herzog, but whose attitude had changed, along with nearly everybody else's was getting decidedly restive. The plain fact was that some men were going to jail for saying what another man said with impunity. It made us all look

*What if She Should Not Come Back? We Could be Free! Not a Being in the Room Would Ever Know—Could Ever Dream of It*

bogus—gave a color of bad faith to everything we did. Of course we argued with Julius, pleaded with him, warned him. And he smiled at us urbanely from his superior plane.

"It's an awful pity," said lank Dan Stapleton, brooding, and worrying his unornamental mustache—"an awful pity to smash a man like Julius Holst! . . . Five years, ten years in prison, out of the life of a man like that! And Julius is no more pro-German than I am!" he declared in a smother of helpless wrath. "It's just his egotism and blamed pride of opinion. He chose to start out that way when the war began, and he won't acknowledge that he might have been wrong—won't admit that even to himself. There's the trouble with Julius! He's been admired and applauded and successful all his life. He is a genius! He thinks he's above all the ordinary rules—a law to himself.

"He won't take us seriously. He says he doesn't know of anything better worth making a sacrifice for than the right of free speech; but he doesn't mean it at all. If he was brought into court to-day he would be the most astonished man living. He won't understand that this law actually means that Dr. Julius Holst will be sent to prison if he says certain things. It's an awful pity to see such a man go to smash just through willful folly!

"His wife—by Jove!—and his children, and his mother-in-law—and his sister-in-law too! Finer people never breathed. Agnes now! When she walked down the aisle on her father's arm to meet Julius at the altar my wife blubbered like a baby, and said to me: 'She's the sweetest girl in the world!' And I didn't say anything, because I was so choky I'd have blubbered myself if I had.

"A law to himself—that's the trouble with Julius! Too much applause and success. It isn't only this war business; it's cropped out before. He doesn't think the bonds are exactly binding on him. You know the affair well enough."

I knew perfectly well what he meant, though we had never spoken of it—neither of us being inclined that way in such a case. There had been gossip about Julius Holst and a certain woman. I never wanted to know just what justification for gossip there might have been. Dan Stapleton felt that way—wanted to know as little as possible. But probably that matter did illustrate Julius' conviction about himself as an exceptional person for whom the ordinary bonds are not exactly binding.

Dan mentioned Julius' sister-in-law—Elizabeth, or Betty, Maitland—seven years younger than Mrs. Holst and a quite different sort of person. One wouldn't have said that Betty was not sweet; nor would one have said that she was. That phase of her character was not the one which would have come to mind on thinking of her.

One morning in September she was standing before a tall mirror in the hall, absent-mindedly driving a hatpin that was hilted like a sword through a brown cloth hat and the coils of darker brown hair beneath. Her short skirt and jacket imitated khaki and were cut in military fashion. The gloves that lay on the table beneath the mirror had gauntlets; but in spite of that martial dress she tarried a moment mechanically to smooth down the skirt more snugly over her hips and touch up her blue bow tie and survey her tall, lithe figure.

While she was about it her mother, in the living room, was inquiring, with a fond and quite helpless mother's solicitude, whether she'd had the chains put on her car, for the roads were wet from the overnight rain. And Betty was answering, with an absent-minded terseness that was hardly filial, that she shouldn't need any chains. Then a maid looked in from the other side of the hall to say she was wanted on the telephone.

A friend's voice came over the wire in a sort of breathless, awe-stricken pitch:

"Oh, Bet! Have you heard? Billy Vance is dead! His mother got the message an hour ago." There were no details, it appeared—simply: "Killed in action."

Elizabeth went outdoors and sat down on the veranda, which looked across a pleasant lawn to a broad river. Her car was standing in front, with the emblem of the Red Cross conspicuous on its hood. She was due at headquarters and had meant to go directly there. Instead, she sat on the porch several minutes, staring at the river. Then she climbed into the car and started toward town.

A fine brick road follows the curving river bank, and almost of itself the car followed the road. Its driver was not exactly thinking. Presently a sort of subterranean lava boiling started up within her. At a point half a mile or so beyond the Maitland home a wagonway leads up abruptly over the wooded bluff, consisting merely of rutty wheel tracks, steep, winding, and at many points barely clearing the trees. No prudent motorist thinks of taking it. Its existence had not been in Betty's mind at all half a second before it struck upon her absent eyes. As though she had intended it all along, however, she slowed the car, threw the lever into intermediate, headed for the wagonway, and pressed the accelerator down to the floor board.

The little car took it gamely, roaring and scrambling up through the trees, while the driver clung to her jolting seat. It took a good eye and a strong arm to negotiate the sharp curves. She was halfway up when she heard a shout from above. She could not see whence it came, but the tone suggested warning and indignation. The road gave little opportunity for two vehicles to pass. A vehicle could hardly back up the hill. Backing a car down might be awkward. She sounded her horn and roared on until another bend in the road disclosed, up above her, a pair of horses, a lumber wagon, and a bearded figure in overalls, who was glowering down in angry apprehension.

Appraising the chances, she climbed a little farther to the likeliest place in sight and drove into the underbrush at the side until the engine stalled. By careful maneuvering the bearded man in the wagon managed to pass her, favoring her with some opinions while he was about it. She sat erect and looked him steadily in the face, her blue eyes flashing and her cheeks a fine pink. She already knew she was a fool and had no business to take a car on that road; but she was not in a mood to accept his statements to that effect meekly.

The wagon out of the way, she got back to the road with less trouble than she had expected and completed the drive. It brought her out on an asphalt boulevard that ran along the crown of the bluff. By driving little over two miles farther she could have reached the same point over smooth roads with easy grades. But she was never a very patient person, and on this day smooth ways and easy grades were loathsome to her.

The farther side of this boulevard comprised a highly desirable residence district, overlooking the valley of the river. Several of the residences there were of considerable size and sat back in parked grounds as large as ordinary city blocks. The one before which Elizabeth stopped was more modest—a narrow, formal-looking red-brick house, with white stone trim, two stories above the basement. A flight of stone steps led up to the main entrance, and beside them two steps led down to the basement door, at the side of which appeared a neat marble tablet with the sign: Doctor Holst. Office Hours, 9 to 12:30.

Elizabeth went to the basement door and entered the doctor's anteroom. There were rows of chairs against the walls and a long table in the middle on which some magazines were stacked. The windows were open and the place wore a deserted air. In the next room Matilda Doctor Holst's blond and buxom office assistant—was tidying up the place, dusting cloth in hand. The afternoon before this Doctor Holst and family had left for a fortnight's outing in the northern woods.

Matilda evidently saw nothing remarkable in the fact of the doctor's sister-in-law's having stepped in. She went on with her tidying and dusting, with incidental conversation, while Betty—also with incidental conversation—moved aimlessly about the office. Every now and then her eyes rested on a ponderous safe that stood in one corner of the office. Stepping in, she had noticed, with disappointment, that the safe was shut; and a moment later she told herself she had been a fool to expect anything else.

Matilda was using that opportunity to tidy up the doctor's big desk—taking the things out of the pigeonholes, dusting them, wiping out the receptacle with her cloth, putting the things back in neat order. Several times, while she was about this, Betty stood behind her, looking over her shoulder. Presently Matilda came upon a card the appearance of which indicated that it had been in the desk a good while. It was simply one of Doctor Holst's business cards, but on the back of it several numerals were written. Matilda, with incidental conversation, dusted it mechanically and replaced it in the pigeonhole.

Going out, Betty noticed a little heap of letters lying on the long table in the anteroom. Evidently the postman had brought them that morning. She paused, with the privilege of her relationship, and looked the envelopes over. One of them was square, pale blue, and addressed to the doctor in a woman's sloping hand. At sight of it Betty's nerves jangled; she turned a bit pale and her delicate nostrils quivered.

She was due at Red Cross headquarters; but she drove past that building down town and went, instead, to Dan Stapleton's law office. When her name was brought in he got up from his belittered desk and stepped to the anteroom door—a lank, somewhat round-shouldered man, broadly agrin under his bushy mustache. It had been his habit, since she was three years old, to pretend that he regarded her as a joke; but she had gone quite pale by that time; her eyes looked uncommonly large and bright. The grin took itself away—faded into a mere twinkling of his gray eyes. When they were seated in his office he asked with unwonted gravity:

"What's on your mind, Bet?"

Secretly he had always liked her clear contralto voice. Looking him steadily in the eye she demanded:

"What are you going to do with Julius?"

He hadn't expected that; and after the first instant of surprise he looked as baffled as he felt, confessing with half-humorous despair:

"Dog-gone if I know! What can you do with him—except kill him?"

And he explained again, loathly brooding over it, that it was an awful pity to smash a man like Julius Holst, who, after all, was just making a fool of himself out of egotism and pride of opinion. He was speaking in that strain when she interrupted.

"Perhaps you haven't heard that Billy Vance is dead?"

He prolonged a pitiful "Oh!" under his breath.

"Billy Vance! The deuce! No; I hadn't

"There are Touchstones by Which a Man is Either True or Traitor. You Were Traitor to Your Country"

heard that." Looking across at her he added: "I'm awfully sorry, Betty!"

She understood that he meant he was sorry for her.

"I should never have married him, Dan!" she replied with an unflinching look. "Never in the world! . . . But—he was Billy!"

He saw her exerting her will for self-control and biting a corner of her lip. "There are no details," she went on; "nothing about how it happened. . . . Probably running across No Man's Land—then a bullet—and lying there alone, waiting to die." Her voice caught and broke on the last words. Tears formed in her eyes and ran down her cheeks. "I'm so sorry now that I didn't marry him anyway. I would give anything if I had!"

*"You've Shielded Julius on Account of the Family. Let It Stop! We're No Traitors by Proxy!"*

He understood, and murmured: "Good, foolish Billy Vance!"

Her voice rang out passionately: "But he fought and died, Dan! He was one of the first to go when his country needed men. He fought and died! That's happening all the time. Tom Taylor on an aviation field last week—Arthur Henderson—now Billy! Don't you see, Dan, I can't endure Julius any more! It isn't right that we should! I hate him! It's all got to come clean red, white and blue! I hate anything else! I know well enough you've shielded Julius on account of the family—Agnes and my mother—respect for my dead father too. Let it stop! We're no traitors by proxy!"

Dan Stapleton ran a bony hand over his hair and admitted heartily:

"You're right enough, Bet. It's time for a show-down! Clean red, white and blue—or Prussian gray! It's time for it." But what all that would imply was acutely present in his mind. He saw the arraignment; the conviction. He couldn't get over the perplexities of the case, and added ineffectually: "But Julius! . . . Dog-gone it! There's Agnes, you know—and their children. . . . It's such an awful pity when he's just making a fool of himself!"

So he fenced with it, reluctant to say the fatal word. He agreed that something must be done. Julius' contumacy gave an air of bad faith to any other prosecutions. Something must be done. He'd study it over anew; see Julius the moment he returned; make one more effort to save him.

Listening, she felt his irresolution; and as it was her own sister's husband there was an indecency in urging. But her mind was white-hot with an anger which said that Julius must come to book. She had certainly meant to go to Red Cross headquarters as soon as she left Dan's office; but, instead of that, she drove back to the narrow, formal-looking red-brick house on the bluff, where she explained her reappearance to Matilda by saying she thought she must have laid her purse down during her first visit. She looked about for it, little heeded by the buxom office assistant.

Doctor Holst returned from his vacation late in the afternoon. The sun was setting when his ladened car stopped in front of the formal-looking red-brick house. Inside he was at once handed a brief message from Dan Stapleton, couched in terms so urgent as to be fairly imperative. Reading it the doctor smiled a little—a bored yet indulgent smile. He thought he knew, in a general way, what Dan wanted—the old stuff they'd discussed before to no purpose. But he was a courteous, amiable man; Dan was a good neighbor. Before sitting down to dinner he telephoned that he'd walk over directly after dinner.

In the upstairs room at Dan's house, which the lawyer called his den—reserving the precious privilege of mussing it up as much as he liked—it struck Julius that his host was more grave than he had been at any of their other discussions. He shook hands with hardly a twinkle and rumpled his hair a moment in silence after they were seated.

"We've been talking you over, Julius," he began gravely. "We've decided it's time for a show-down." He looked at his guest, unsmiling, an instant and added: "We've arranged one."

Julius was listening with composed urbanity, his handsome chin up.

"You think," Dan proceeded, making the points with deliberation, "that the Kaiser was right in declaring war on Russia and quite justified in invading Belgium; that all the reports of German atrocities are English and French inventions; that the Kaiser was justified in trying to stop our munition shipments with submarines—and in sinking the Lusitania; that we had no business to get into the war; that we are just being used by England as a cat's-paw."

"Why, Dan," the doctor protested mildly and with courtesy, "we've been over all that two or three times. You know what I think—and my reasons."

The lawyer paused a moment, and then observed—courteously also, but very gravely:

"Well, Julius, we've decided to give you the finest kind of opportunity to explain your views. You want free speech. We'll do our best to give it to you." Reaching down he took from the floor at his feet a long cylinder of white paper. "There's going to be a mass meeting on Saturday night to start off this Fourth Liberty Loan. We've put you down for a speech."

Holding the top of the sheet as high above his head as a long arm would reach, he unrolled it across the desk. Doctor Holst's startled eyes took in the big red and blue letters: "Mass Meeting! Saturday at 8 P. M." Four speakers were announced. The third name, in characters that looked a rod high, was Dr. Julius Holst.

"There'll probably be a couple of thousand people there, Julius," Dan went on; "your fellow citizens, your neighbors, people you've got to live with as long as you live in this community. There'll be fathers and mothers and sisters of boys that have given their lives—and a lot more of boys who are over there offering their lives. Look them in the face and tell them Germany's right about this war and we're wrong. Tell them we're just being made monkeys of. Say to them, on that stage, what you've said fifty times in corners and in small gatherings.

"We'll have most of the police force there to protect you; and, so far as the men I'm entitled to speak for are concerned, not one of us will lift a finger to prosecute you for anything you say. Just stand up there in front of them, Julius, and insult the feeling that makes them ready to give their flesh and blood. Those posters will be spread all over town to-morrow. You'll have three days to think it over. You've got to face that audience Saturday night or face a jury in the United States court. We've made up our minds it's time for a show-down!"

Doctor Holst looked very thoughtful when he left the lawyer's house and walked back to his own. He slept badly that night, and beneath the professional activities of the next forenoon there was a deep preoccupation.

It was nearly the end of his office hours when his sister-in-law telephoned. She, too, said "Must!"—appointing the hour before dinnertime and his office as the place of the meeting—from which he knew she wished to see him apart from his wife. The basement was closed to callers at that time. Julius himself let her into the anteroom and led her back to his private office.

Ordinarily, seeing her for the first time after a fortnight's interval, he would have kissed her. He had kissed her very often without the excuse of an interval. If there had been no other reason he would have loved her for the outward beauty of her face and figure. As he confronted her in the inner office his lips bent and his eyes twinkled with a faint smile, which was a sort of acknowledgment of loving her because she was so charming to look at.

But there was not the least relaxing in the icy rigidity of her face which had caused him to waive the kiss when he let her in. Her shining eyes challenged him swordlike. With the freedom of a habitué of the house she dropped uninvited into a chair, and he seated himself at the big desk. Daylight had begun to fail a bit down there and the slight dimness seemed to make her cheeks look paler. He caught a little quiver of her nostrils and compression of her lips before she began abruptly:

"You're going to speak Saturday?"

"Yes, Betty; I've decided to," he replied, like one good-naturedly tolerating an absurdity. "It's ridiculous enough of course; but they're bound to have it that way. I've been thinking a little over what to say. I brought this book down here to glance at some passages in it." He reached to the top of his desk and took down a small dun volume, which he offered her. "The whole thing is in that book."

Glancing at the title she caught the words Herd Instincts and laid the book on the desk.

"All this war rage is just the herd instinct," Julius explained tolerantly; "utterly unreasoning—derived from brute ancestors. What moves Dan Stapleton, and you, Betty, and the crowd generally, is only an extension of the animal instinct that keeps sheep and cattle and other brainless creatures together. There's no more reason in it than in the action of rabbits. You act instinctively and try to fit reasons to your actions instead of trying to fit your actions to reason. Every psychologist understands that."

"Is that what you're going to speak about?"

"I'm going to bring it in," he replied—"inoffensively, I hope. I don't wish to be offensive at all. But ——"

His speech halted; he moved uneasily in his chair; his fingers fumbled at his watch chain; his face was clouded and furrowed. The deep stir that Dan Stapleton's proposal had set going in him broke through to the surface. He began speaking in a more abrupt and agitated fashion:

"These people are all wrong about me, and unreasonable. I'm as good an American as the next man; as good an American as Dan Stapleton himself. I was born here. My father was born here. I've lived and married and prospered here. This is the only country I have; the only one I wish to have. I'd be as ready as any man to defend it if there had been any real question of that. But there are two sides to this war, Betty.

"Good heavens! Nobody but an idiot supposes that the mass of the German people see it at all as we do. An intelligent man, especially an educated man, should try to understand their point of view. I've said a good many things—well, it's true I wouldn't have said them from a public platform to a large miscellaneous audience. What I abhor is this mob rule—the stupid herd bellowing and trampling down everything that doesn't exactly conform to its unreasoning prepossessions."

He bent toward her in a more intimate appeal:

"Of all times in the world, Betty, just now is the time when it's worth while to go far in making a stand for the right of free opinion and free speech. No doubt I've sometimes gone farther than I strictly should. My reaction against this mob business may have carried me away a bit. But it's worth even going a step too far. You don't imagine it's been agreeable to me—my friends giving me a cold shoulder; this sort of veiled air of hostility all round."

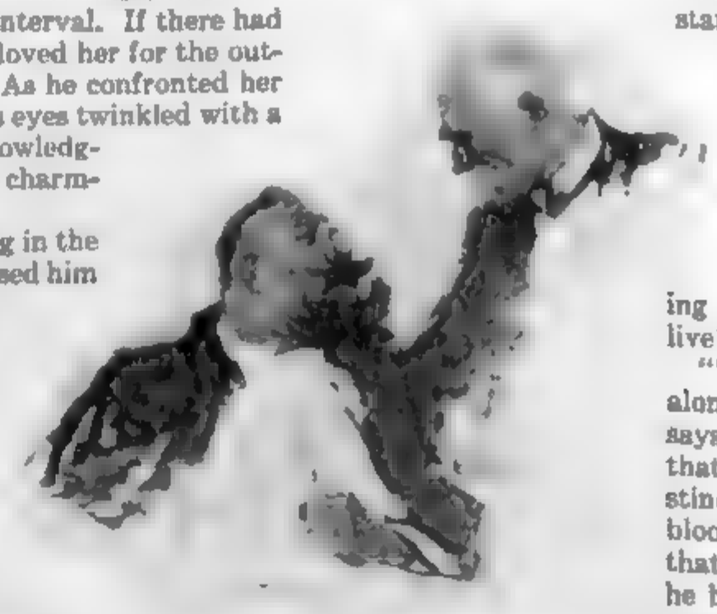
He smiled with some self-satisfaction.

"They'd even carry it into my business; but a man with a mastoid abscess will overlook a surgeon's political opinions if he thinks that surgeon is rather more apt to fetch him through than another who may be more patriotic according to his view. I must be free to hold what opinions I choose. I grant the right of law to control actions. My actions obey the law strictly. I pay my taxes. I make no disturbance. I've even bought some Liberty Bonds. But when the herd proposes to step into my very soul and say what I shall think—it's too disgusting!

"I'm much more capable of thinking straight than the herd is. I've a right to say what I think too. What harm does it do? My saying so-and-so doesn't stop a transport or a bullet. I'm as good an American as the next man; but I want to be a free American." He smiled at her again, this time with indulgent affection. "You don't want me to be, Betty. The herd instinct has got you too."

With no hesitation she answered solemnly:

"Yes, thank God! You're a scientist. Where does that herd instinct come from? What does it mean, Julius? If brutes have the instinct to stand by their fellows, who put the instinct there and why? When the sheep huddle up in a storm, and the stags form a ring, with their horns to the wolves—all together, the strongest by the weakest—doesn't your science say they are obeying the first law by which they live?



*Dan Clapped Herzog on the Shoulder and Said: "This Has Got to Stop!"*

"The stag that stands off alone—back of the herd—and says in a superior way, 'Oh, that's merely your herd instinct!'—isn't he a traitor to the blood in his veins and the milk that nourished him? Doesn't he break the first law? Aren't they right in goring him? Don't they know he means death to them and their does and fawns? If I'm true to my herd instinct, thank God for it!"

She said it tragically, her head erect. He saw a spasm of emotion work in her face as her breast labored. She had some difficulty in keeping her voice even:

"I tell you this war brings out the color of men. You're yellow! I hate you!" He knew she could be volcanic, but that blow in the face staggered him. "Nobody loved you more than I did," she went on, struggling to control her voice. "When you married Agnes I took you for my hero. We want a hero at seventeen. I loved you as a dog loves. When you saved that little boy who was run over I wanted to kiss your feet." Her eyes suddenly blurred, but she did not lower them.

Doctor Holst experienced a profound shock and bent down his head. He had always realized that there must be high generosity in a nature that could love a brother-in-law so. It was a gift that none but a dolt would lose without poignant regret. He murmured humbly:

"I have always loved you very much, Betty."

"I began to doubt you before this war, Julius," she went on. "The war only brings it out. The war brings

(Continued on Page 77)

# THE CITY OF COMRADES

## By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

There Was No Stopping to Salute the Destroyers and Planes. There Was Neither Wail Nor Farewell as We Forged Again Toward the Open Sea

*XVII*

I CAME back as Major Melbury, of one of the Canadian regiments. It was in November, 1916, that I was invalided home to Canada, lamed, and wearing a disfiguring black patch over what had been my left eye.

There were other differences of which I can hardly tell you in so many words, but which must transpire as I go on. Briefly they summed themselves up in the fact that I had gone away one man and I was coming back another. My old self had not only been melted down in the crucible but it had been stamped with a new image and superscription. It was of a new value and a new currency and, I think I may venture to add, of that new coinage minted in the civil strife of mankind.

The day of my sailing from Liverpool was exactly two years, five months and three weeks from that on which I had last seen Regina Barry, and because it was so I must tell you at once of an incident that occurred at the minute when I stepped on board.

Having come up the long gangway easily enough I found that at the top, where passengers and their friends congregate, my difficulties began.

When my left eye had been shot out the right had suffered in sympathy, and also from shock to the retina. For a while I had been blind. Rest and care in the hospital my sister, Mabel Rideover, maintained at Taplow had, however, restored the sight of my right eye; and now my trouble was only with perspective. People and things crowded on each other as they do in the vision of a baby. I would dodge that which was far away, and allow myself to bump into objects quite near me.

As I stepped on deck I had a minute or two of bewilderment. There were so many men more helpless than I that whatever care there was to give was naturally bestowed on them. Moreover, most of those who thronged the top of the gangway had too many anxieties of their own to notice that a man who at worst was only half blind didn't know which way to turn.

But I did turn—at a venture. The venture took me straight into a woman holding a baby in her arms, whom I crushed against the nearest cabin wall. The woman protested; the baby screamed. I was about in the rebound to crash into some other victim, when I felt from behind me a hand take me by the arm. An almost invisible guide began to pilot me through the crowd. All I caught sight of was a Canadian nurse's uniform.

It is one of the results of the war that men who are often reduced to the mere shreds of human nature grow accustomed to being taken care of by women, who remain the able-bodied ones.

"Thanks," I laughed as the light touch pushed me along, slightly in advance. "You caught me right in the nick of time. I can see pretty well with my good eye, only I can't measure distances. They tell me that will come by degrees."

Even though occupied with other thoughts I was surprised that my rescuer didn't respond to my civility, for another result of the war is the ease with which the men and women who have been engaged in it get on terms of natural acquaintanceship. When artificial barriers are removed it is extraordinary how quickly we go back to primitive human simplicity. Social and sex considerations have thus been minimized to a degree which, it seems to me, will make it difficult ever to reëstablish them in their old first place. They say it was an advance in civilization when we ceased to see each other as primarily males and females and knew we were men and women. Possibly the war will lead us a step farther still, and reveal us as children of one family.

She Seemed to Wait for Me to Utter the First Word

That a nurse shouldn't have a friendly word for a partly incapacitated man struck me therefore as odd, though my mind would not have dwelt on the circumstance if she hadn't released my arm as abruptly as she had taken it. Having helped me to reach a comparatively empty quarter of the deck she had counted apparently on the slowness and awkwardness of my movements to slip away before I could turn round.

When I managed this feat she was already some yards down the length of the deck, hurrying back toward the crowd from which we had emerged. I saw then that she was too little to be tall and too tall to be considered little. Moreover, she carried herself proudly, placing her dainty feet daintily, and walking with that care which people display when they are not certain of their ability to walk straight. Reaching one of the entrances she went in, exactly as I had seen a woman pass through a doorway two years, five months and three weeks before. I was sure it was she—and yet I told myself it couldn't be. I told myself it couldn't be, for the reason that I had been deceived so frequently before that I had grown distrustful of my senses. All through the intervening time I had been getting glimpses of a slight figure here, of an alert movement there, of the poise of a head, of the wave of a hand, that for an instant would make my heart stop beating; but in the end it had meant nothing but the stirring of old memories. In this case I could have been convinced if the coincidence had not put too great a strain on all the probabilities.

I was to learn later that there was no coincidence; but I must tell my story in its right order.

The right order takes me back to my return to New York, after my week-end at Mrs. Grace's, on the morning of June 29, 1914.

During the two or three hours of jogging down the length of Long Island in the train I tried to keep out of my mind all thoughts but one: having deposited my bags at my rooms I should go to Stinson's. With regard to this intention I was clearly aware of a threefold blend of reaction.

First, there was the pity of it. I could take a detached view of this downfall, just as if I had heard of it in connection with Beady Lamont or old Colonel Straight. Though I should be only a man dropped in the ranks, while they would have been leaders, the grief of my comrades over my collapse would be no less sincere.

But by tearing my mind away from that aspect of the case I reverted to the satisfaction at being in the gutter, of which the memories had never ceased to haunt me. I cannot expect to make you, who have always lived on the upper levels, understand this temptation; I can only tell you that for men who have once been outside the moral law there is a recurrent tugging at the senses to get there again. I once knew an Englishman who had lived in the interior of Australia and had "gone black." On his return to make his home in England he was seized with so consuming a nostalgia for his black wives and black children that in the end he went back to them. Something like this was the call I was always hearing—the call of Circe to go down.

But I knew, too, that there was method in this madness. I was deliberately starting out to earn the wages of sin; and the wages of sin would be death. I must repeat that going to Stinson's would be no more than a slow, convenient process of committing suicide. It would be committing suicide in a way for which Regina Barry would not have to feel herself responsible, as she would were I to use the revolver. Having brought so much on her I was unwilling to bring more, even though my heart was hot against her.

My heart was hot against her—and yet I had to admit that she had been within her rights. When all was said that could be said in my favor I had deceived her. I had let her go on for the best part of a year believing me to be what I was not, when during much of the time I could see that such a belief was growing perilous to her happiness. I had been a coward. I should have said from the first moment—the moment when she took me for my brother Jack—"I am a crook." Then all would have been open and aboveboard between us; but as it was there was only one way out. Any other way—any way that would have allowed me to go on living longer than the time it would take drink to kill me—would have been unbearable.

The checkmate to these musings came when my eyes fell upon Lovey. He was at the door of the apartment, not only to welcome me but to give me ocular demonstration that he had kept the faith while I had been away. It was the first time since the beginning of our association that I had left him for forty-eight hours; and that he was on his honor during those two days was no secret between us. The radiant triumph of his greeting struck into me like a stab.

For Lovey now was almost as completely reconstructed as I. I use the qualifying "almost" only because the longer standing of his habits and the harder conditions of his life had burnt the past more indelibly into him. Of either of us one could say, as the Florentines are reported to have said of Dante, "There goes a man who has been in hell"; but the marks of the experience had been laid more brutally on my companion than on me.

Otherwise he showed cheering signs of resuscitation. Neat, even at the worst of times, he was now habitually scrubbed and shaved, and as elegant as Colonel Straight's establishment could turn him out. He had, in fact, for the hours he had free from washing windows, metamorphosed himself into the typical, self-respecting English valet, with a pride in his work sprung chiefly of devotion.

And for me he made a home. I mean by that that he was always there—something living to greet me, to move about in the dingy little apartment. As I am too gregarious, I may say too affectionate, to live contentedly alone it meant much to me to have someone else within the walls I called mine, even if actual companionship was limited.

But whatever it was I was about to destroy it. I could scarcely look him in the eyes; I could hardly say a word to him.

While unpacking my suitcase he said timorously: "Y'ain't sick, Slim?"

I began to change the suit I had been wearing for one that would attract less attention at Stinson's.

"No, Lovey; I'm all right. I'm just—I'm just going out."

And I went out. I went out without bidding the poor old fellow good-by, though I knew it was the last the anxious pale-blue eyes would see of me in that phase of comradeship. When next we met I should probably be drunk, and he would have come to get drunk in my company. It would then be a question as to which of us would hold out the longer.

And that was the thought that after an hour or two turned me back. I could throw my own life away, but I couldn't throw away his. However reckless I might be on my own account I couldn't be so when I held another man's fate in my hand.

Even so I didn't go back at once. Halfway to Stinson's—I was on foot—I came to a sudden halt. It was as if the sense of responsibility toward Lovey wouldn't allow me to go any farther. I said to myself that I must think the matter out—that I must find and would find additional justification for my course before going on.

To do that I turned into a chance hotel.

I like the wide hospitality of American hotels, where any tired or lonesome wayfarer can enter and sit down. I have never been a clubman. Clubs are too elective and selective for my affinities; they are too threshed and winnowed and refined. I have never in spirit had any desire to belong to a chosen few, since not only in heart but in tastes and temperament I belong to the unchosen many. I enjoy, therefore, the freedom and promiscuity of the lobby, where every Tom, Dick and Harry has the same right as I.

Annoyed by the fact that a halt had been called in my errand of self-destruction I began to ask myself why The only answer that came to me was that this old man, this old reprobate if one chose to call him so, cared for me. He had been giving me an affection that prompted him to the most vital sacrifice, to the most difficult kind of self-control.

Then suddenly that truth came back to me which Andrew Christian had pointed out a few months earlier, and which in the meantime had grown dim, that any true love is of God

I was startled. I was awed In saying these things I am trying only to tell you what happened in my inner self; and possibly when a man's inner self has plumbed the depths like mine it means more to him to get a bit of insight than it does to you who have always been on the level. In any case this question rose within me: Was it possible that out of this old man, this drunkard, this murderer, cast off by his children, cast out by men, some feeble stream was welling up toward me from that pure and holy fount that is God? Was it possible that this strayed creature had, through what he was giving me—me!—been finding his way back to the Universal Heart? If ever a human being had been dwelling in love he had been dwelling in it for a year and more; and there were the words, distilled out of the consciousness of the ages, and written for all time: "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." Was it God that this poor purblind old fellow had all unconsciously been bringing me, shedding round us, keeping us straight, making us strong, making us prosperous, helping us to fight our way upward?

I went back.

But on the way I had another prompting—one that took me into the office of a tourist company to consult time tables and buy tickets.

"Lovey," I said, when I got home, "we must both begin packing for all we're worth. We're leaving for Montreal to-night."

"Goin' to see your people, Slim, and stay in that swell hotel?"

"Not just now, Lovey. Later perhaps. First of all we're going for a month into the woods north of the Ottawa."

His jaw dropped.

"Into the woods?"

"Yes, old sport; you'll like it."

"Oh, no, I won't, Slim. I never was in no woods in my life—except London and New York. There's one thing I never could abide, and that's trees."

"You won't say that when you've seen real trees. We'll shoot and fish and camp out ——"

"Camp out? In a tent, like? Oh, I couldn't, sonny! I'd ketch me death!"

"Then if you do we'll come back; only we've got to go now"

"Why have we? It's awful nice here in New York; and I don't pay no attention to people that says it's too hot."

I made the appeal which I knew he would not resist. Laying my hand on his shoulder I said: "Because, old man, I'm—I'm in trouble. I want to get away where—where I shan't see—someone—again—and I need you."

"It ain't that girl, Slim? She—she haven't turned you down?" The words took me so much by surprise that I hadn't time to get angry. All I could feel was a foolish, nervous kind of coolness.

"Lovey, what I want you to know I'll tell you; and at present I'm telling you this: I've got to get out; I've got to get out quick; and I need you to buck me up. No one can buck me up like you."

"Oh, if it's that!" He would have followed me then to places more dreadful than the Canadian woods. "Will you take all your suits—or only just them new summer things?"

*XVIII*

THUS it happened that when war broke out I was deep in the wilderness. For more than a month I had had no contact with the outside world; not a letter, not a newspaper. I had escaped from New York without leaving an address, since Cantyre was absent. I had meant to write to him to have my letters forwarded, but I never had. Could I have guessed that war was to begin and to last so long I might have acted differently; but the name of Gavrilo Prinzip was still meaningless.

All sportsmen in my part of Canada know Jack Hiller's, just as frequenters of the Adirondacks know Paul Smith's. From Jack Hiller's we struck farther in, to the rude camp where I had spent many a happy holiday when I was a lad. Two guides, an Indian and a half-breed, did the heavy work; and some long-forgotten, atavistic sporting strain in Lovey allowed him, groaningly and discontentedly, to enjoy himself.

But if I expected to find peace I saw I was mistaken. The distance I had put between myself and the house dominating Long Island Sound was only geographical. In spirit I was always back on that veranda living through again the minutes of the long waiting. So the solitude was no solitude for me. And then one day the half-breed's canoe shot over the waters of the lake, bringing supplies from Jack Hiller's, with the news that the world had gone to war.

I wonder how many hundreds of thousands of men and women there are to whom the war came as a blessed opportunity to get away from uselessness or heartache. Stranded, purposeless, spiritless, futile, tired, empty, with something broken in the life or seemingly at an end, they suddenly found themselves called on to put forth energies they never knew they had, to meet needs they had never heard of.

"Son of man, shall these dry bones live?" one might have been asking oneself a few years previously; and all at once there were multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision, energized into newness of being. Among them I was only one humble, stupid individual; but the summons was like that which came to the dust when it was bidden to be Adam and a man.

I have no intention of telling you in detail what happened to me between that August morning in 1914 and the day I stepped on board the boat at Liverpool more than two years later. There is no need. You know the outlines of that tale already. My case hardly differed externally from any other of the millions of cases you have heard about. The machine of war does not vary in its working much more than any other machine, except for the drama played in each man's soul.

And of that I can say nothing. I don't know why—but I cannot. Day and night I think of what I saw and heard and did in those two years, but some other language must be coined before I can begin to speak of it.

In this I am not singular; it is a rule to which I know few if any exceptions. I have heard returned soldiers on the lecture platform—telling part of the truth, and

*Annoyed by the Fact That a Halt Had Been Called in My Errand of Self-Destruction I Began to Ask Myself Why*

"Oh, Here You Are!" She Exclaimed Breathlessly. "I've Been Hunting for You Everywhere. They Say We've Sighted a Periscope"

nothing but the truth, but never the whole truth nor the most vital truth. I have talked with some of them when the lectures were over, and a flare in the eye has said: "This is for public consumption; but you and I know that the realities are not to be put into words."

One little incident I must give you, however, before I revert to what happened on the boat.

Having in that early August made my way to Ottawa with Lovey, and decided that I must respond at once to the country's call, I expected a struggle with him, or something bitter in the way of protest. But in this I was mistaken. He, too, had been thinking the matter over, and, hard as it would be for him to see me do it, that quiet valor which practically no Englishman is without raised him at once to the level of his part.

"All right, Slim. It's yer dooty to go, and mine to give ye up. We won't say no more about that."

"Thanks, Lovey, for making it so easy for me. I'll never forget it as long as I live. Now there's only one thing ——"

"If it's about me goin' straight, sonny, while ye're away, I'll swear to God not to look so much as on the same side o' the street as a drop o' liquor till he brings ye back to me."

"Then I believe he will bring me back, old fellow."

"Sure he'll bring ye back. Ye'll be 'ome before Christmas; and, Slim, if it isn't goin' to cost ye too much money will ye hold on to them rooms so as I can keep our little place together, like, and 'ave it all clean and nice for you?"

Having consented to this I was able to make further provision for the old man when Cantyre joined me for a day or two in Montreal to bid me good-by. Lovey's heroism was the sort of thing to draw out Cantyre's sentimental vein of approval.

"I'll take him and look after him, Frank. He'll valet me till you come back. I've always wanted a man to do that sort of thing, and only haven't had one because I thought it would look like putting on side. But now that he drops down to me out of heaven, as you might say, I'll take him as a souvenir of you."

### XIX

ALL these interests had seemed far away from me during the two and a half years over there; but in proportion as I drew near Liverpool that morning they reformed themselves in the mists of the near future, as old memories come back with certain scents and scenes. Not till the damp, smoky haze of the great port was closing in round me did I realize that my more active part in the vast cosmic episode was at an end, and that I had come to the hour I had so often longed for—and was going home.

I was going home; and yet, for the minute at any rate, I was not glad. There is always something painful in the taking up again of forsaken ties, however much we once loved them. It was like a repetition of the effort with which I had renewed my relations with my people. The actual has a way of seizing us in its tentacles and making us feel that it is the only life we ever truly led. There was a time when I seemed to forget that I had ever been anywhere but in the trenches. During the month or two that I was blind I got so used to the condition as to find it strange that I had ever seen. And always, in face of the fierce intensity of the present, the life in New York was remote, shadowy and dim, as they say the life in prison becomes, from its very monotony, to those who look back on it after their release.

What it really amounted to was that during those two years I seemed to have grown in the size of my mental conceptions. Having been hurled into an existence gigantic, monstrous, in which there were no limits to either the devotion or the cruelty of human beings toward each other, all other ways of living had grown pale and small. If you can imagine yourself swirling through space, riding both zephyrs and tempests equally as a matter of course, you can understand how tame it would seem to be tied down to earth again, to go at nothing more stimulating than a walking pace. Otherwise typified, a lion that has been in a cage, and after two and a half years of free roving in the jungle finds itself returned to the cage again, would probably have the same sinking of the heart as I when I saw the hulk of the Assiniboia loom up before me in the dock.

And then came that odd little incident of the nurse to connect me with the past by a new form of excitement. I have to confess that it was excitement largely compounded of wonder and distress. A dull ache told me that sensation was returning to a deadened nerve, and that where I had supposed there was paralysis at least there was going to be reaction and perhaps a pang.

For by this time I had passed through that process which is commonly known as "getting over it." That is, a new self was living a new life on a new plane of existence. All that belonged to the period before I went to enlist at Ottawa was on the other side of a flood. I had not precisely forgotten; I had only died and become a transmigrated soul. Whatever was past was past. I might suffer from it; I might feel its consequences; but I couldn't live it again. On the other hand I was living vividly in the present. Not so much consciously or by word as because I couldn't help it, I had merged everything I was into one dominating purpose with which, as far as I was aware, Regina Barry had nothing to do. The aims for which the war was being fought were my aims; I had no others. When these objectives were won my life, it seemed to me, would be over. It would melt away in that victory as dawn into sunrise. It would not be lost; it would only be absorbed—a spark in the blaze of noonday.

So mentally I was pressing forward. Though I could do no more fighting I had been told that there was still work by which I could contribute to the object beside which no other object could be taken into consideration. I was being sent back for that reason. Not much had been told me as yet about what I was to do, but I understood that it was to be in connection with American public opinion. It will be remembered that at the end of 1916 the United States was not only not in the war but it was still doubtful as to whether or not she ever would be. The hand of a cautious listener being on the pulse of a patient people it was on the beat of that pulse that the issue turned.

I understood that, with my acquaintance ranging among high and low, I was to do what I could to make the pulse a little quicker. I might not be able to do much, but we had all learned the value of small individual contributions. It was argued that in proportion as the American people began to see on which side the balance of righteousness dipped, my game leg and my black patch, and even the haggardness and gauntness and batteredness of my whole appearance, would have some appeal. The appeal would be the stronger for the fact that I was not an Englishman but a Canadian—blood-brother to the man of his own continent, blood-brother to the Briton, blood-brother to the Frenchman, blood-son of the great ideals fathered by the Anglo-Saxon race, and in which all free peoples in the course of two hundred years had been made participants—and quick to spring to their defense. I was to be, therefore, a kind of unobtrusive, unaccredited ambassador to the man in the office and the street, with instructions to be inoffensive but persuasive.

And on this mission all my conscious thought was set. No hermit in the desert was ever more entirely self-dedicated to the saving of his soul than I to the quiet preaching of this new crusade among men like Ralph Coningsby and Stephen Cantyre and Beady Lamont and Headlights and Daisy and Momma and Mouse, and any others with whom I should come in contact. In fulfilling this task I wanted no one to disturb or distract me; and here at the very outset was someone who might do both.

■■

AFTER having found my cabin and seen to my belongings I hobbled up on deck once more, to verify my vision of the Canadian nurse's uniform. I discovered the uniform in two or three instances, but in none that corresponded to the figure too little to be tall and too tall to be considered little I had watched receding down the deck.

As for the costume itself it was not difficult to find myself beside one of the ladies who wore it—a beautiful, grave woman, of the type of Bouguereau's Consolatrice, who with hands resting on the deck rail was looking down at the movement on the dock.

(Continued on Page 65)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 28, 1918


## If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

## *Only the Stump of Dagon Was Left*

RUSSIA, Germany and Austria are rid of their old autocrats. The way has been cleared for them to choose a Democratic form of government. Russia has chosen anarchy. Germany and Austria have swayed toward the abyss.

Autocracy is government by the worst elements at the top; Bolshevism is government by the worst elements at the bottom. They differ in that autocracy is organized hell and Bolshevism hell let loose. Neither can stand up long before Democracy. When the ark of God was brought by the Philistines into the temple of the false god, "Only the stump of Dagon was left to him."

If this war has been fought to the end of delivering Europe over to the Bolsheviki, it has been fought in vain. Instead of freeing the souls of men we shall have loosed the beast in them. The Allies have won the first world war and they will win this second one. Until they do the fight to make the world safe for Democracy is only half finished.

Our relation to this second struggle is exactly what our relation to the first was. Though not primarily involved, we cannot remain an innocent bystander. One hundred million Americans were loyal and sound to the heart all through the great war, but among them was a small body of traitors, potential of deviltry out of all proportion to their number. The same condition confronts us in this new fight. The mushy-minded and the good-natured sentimentalists were inclined to pooh-pooh the idea of German agents and German-American traitors during the early days of the war. They are disposed to be genially tolerant of the Bolsheviki now. They will have to wake up again. Autocracy and Bolshevism are both bitter enemies of Democracy. One would stand it up before a firing squad; the other would bend its neck to the guillotine.

The foul crew that has been in control of Russia—one cannot say of the Russian Government, because there is none—are not content with anarchy at home; they would put the torch to the world. Their agents are everywhere among the ignorant, the sapheaded and the vicious, working for world anarchy.

What are we going to do about it here in America? Are we going to permit a few hundred thousand, largely foreign born, the rest almost wholly selfish, insincere or self-deceived, to mislead the simple-minded and the ignorant? Are we going to welcome every Russian, German and Austrian Red who wants to come over here to sow discord and reap dollars? And how long shall we tolerate those who have sought sanctuary here, only to vilify the host under whose roof they have found safety and at whose table they have grown sleek and fat? Along with these there is a silly lot of Americans—some of a peculiar and not uncommon professor-type of mind that takes home any theory it can play on the pianola; others are self-styled "intellectuals," who have inherited money or have made it in any way except the one they urge on the rest of us for the good of our souls—little tin-horn Bernard Shaws without that great man's brain and heart. They are, of course, a joke and could be laughed aside, were it not for the American habit of accepting a man's appraisal of himself. A faker has only to play the banjo on a soap box, or in a solemn periodical, ballyhoo his panacea for world ills, and the crowd will gape and pay to dose itself with his nostrum.

For a century America was the sanctuary of the oppressed; latterly it has been the sanctuary of too many would-be oppressors. But now the people of Eastern and Central Europe are rid of their old autocrats. They are free to make an America at home. If they choose to set up new autocrats, to make a mess of their own affairs, must we submit to their imposing autocrats on us, to their making a mess of our affairs too? Must we stand by idly and let them put the torch to a world that is now as closely built together as a city block? Bolshevism is as much the business of Democracies as Kaiserism. It, too, must be decisively settled.

Two-thirds of our troubles in America are imported. Shall we keep on importing them? From our silly system of smart society, taken from European capitals with their class distinctions and monarchical traditions, down to our bogus Socialism, made in Germany and Russia as a panacea for conditions that were utterly foreign to America until indiscriminate immigration planted them in a few plague spots in our great cities, our worries are due to our carelessness as to who and what comes to America.

This whole business of immigration, both of ideas and men, needs revision. Why keep out anthrax and smallpox and admit rabies freely? We need an influx of labor to keep our factories going and to expand our commerce, is the usual answer. Not that kind of labor—nor any kind of labor that we cannot pay well and that is not good material for citizenship. For what shall it profit us to have all the commerce of the world if in the end we blow up in one grand Bolshevik bust? It might be better business to go just a little slower, to educate what unassimilated labor we have into American citizenship.

So in planning our new list of imports let us include only desirables. In planning our new list of exports let us head it with undesirables. Under our laws we send rotten food to the dump because it is a menace to health. Rotten men, who are poisoning America with rotten propaganda, belong there too. Why do they linger here when in Russia they can live the ideal that they preach? Utopia yawns for them. Make them go to it. We do not want them. America for Americans and men who want to be Americans.

## *Running a Railroad*

WE FANCY that right down in its heart the Government is taking about as much pleasure in its railroad system as a man normally takes in an obstinate pig that has broken into the cabbage patch.

Last June, it will be remembered, Mr. McAdoo granted wage increases that were estimated, in the lump, at considerably more than three hundred million dollars a year. Other increases were granted subsequently. In August he calculated the total wage increase at four hundred and seventy-five millions a year. But some still further additions to the pay roll have since been made.

The spring increases were to be retroactive, dating back to the first of January. To offset them freight rates were raised twenty-five per cent and passenger rates more than that. As increased revenue did not begin coming in until the end of June and as the increased wages were paid from the first of January the result of the first half year of government operation was a huge deficit as compared with the corresponding period of 1917. In July increased revenue fairly trimmed the ship. In August revenue increased thirty-seven per cent as compared with the year before, and expenses forty-five per cent, leaving a gain of twenty per cent in the net. But in September—the latest month for which a statement has been issued at this writing—while revenue again showed an increase of more than thirty-six per cent, or one hundred and twenty-nine million dollars, expenses had increased almost fifty-two per cent, or one hundred and twenty-six million dollars, leaving a net gain of only three million dollars, or less than three per cent—which goes but a tiny way toward overcoming the huge deficit of the first half year. With expenses showing an increase of a hundred and twenty-six million dollars in one month the sums saved by consolidating city ticket offices look insignificant.

Every public-utility manager has been struggling with the stubborn fact of enormously increased operating expenses. Government operation does not make the fact at all more tractable.

## *Teaching Children*

LAZINESS is an adult vice. Children are almost never lazy. Little children do not want to play; they want to work. Toys are their tools—the objects they use in trying to exercise their faculties in imitation of their elders. Time out of mind the most popular toys have been those that best satisfied this impulse—a doll that the tot can mother, blocks to build houses of, and so on. A top appeals because the child can make it go. The ant and the little busy bee have nothing on a company of small children engaged in digging a canal through the sand on the beach.

As a rule children expend energy much more prodigally than adults do. The same boy who dawdles over the chores works like a beaver digging a pirate's cave in the back lot—into which, peradventure, father presently falls, with unpleasant family results. Watch any normal group of children of any age from two to fifteen. They are busy all the time—expending energy.

It is the set, mechanical task, designed, specified and imposed from above, that the child rebels at. Any exertion that appeals to his—or her—own creative adventurous impulses attracts him; nor does he mind the exertion involved in carrying it out. Children work gladly and zealously at their own business. They balk only at business that is prescribed for them by someone else and that does not engage their own creative and imitative instincts.

Make a boy think he is really doing something, really getting a grip on the world about him—and there will be no more complaint of laziness. It is a very familiar fact that if a grammar-school boy once gets into the real creative world of industry he can hardly be dragooned back to textbooks and school routine. The big thing in education is so to link up the school with the visible, bustling world as to keep the child's workmanlike instincts engaged. The fairly common pedagogic—and parental—complaint that children are lazy is entirely wrong. Anybody, teacher or parent, who thinks that, is on the wrong track.

## *A Grievous Handicap*

A PENCIL mark in a book chanced the other day to remind us of a great disadvantage that a few men suffer. The reminder was especially apt at this juncture when every third man you meet is handing you out cocksure opinions on unusually obscure and complicated subjects—especially when every other printed page you come across is confidently disposing at long range of questions that are extremely perplexing to the persons nearest them.

Because he was once a civil engineer engaged in railroad construction, because his family became involved in it and because he was for a time subeditor of a financial journal, Herbert Spencer paid a good deal of attention to the subject of speculation in stocks. He wrote a certain letter about it. Reviewing that letter in his autobiography, fifty years after it was written, he said:

"It might not be improper if the law should refuse to recognize transactions in which the forms of buying and selling are gone through without any intention of taking real possession. But I have never been able to decide whether the implied check on transactions in shares could be theoretically legitimate or practically beneficial."

He could not make up his mind in fifty years, first, because he understood the subject in hand and second, because he had a mind to make up. He could really think.

# RAINBOW'S END

The Main Street of an Oil Town

## By Albert W. Atwood

THE Southwest, and more especially at the moment the state of Texas, is in the swirling, dizzying midst of one of those vast inundations of wealth that by the more common name of oil booms have periodically swept over and engulfed in riches whole states and regions of this country. One must live within the geographical sphere of influence, as it were, to comprehend what it means to any particular part of the country to discover oil. Perhaps, indeed, none but those who are borne upon the torrent and are nourished by the delirium that is its inevitable accompaniment will ever fully know the extent to which oil revolutionizes, fertilizes and galvanizes the peoples and institutions within its reach.

It was only a few years ago that Oklahoma and Kansas suddenly found riches undreamed of pouring in upon them; and now it is Texas. The wealth of Oklahoma has been increased by perhaps half a billion dollars a year, and though oil does not flow from any given territory at the same rate forever it leaves so much in its train, if it really gushes for but a little while, that the world is never the same again. Corporations that were pottering along with five or six per cent dividends suddenly turn up with new property worth scores, perhaps even hundreds, of millions of dollars. New kings of oil appear upon the stage, and fortunes by the hundreds—yes, even by the thousands—pipe lines, refineries, modern cities, great hotels and office buildings, country clubs and palatial homes, these all spring up like magic overnight; but, more substantial than the creations of fairyland, they do not vanish whence they came.

It is a strange chase, and a long one, which Nature has led the oil prospector, or "wildcatter," as he prefers to call himself. Beginning at Bradford, Pennsylvania, the trail blazers have worked mostly southwestward, always headed, unconsciously perhaps, toward Mexico. It is not that there are no other oil fields, and big ones at that, but the star of empire, the great main trend of the industry, beginning along Oil Creek, Pennsylvania, has unquestionably taken its southwestward way in a couple of forty-five degree angles to Mexico, the latter probably the world's chief storehouse of oil in the more distant generations to come.

This is no brand-new discovery, these geological trends or tendencies. But I think it is safe to say that the industry, which had its start at the time of the Civil War, was nearer in point of time to the war so lately ended before the fact was fully grasped. The center of gravity had moved far indeed from Bradford before the law of its movement had dawned upon men's minds.

### *Local Excitements*

I DO not mean, of course, that all one needs to do to follow these routes to destiny and fortune is to line up with various points of the compass and then drill. There is no lake of oil all the way, and there are millions upon millions of dry spots, each a possible dry hole, way stations of Fate, where one may leave money and hope behind.

But there are vast areas of territory along or adjacent to the general route of wealth and empire, radiating off, as it were, from the recent discoveries, which have not been tested yet or are just beginning to be tested. That is why Texas to-day is mad over oil, just as Kansas and Oklahoma were a year or two ago, driven to a frenzy of realized and prospective prosperity, sucked up in what the professional oil men describe as an "excitement," by which they mean not only the commotion that goes with discovery but the hundreds of millions of new wealth that flows from the ground.

Though the word excitement seems tame enough it is perhaps as descriptive as anything, for excitement is the very air that men breathe in and near the new oil fields of Ranger, Burkburnett and others that are opening. It is the suddenness and immensity of the turn of fortune that make what might seem to be a prosaic mineral operation an excitement even in the everyday vocabulary of professional operators.

With perhaps the single exception of Spindletop, long ago, no oil boom has ever had such elements of jostle and jumble, of sheer stampede and fury, as that which is raging in Northcentral and West Texas. On the one hand, stock jobbing and promotion, rank and rotten, grow like an ugly fungus. At the other extreme, a half dozen of the great units of the Standard Oil and the largest of the independents are struggling and fighting their way into the field, competing with one another for leases and production, investing scores of millions of dollars. One of these companies alone is spending close to ten million dollars on a pipe line; and of the half dozen pipe lines under construction or projected one is to be the largest in the world.

For as in the past, Nature has given up her secrets just at the last moment, as dire necessity presses, in the nick of time. Whenever an oil famine threatens it seems as if a new field were opened up. Field after field saves the day. At one time it was California. Four years ago it was the great Cushing pool in Oklahoma, which still holds the record as the largest in the world, that came to the rescue. A year or two later it was Kansas; and now Texas rushes to the front, running for a time a race with gasless Sundays and finally overtaking them.

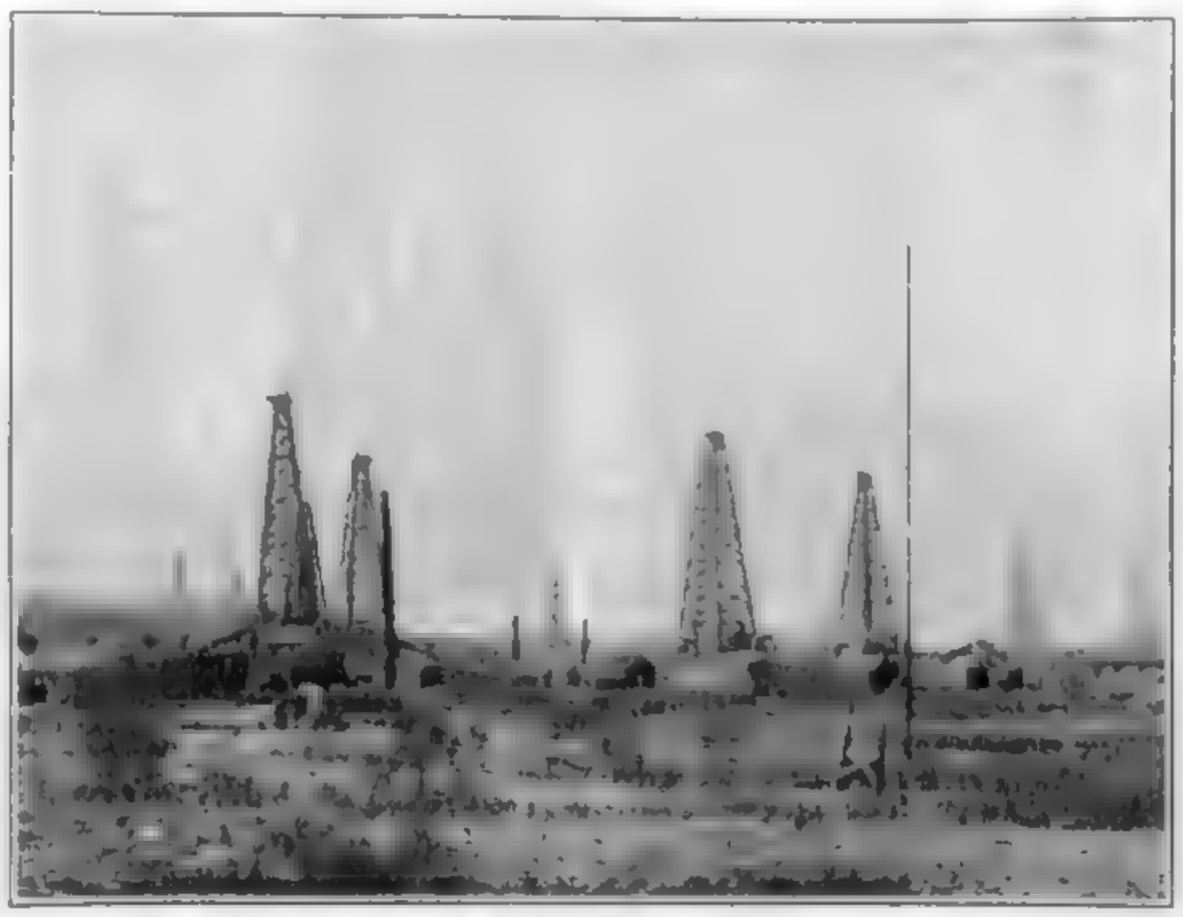
It is not a new story, this turning up of a new field with its immense supply of high-grade oil just as famine threatens. But it means the continued supremacy of American oil and the assurance to the various Standard and other big refineries of an abundance of the crude stuff they live upon for some time to come.

The mere vastness of area included in the possible limits of the new fields fires the imagination and stirs the pulse. "It is not like a farm of a hundred acres or so, this Texas game," said one oil operator. "A ranch in Texas is more likely to mean a hundred thousand acres."

### *Promised Riches in New Fields*

NO WONDER the oil boom is spreading like wildfire throughout the state. No one knows of course how rich the new fields will prove. One never hears of the failures in the oil business. The fortunes are blazoned forth, not the losses. During the orgy and frenzy of drilling all over the vast state to-day, in many instances literally hundreds of miles away from any known oil, one shudders to think of the number of dry holes into which men will sink their all, and from which they will slink away, hopeless and broken. But the oilmen believe the new fields will be the largest in area probably in the entire country, if not the most productive. They assert that geological conditions are favorable for the discovery of gas even if not oil in an area as large as three of the Atlantic Coast states. This, of course, may be an exaggeration; but the United States Fuel Administration as well as the officers of the larger oil companies, reticent and conservative as they are, admit that the field promises to be of extraordinarily large area.

Nor at the time of this writing have the armistice and prospect of peace lessened the mad scramble. Oilmen say the peacetime uses of petroleum in European countries were absolutely cut off during the war and will now spring up again in volume equal to the wartime uses. They assert that the Russian and Rumanian fields, never large producers as compared with this country, cannot immediately be restored. At the height of the Spindletop craze oil fell to three or four cents a gallon, but there are probably more automobiles in use in one city to-day than in all of America at that time, and the farm tractor was unknown then. Nor is the use of oil for motive power by any means the only interesting feature. Europe to-day is absolutely denuded of lubricants. Of course the present high price of oil, as compared with former times, is largely responsible for the craze that



Wells in the Heart of the Town of Ranger

goes with new discoveries, and everyone recognizes that if the world demand for petroleum and its products should suddenly dwindle to little or nothing the oil fields would "go dead" indeed.

But the new discoveries, like those of the past, mean more than power, fuel and lubricants. They mean more than continued sustenance for the bouncing industrial giants of Rockefeller and other oil kings, and at the opposite end of the scale a fresh lease of life for the stock fakers. They open up a chance for the adventurous spirits of oil—the "fraternity," the professionals, big and little. These men are swarming in upon Fort Worth, the center of the boom, and upon the smaller towns and villages directly in the fields, from every point of the compass. They come from the towns and cities of Oklahoma—Oklahoma City, Muskogee, Sapulpa, and most of all from Tulsa. They come, too, from California, Wyoming, Kansas, and from the coastal fields of Texas itself.

These are the soldiers of fortune, the pathfinders, the trail blazers, the scouts, big and little, attached and unattached, connected and failing connections; lease sharks, grafters and grabbers, operators, speculators and gamblers buying and selling leases, royalties and production; scouting, testing, wildcatting, proving and drilling. Many are dead broke, but hope by the use of their wits and nerve to make a fortune and retire. There are others who move about more quietly, dreading publicity as yet, for they already have ample resources and need only one more successful coup to graduate from the game. For then they will cease to be trail blazers and adventurers, becoming, by means of another five or ten millions, capitalist owners of office buildings, hotels and banks, and with a big oil company of their own, and known to all the world.

### Where Fairy Tales Come True

BUT whether big or little, whether broke or on the point of blossoming forth as new kings of oil, the professionals, the soldiers of fortune and enterprisers who make the industry possible have stampeded into the new fields. Then there are the local business men, the merchants and bankers, to whom the sale of calico and bank drafts has now become a prosaic occupation. Their pulse beats fast these days, for in many cases they have made fortunes in oil in a few weeks or months that forty years of the hardest toil and thrift in their own business could not equal. Finally there are the landowners, ranging all the way from those who were literally starving on five or ten arid acres up to multimillionaire cattle kings with ranches covering almost a dozen counties, but all alike in one common experience of enrichment, of fairy tales come true.

A little boy with the grave face and the manner of children who listen much to their elders' conversation had for months traveled about with his father, a professional oil operator. They had taken many automobile trips from the nearest large city out into the fields, and the father in his business of buying up leases had talked shop over and over again in the presence of the boy. Even when they were at home the child would hear his father discussing wells, barrels, production and the like over the telephone.

"Did you say thirty-five hundred barrels a day?" asked the boy after much brooding.

"Yes," was the reply.

"And did you say two and a half dollars a barrel?" was the next question.

The boy was assured that such was the price of a certain quality of crude oil, and he asked some further questions as to whether the owner of a well could really sell the stuff that he had seen shooting out of the pipes. Finally he asked if two and a half times thirty-five hundred were 8750, and whether it would really be $8750 a day. Then he thought a long time with graver face than ever and at last brought out his triumphant conclusion:

"Papa, didn't you tell me once that Aladdin's lamp and the magic carpet were fairy tales? Well, you talk fairy tales over the telephone all the time."

It is the fact that fairy tales come true not in the occasional miracle or in the rare, exceptional breaking of what might seem to be the laws of Nature but in literally hundreds upon hundreds of cases, that gives to oil its mad fascination. I stepped into a country bank in a town fifteen miles away from one of the oil developments and asked the president what he thought of the boom.

"Wait a minute," he replied; "I want you to meet my cashier. He is one of the fortunate ones."

A bright, alert little man in shirt sleeves stepped forward, not endowed, one would say, with much physical prowess, but with that characteristic smile of the participant in and beneficiary of an oil-boom prosperity that betokens an eager, awakened, ambitious, partly restless interest in life, whose healing properties probably outdistance all the schools of medicine from Hippocrates down.

"Yes," he started in before I could ask him a question or before we had even shaken hands, "I call it the end of the rainbow when anyone asks me about it." And he smiled more brightly than ever.

Then he told his story, quickly and restlessly, like nearly everyone I met, each one apparently afraid that a fortune might be overlooked while he talked.

"I was away on a vacation," he said, "and a friend telegraphed me that he had an opportunity to buy a couple of interests at two hundred and fifty dollars apiece. Banker like, I wired back to try to beat them down to two hundred dollars. When I returned I could have sold out at forty thousand dollars."

I learned that his income since had been running from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand dollars a month, and that he had a great deal more undeveloped land which he hoped would make him even richer. I asked him if he was not in danger of investing his entire profit in more oil prospects and perhaps losing it all. He said he had fifty thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds, a large block of Treasury certificates of indebtedness, a half interest in a business block, an interest in a bank, and a varied assortment of farm mortgages and notes. Would he remain in the banking business? Yes, indeed; he liked it and he would stay in it. He smiled again, as if this sudden fortune were some sort of gigantic joke, and rushed back to the rail, where dozens of depositors and customers waited to see him.

I went to see a man whose sudden good fortune was considered the joke of the country round. He had been the poorest of the poor, and among other odd jobs by which he picked up a meager living was the collection of garbage. He was the village scavenger. We stopped in front of an exceedingly small one-story double house. In one side lived the lucky scavenger. He had owned ten acres on which nothing had ever grown to speak of, but on which oil had been found. His dwelling could hardly have contained more than two rooms, but his income was reputed to be one thousand dollars a day.

The man himself was out of town, but his brother came slowly out of the shack and said he could tell us anything we wanted to know. He was old and lacked the general expression of eagerness, almost of joy, that is so common. When asked if it was true that his brother's income was now one thousand dollars a day he replied, without any show of interest, that it had been almost that much at first but was somewhat less now. Then I asked him how his brother had liked striking oil, and for the first time a slow smile came into the old man's eyes.

His face lighted up as he slowly replied: "He liked it mighty well. It came in the nick of time."

If any country ever deserved to find oil it is that in the general vicinity of Ranger, about which the larger developments appear to be centered. The new fields are both west and north of Fort Worth, which city is not altogether reluctant and embarrassed in having the fortunes of its cattle kings belittled and buried in the swollen golden flood of oil. But though important recent discoveries have been made in the north, near Wichita Falls, and in its neighboring village of Burkburnett, just across the river from Oklahoma, the major discoveries center round Ranger, one hundred miles west of Fort Worth, and not far east of the vast prairie or tablelands which constitute perhaps the largest cattle-grazing area in the country.

### Wealth Forced Upon the Poor

EVEN the most enthusiastic Texan will admit that the country thereabouts is no paradise, no Garden of Eden, agriculturally speaking. It is unsuitable alike for farming and cattle breeding. If one goes far enough east he will find rich black loam, a prosperous cotton belt. Westward are the vast tablelands of Llano Estacado. Ranger lies midway, and though considerable local business was cleared through the sleepy little sunbaked hamlet, which was not even incorporated as a separate village, no one would deny that most of the land where oil has been found was of singularly little value otherwise. Only a few of the richest men had any cattle, and the gibe of other parts of the state was to the effect that the only crops were goats, lizards, cactus and hookworm. That may be an exaggeration, but it is no secret that debt rested upon the countryside like a pall. Many of the settlers were about ready to move out and throw up the sponge.

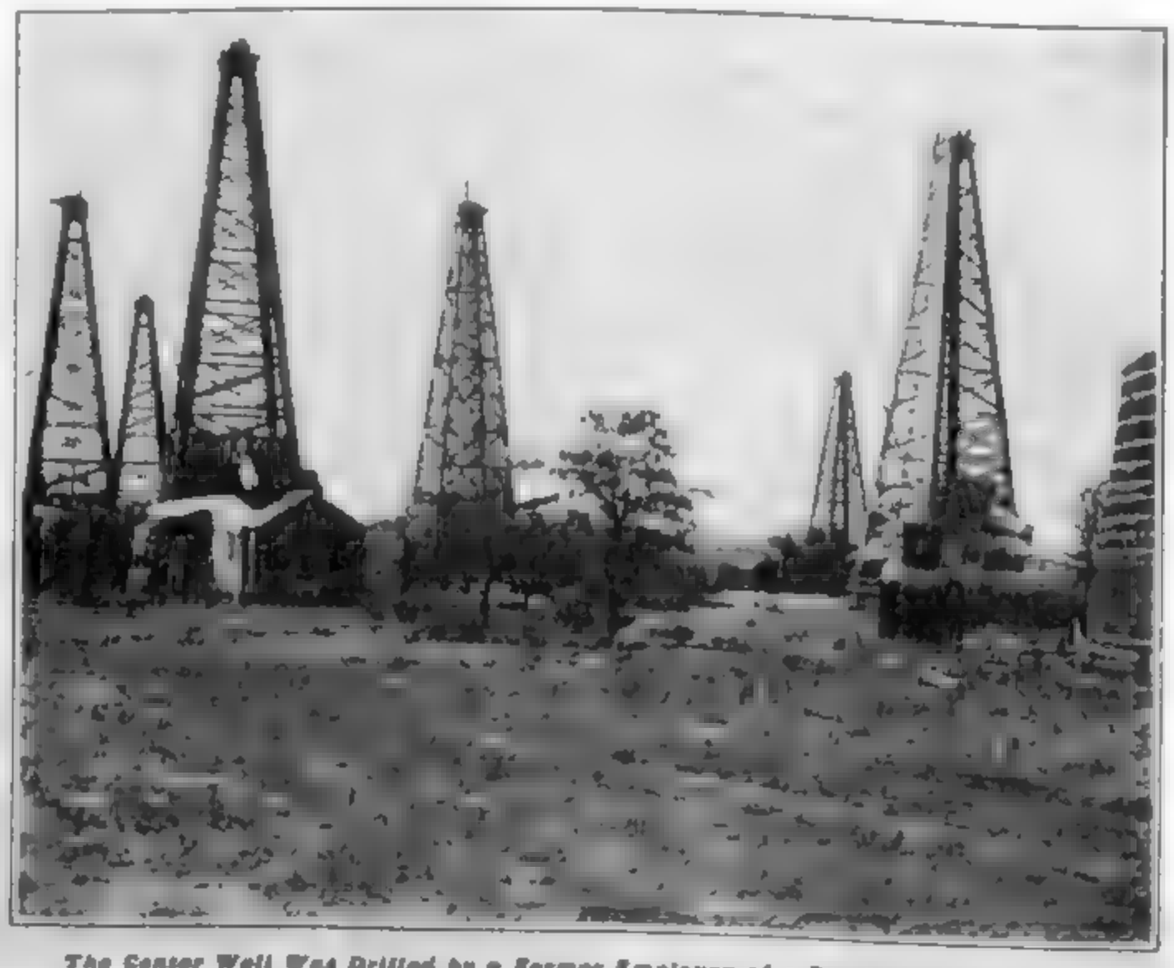
Much of the country itself is rough and broken, wild in appearance, with innumerable "spud" hills, and torn in every direction by cañons, gullies and ravines, through which run the most execrable, unspeakably bad roads it has ever been my bad fortune to ride over.

"Why, they couldn't sell their land down there!" said one of the largest oil operators in the Southwest, who had been discussing the big chances and high spots of the industry. "It was absolutely no good. Their wealth was literally forced upon them. It was a horseshoe, pure and simple. It reminds me almost of the Cushing pool, the largest in the world, and how before oil was found there the Government literally had to force the Indians to accept the land."

He did not mean of course that the landowners round Ranger were at all slow or unwilling to accept the wealth so suddenly thrust upon them. But the extremity of the contrast struck even a professional oilman hardened to just such freaks of fortune. Nor does it end there. Oil has

(Continued on Page 32)

*The Sign May Have Been a Joke, But Two Oil Operators Offered the Congregation a Large Sum for an Agreement Not to Let Anyone Else Drill on the Site*



*The Center Well Was Drilled by a Former Employee of a Big Oil Company. The Surrounding Wells are Hard After the Oil*

"All aboard for Healthville!
Take the train today.
*Campbell's* fare will get you there
The short and pleasant way."

# "All aboard!"

*Start now and start right.* Resolve to make 1919 a *health-winning* year. This health campaign is the most important of all—both for America and for *you.* It is the most vital safeguard for your family and home.

Protect your own health. Keep the children and the workers in good physical condition.

Eat a good soup every day. This is one of the simplest and surest means of keeping in good physical trim. All authorities agree on this. Begin today's dinner with

# Campbell's Tomato Soup

You will be surprised at the help it gives you in maintaining vigorous health and energy.

It tones the appetite, strengthens digestion, provides valuable regulative elements which the body positively requires.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it is especially tempting and nourishing.

We make it from the pure juice of fresh red-ripe tomatoes, blended with choice butter, delicate herbs and other nutritious materials.

The contents of every can produces two cans of rich soup—delicious and satisfying. And it costs you less than if you made it at home.

Order it from your grocer by the dozen or the case, and get the full benefit and enjoyment.

**21 kinds** **12c a can**

## Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

# CRABBED YOUTH

## By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

IF ERNEST had not been in love with Sara Lee he would have been bored; in fact, if Sara Lee had known that Ernest loved her he might have been bored. As it was, he was enjoying himself immensely. It amused him to sit at the table in the Lees' ridiculous dining room, listening to Mrs. Lee's fatuous chatter, to Mr. Lee's timeworn jokes, to Freddy's youthful repartee and to look at Sara Lee. At least, that was hardly amusement—looking at Sara Lee. It was joy unbounded, for Sara Lee was one of the easiest young women to look upon that Manhattan Island had ever borne.

"Have some more fruit," Mrs. Lee urged. "These stewed peaches are awfully good for your digestion."

Ernest smiled as he met Sara Lee's serious gray eyes.

"Thank you; I believe I will," he said.

"Say, Mr. Osgood," Freddy said suddenly, leaning toward Ernest, "I want to ask you something."

"Fire away!" Ernest said cheerfully.

"Would you rather be a colonel with an eagle on your shoulder, or a private with a chicken on your knee?"

Freddy paused, watching the family expectantly. Ernest laughed heartily as Sara Lee wrinkled her nose in amusement and half closed her dark-lashed eyes.

"Pretty good, son; pretty good!" Mr. Lee applauded as he pushed his pressed-glass plate toward his wife for more sauce.

"We don't have after-dinner coffee, Mr. Osgood," Mrs. Lee explained as she rose from the table. "It keeps father awake, and I think it's a bad habit for Sara."

"I never drink it," Ernest lied, still cheerfully. "After dinner, I mean."

And even that Sara Lee accepted as a matter of course. It seemed strange to Ernest that Sara Lee didn't know, by simply looking at him, that he was the sort of man who was as used to coffee and liqueurs in the drawing-room as the Lees were used to prunes at breakfast.

"That's why you have such a good complexion," Mrs. Lee declared. "I've always said that there was nothing nicer than a good skin and the sort of gray hair you have." Ernest bowed gravely. "Your hair is quite premature, isn't it?" Mrs. Lee continued.

"I'm just thirty," Ernest answered, and felt suddenly younger.

He looked at himself in the mirror as he passed into the living room. Tall, slender, excellently tailored, well manicured, he was as out of keeping with the Lees' what-notted apartment as—as a peasant pottery dish of marrons would have been. The comparison was his; he had come to the Lees' from Doris Langley's Sixty-seventh Street studio.

"Father and I are going out to play cards," Mrs. Lee explained as she pinned on her hat. "You three young people won't mind being left alone, will you?"

"Probably glad to get rid of us," Mr. Lee said with a wink.

"Not at all!" Ernest answered them both.

"I'm going up to Dave's," said Freddy.

"Mr. Osgood and I can go to a movie," Sara Lee added quickly.

Mrs. Lee kissed her daughter and went out with Mr. Lee; Freddy followed.

"Don't let's go to a movie," Sara Lee said.

"I don't want to," Ernest answered. "We might sit here and talk and then go down to the Beaux Arts for a lemonade or something."

"I'd like to talk," said Sara Lee. "I feel lazy."

She stretched her bare arms and yawned prettily. Ernest laughed. She had so many of the tricks that Doris practiced successfully! They must be inherent in women, he thought; for this twenty-year-old child could never be accused of being consciously attractive. She was so charmingly young, so naïve, so —— Ernest wondered what she would do if he kissed her. She'd probably think they were engaged. He rather wished they were. But Doris ——

"Whatever are you smiling to yourself about?" Sara Lee demanded. "It isn't a bit polite."

"Alan's Been Making Love to Me. I Couldn't Tell Him That I Was Engaged to You—When I Wasn't! And I Couldn't Seem to Stop Him"

"But it's a compliment to you. Just the joy of being alive on this nice evening and of being with such an attractive young woman. You're a pretty thing, Sara Lee"

Sara Lee pounded the velvet cushions of the couch and settled herself comfortably.

"Isn't this an awful house?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, I—yes, in a word," Ernest answered.

"I hope you haven't thought I liked it, Mr. Osgood," Sara Lee continued.

"Can't it be Ernest now?" he asked, smiling. "Of course I'm a gray-haired old man, Sara Lee, but ——"

"Gray-haired nothing!" Sara Lee answered inelegantly. "Old man, me eye! Ernest!"

Ernest again decided abruptly that Sara Lee was prettier than Doris, because her dimples were somehow fresher, somehow younger.

"It's hot here," Sara Lee announced. She picked up a fluffy feather fan from the couch. "I ought to flirt with this, oughtn't I?" she asked. "Like this." She looked at Ernest over the tops of the feathers with her serious gray eyes.

Ernest grinned.

"I think you're trying to vamp me, infant," he said. "Kindly remember my years. Have you no respect for gray hairs?"

"None whatever!" Sara Lee replied. "There! I'm learning. I didn't say 'They're not gray!'—as I would have a while ago."

"Your sex learns very rapidly," he answered, smiling.

Sara Lee leaned over and fanned the smoke of his cigarette so that it blew in gray clouds toward his eyes. For a few moments Ernest waved it away with his hands; then he saw that she was laughing.

"Devil!"

He seized the fan and placed it on the couch beyond him. As Sara Lee leaned over to get it, her cheek brushed against his, and it seemed a long minute before either of them moved. Then —— Ernest never did decide whether Sara Lee's arm was about his neck before he had turned his lips toward hers.

Sara Lee leaned back contentedly.

"I got the fan," she said.

"Good Lord!" Ernest said reverently.

He remembered, when he thought of it afterward, that it was he who had turned Sara Lee's face toward his and kissed her a second time.

"Sara Lee, I love you!" he said.

Sara Lee breathed contentedly.

"But did you just find it out?" she asked.

"No; but ——"

Ernest frowned. He hadn't meant to tell her that he loved her. He didn't want to marry her—and yet God knew he did! He didn't want to marry anyone, particularly a woman ten years younger than himself. And there was Doris!

"But what, child?"

Sara Lee was calling him child now! Ernest decided abruptly that he should never make up his mind about anything again.

It didn't do any good anyway.

"Sara Lee, I want to marry you," he said.

"Do you?" Sara Lee asked calmly. "It might be arranged. Why are you so surprised about it?"

"Because—oh, because I don't!"

"I suppose people always feel that way about marriage," said Sara Lee. "I know I do."

"But, Sara Lee, I didn't know you were—this sort of person!"

"What sort of person?" Sara Lee asked. "The sort one kisses? Because I'm not—usually."

"No; not that," Ernest said. "Every woman is the sort of woman one kisses"—Ernest wondered whether that was by way of being an epigram or the sort of thing one repeats—"not that. But, somehow—you're so young."

"I'm twenty," said Sara Lee.

"And I'm thirty," Ernest groaned. "Ten years older than you! Think of it! When you're my age I'll be forty!"

"Probably," Sara Lee said, smiling. "But then—what of it?"

"It's—it's cheating you out of your youth to marry you," Ernest said. "It's not right! I know a woman—a Mrs. Langley—who married a man fifteen years older than herself. They were beastly unhappy."

"Are you sure that was because of the difference in their ages?" Sara Lee asked gently.

Ernest looked at her quickly; her voice had the tone one uses toward a child.

"Yes. She wanted to dance and play about, and he never did."

"Couldn't they have played separately?"

"They did," Ernest answered—"so separately that they fell in love with other people."

"Oh!" said Sara Lee. "She's in love with you?" Ernest looked at her blankly. Woman's intuition? "Are you in love with her?" Sara Lee went on.

Ernest said nothing; but his eyes, as he looked at her, answered for him.

"Dear," she said gently, "it isn't so terrible not to love a woman who loves you."

"But she's been so bully to me!" Ernest said.

He had never talked to anyone of Doris; and now he was talking of her to Sara Lee—of all people in the world!

"I think I understand," Sara Lee said. "Are you bound to her at all?"

"No. I don't think so—no; I'm not. But ——"

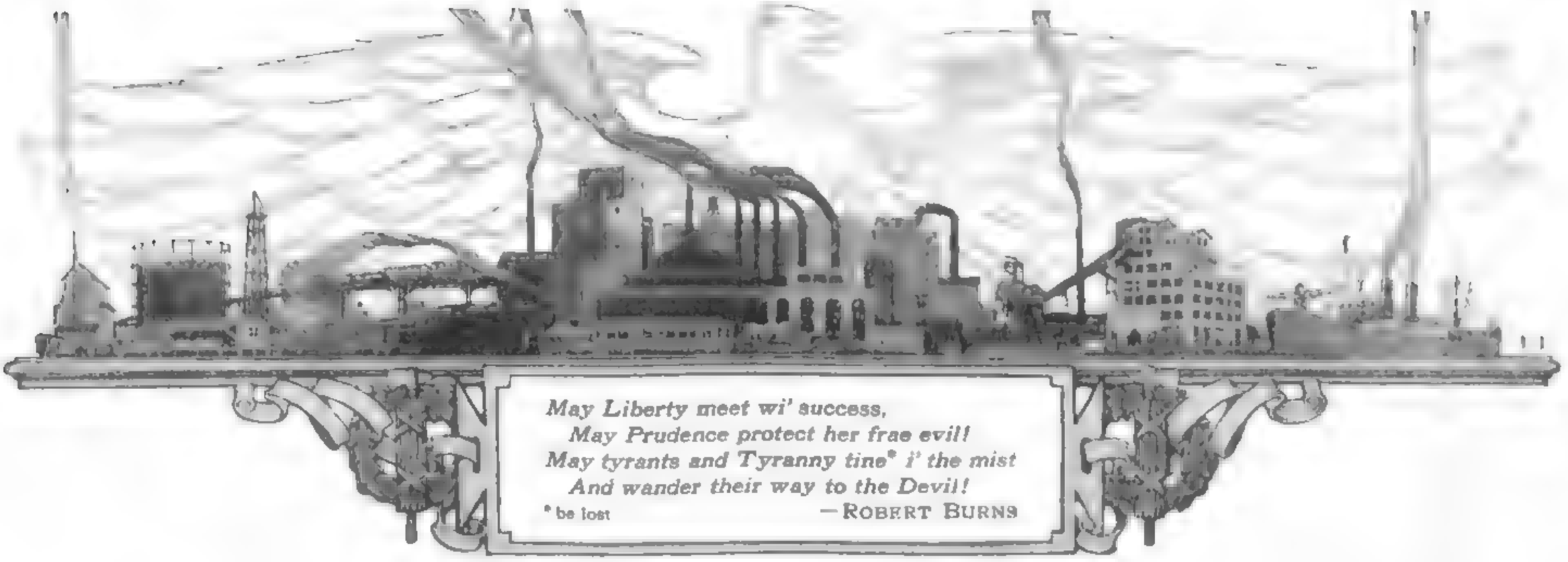
"I think I do understand," Sara Lee said. "Do you mind if I try to get it straight?"

"No," Ernest said. "I'll tell you anything you want to know."

"Oh, I'm not going to examine you! But maybe we can find out where we stand."

"I love you!" said Ernest.

(Continued on Page 26)



*May Liberty meet wi' success,*
*May Prudence protect her frae evil!*
*May tyrants and Tyranny tine* i' the mist*
*And wander their way to the Devil!*

* be lost —ROBERT BURNS

# A NEW AMERICA -- A NEW EFFICIENCY

Today divides our proud past from a fruitful future. *Old* America is gone—we stand upon the threshold of a more exalted time.

Our national horizon widens—we see with clearer vision now.

A broader concept of efficiency prevails. The War has "mopped up" once accepted standards—and inaugurated new.

We face a period of industrial expansion the like of which the world has never known.

With fresh determination, therefore, we must shoulder new responsibilities—take up bigger burdens—solve momentous questions—tackle unaccustomed duties—in short, prove worthy of our birthright as Americans.

Our mental powers—may they be quicker, keener, more alert—our nerves, too, equal to the strain of unexampled effort—our manhood strong for worthy service in this *New* America of ours!

To modern men, even so humble a servitor as mild Robert Burns will still bring home his timely message (more than ever timely, now!) of moderation as an aid to fitness and efficiency.

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Bob.r Burns
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(Continued from Page 24

"Yes, dear," Sara Lee answered; "but—let's see. You love me and Mrs. Langley loves you. She amuses you and entertains you much more than I do. I'm hopelessly middle-class, of course. I know all that. I've met some people, but I don't know the sort of people you know."

"Sara Lee, you're not ——"

"Please don't interrupt me yet. She's your sort and I'm not. It would probably be easier for you if you loved her But if you don't, you don't; and I'm glad."

"Sara Lee, you're wonderful!" Ernest said. "I guess I never knew it before."

"Oh, I'm not wonderful," Sara Lee said. "I'm just a woman."

"I love you!" Sara Lee patted Ernest's hand gently.

"Why can't we be married and go off to the country somewhere?" he asked.

"Not yet anyway," Sara Lee said. "Why don't you take me to call on Mrs. Langley?" He stared at her. "I think that's what you'd better do. We won't be engaged yet—not until we're sure. I think you ought to let me go round with your sort of people for a while."

"Sara Lee, you are wonderful!" Ernest said. "You're the most wonderful woman I ever—oh, I know I'm talking like a schoolboy. Go on; laugh! But you needn't. I want to marry you. There aren't any doubts at all. Truly, there aren't!"

"How about me, then?" Sara Lee asked. "How about my doubts? You'd better run along home now and just think about things. I'm going to bed."

She walked to the closet, while Ernest got his stick and hat, and opened the door.

"No; you mustn't kiss me good night," she said. "We're not to kiss each other any more—not until things are settled. It complicates things."

"Oh, Sara Lee, you're so wise!" said Ernest. He kissed her hand gravely and Sara Lee smiled.

"Good night!"

"Good night!" she said, smiling

She closed the door and stood for a moment with her hand on the knob. Then she flung herself on the couch and buried her face in the ugly purple pillows. When she got up her eyes were tear-wet; but she was smiling. She walked across the room to the mirror and looked at her reflection. The deep-set gray eyes looked back at her coolly; but she was pleased, for she smiled again.

"I wonder just how pretty she is?" she whispered. "But I'm not afraid—I'm not!"

She was in bed and half asleep before Ernest reached his apartment. If he could have seen Sara Lee after he left her, things might have been clearer for him. As it was, he was bewildered; there seemed to be nothing of which he was really sure. He loved Sara Lee—he knew that. He decided that perhaps he didn't know her very well. Always when he had thought of marrying her he had thought of her as—well, as Sara Lee; pretty, disturbingly young, unsophisticated, desirable.

That evening had changed her in his eyes. He realized abruptly that she was a woman—as much a woman as Doris. She was mature beyond her years, he decided. And yet—twenty! He thought of himself at twenty, and the thought was not wholly comforting. Perhaps women ——

If only he could be sure Sara Lee really loved him! If that were so they could be happy together—he knew that. And Doris—it seemed caddish, but—hang it!—Doris was in love with him. He couldn't help that. Yet he could never love Doris; at least he thought he never could. Once or twice—but he didn't love her. And it wouldn't make Doris feel better to have him wreck his own and Sara Lee's happiness.

He wished he could be sure they would be happy. She was so young—why, damn it, he mightn't like her after he had seen her every day for a year! She was so different from the sort of people he had been used to ——

He telephoned to Doris; the next afternoon he and Sara Lee were to go there for tea. He worked in the morning—worked badly and moodily; and went to Doris' much too early.

"You don't mind having her here?" he asked Doris.

"Good Lord, no, Ernie! My place is yours to entertain your friends—your rooms are so small. What's she like? Pretty little thing?"

"She's very pretty," Ernest said.

"What does she do?"

"Why ——" Ernest wasn't even sure Sara Lee didn't work. And yet she couldn't, because they had had tea together, and matinées. "Nothing, I guess."

"Where did you find her?"

"I met her at Ruth Murdock's last year."

"Funny you never spoke of her before!" Doris blew a thin stream of smoke across the room. "How did you come to see her again?"

"Why—I don't know," Ernest answered slowly. "I met her the week after I'd seen her at Ruth's, at the opera—in the foyer. She had a balcony seat. She was alone. I went up and talked to her in the intermission, and she said she came quite often. She's mad about music. I told her mother's box was empty because she was away, and that she could sit there whenever she liked."

Ernest thought of those first meetings with Sara Lee. He remembered how surprised he had been to find himself looking forward to seeing her. He had considered her a child then—a schoolgirl; and yet he had wanted to kiss her. He remembered that he had been a little ashamed of himself.

"Did she have any clothes?" Doris asked.

"Oh, some sort of pink dress—taffeta, I guess; like those curtains." He pointed to the ruffled hangings of red taffeta that edged the long windows.

Doris smiled.

"She's blond?"

"Dark."

"Oh, I'm going to have competition in my own field!"

Doris laughed at the idea and thrust the emerald-studded comb deeper into her hair.

"She's nothing like you," Ernest said. "And yet she is; but warmer and ruddier. You're a cold thing, you know, Doris."

"To you, Ernie?" Doris asked, laughing; she walked across the room and ran her fingers lightly through his hair.

"Here she is now, I guess," Ernest said as the bell tinkled through the studio; he walked over to the door.

"Hello, Sara Lee!" he said.

"Hello, Ernest!"

Ernest thanked his gods for Sara Lee's clothes—a simple serge dress, a yellow muffler, a soft blue hat—nothing that Doris could particularly criticize. He wanted Doris to like her.

"Sara Lee, I want you to meet Mrs. Langley," he said.

Doris took Sara Lee's hand and smiled prettily. "I'm glad to meet you," she said. "Ernie's been raving about you all the afternoon, and I'm glad to see that you're as pretty as he said. Said you were like me, only—ruddier was the word, Ernie? The dear child has been talking like a poet."

"You Know, Having a Semocar at a Tea is Like Having Father Carve at a Dinner Party," Sara Lee Said Suddenly. "It Takes Your Mind So Completely Off the Conversation"

"Ern didn't tell me how pretty you were," Sara Lee said. She stared at Doris frankly; at the shimmering green tea gown, the jeweled comb, the beaded slippers.

"Sit down here," Ernest said. "This divan's much the most comfortable thing in the room."

"May I take off my hat?" Sara Lee asked. "It's awfully tight; and it isn't very becoming."

She brushed back her hair from her forehead; pulled it out softly over her ears and temples. She was glad she had done it simply, because Doris Langley's hair, beneath the close net, had so obviously been done by a hairdresser.

"Alan Worth is coming to tea," Doris said.

"Who is he?" Sara Lee asked. "I like to know about people before I meet them—particularly when they don't know about me. What does he do?"

"Alan?" Doris laughed. "Oh, he philanders about with pretty ladies and breaks their poor hearts—like Ernie, here."

"But is he a musician or a writer or a painter?" Sara Lee persisted. "I've never been in a studio before and I expect a great deal."

"No; Alan isn't any of those," said Doris. "His father is the head of the Worth Press and Alan is getting ready to take over the business. He's only twenty; so he isn't in uniform yet. His mother's ill, and they want to keep him at home as long as he'll stay."

"Poor kid!" said Sara Lee.

"Oh, I don't know!" said Doris. "Have you got that feeling too? Ernie, here, used to be the most violent kill-the-boches that ever lived. And he stands about as much chance of passing any sort of physical examination as I do."

"Ern and I have talked about that too," Sara Lee said. "I'm sorry he can't go. But someone has to stay at home. Tell me about the other people who are coming."

"No one particularly interesting," Doris said. "Tom and Helen Davis—she sculps, and Tom's a poor benighted newspaper man. And the Warrens—they're both painters. I paint, of course; and Ernie dabbles a little in everything."

"Ernest's a good architect," said Sara Lee.

"Yes—he does that better than anything else. And you—you don't do anything interesting, Miss Lee?"

Sara Lee's eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly, and her smile was charming as she lifted her eyes to Doris'.

"I'm a musician," she said. She looked quietly at Ernest.

"You play the piano?" Doris asked.

"I play; and I write very bad little songs that may be better one day. They may never be awfully good; but as they're only supposed to be awfully simple my goal oughtn't to be hard to reach. My present goal, I mean."

"A shifting goal is a convenient thing," Doris agreed. "Won't you play?" She waved a bare arm toward the piano.

"I'd rather not," Sara Lee said. "I want to watch you and the other people who are coming to tea."

Alan Worth came next—a tall young man with red hair and light eyelashes. He and Sara Lee started chattering almost at once.

"Ernie, dear, I want to show you my picture," Doris said.

"Come along, Sara Lee," said Ernest as he got up obediently.

"Run along yourself," Sara Lee retorted. "I'm talking."

Ernest followed Doris. The picture was one he had seen before, unchanged save for a stroke or two.

"I'd forgotten you had seen it," Doris said.

Ernest looked at her curiously. He realized vaguely that Doris and Sara Lee weren't getting on. Probably it was just that they didn't know each other. But Doris seemed to be acting strangely. He wondered what the matter was.

When they went back Sara Lee was sitting at the piano and Alan was bending over her.

"This is my Rockaway Waltz," she was saying.

It was a rather self-conscious little tune, Ernest thought.

"I like it," Alan said. "It has a nice lilt."

Sara Lee smiled and looked at Ernest.

"It's nice," he said.

Sara Lee smiled again. Suddenly she brought her hands down on the piano with a crash and threw her head back. Then she played. They forgot the little waltz after the first bars; they forgot the tea—everything. It was the Liebestod, which was not meant for the piano; but Sara Lee played well. Ernest marveled at the strength of her white hands; at the sudden firmness of her mouth. The doorbell rang insistently before anyone heard it. Sara Lee left the piano abruptly and sat beside Ernest on the couch.

"I didn't mean to jump into Wagner," she apologized to Doris. "I haven't played that for a long time—and I love it so! You see, my family are Teddy Roosevelt Republicans, and there's a war on."

"It was lovely!" Doris said. "You played it well."

"I might have known you played," said Ernest. He took one of her hands. "They're a pianist's hands, you know."

"Nonsense!" said Sara Lee. "I don't play particularly well. I just love it, and feel it; and my fingers don't matter."

"Gee!" Alan said. "Wagner! He's a highbrow, all right, all right! I like your Rockaway Waltz better."

Sara Lee laughed merrily

"Thank you!" she said.

(Continued on Page 29)

IT took the curtailment enforced by war to make us realize how strong a hold the Hupmobile has upon our people.

The shortage revealed strikingly that it was *this* car people wanted —wanted, because of the peculiar kind of fine and faithful service they were sure it would render.

Even we had not realized how truly it has been called the car of the American family—and how sincere a compliment people pay it now by unconsciously calling it, not simply the Hupmobile, but —*The Comfort Car.*

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THE FISK CORD TIRE IS A GOOD INVESTMENT. With it you buy freedom from inconveniences, a resiliency which insures an increased comfort in riding, a saving in gasoline and protection for the mechanism of your car.

YOU BUY an assurance of long and uninterrupted usage and mileage which runs into high figures. These, with safety, are returns which are distributed thru the life of the tire.

THE face value of the investment is obviously good. A handsome, stalwart tire with evident stamina to offer resistance to wear and to road obstacles is a worth-while addition to any car.

THIS is one of the few instances where the essentials of luxury and of endurance combine to make a product pre-eminently desirable.

WHEN you buy Cord Tires—Buy Fisk.

# FISK CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 26)

The Davises came in—Helen, little and blond; Tom, tall and homely. More people came, and more. Two little West Indian maids struggled with the samovar.

"You know, having a samovar at a tea is like having father carve at a dinner party," Sara Lee said suddenly. "It takes your mind so completely off the conversation. You just sit round and wait to see what is going to happen next."

Ernest smiled delightedly at the laughter that followed.

"You're having dinner with me, aren't you?" he asked. "It will be much too late for you to go home."

"Mr. Worth is taking me to a funny little Greek restaurant," Sara Lee said. "Everything is cooked in olive oil, and there's a marvelous dessert made from honey and bread and whipped cream; and the menu card looks like a page from the Anabasis." She smiled at Alan. "*Entauthen exelaunei* ——"

"*Strathmos duo*," Alan Worth added.

"Are you too long from school to improvise?" Sara Lee asked Ernest.

"Afraid I am," he said.

So Sara Lee was going to dinner with that kid, Alan Worth! Ernest wondered why Doris had invited him; he had never been at her house much.

"*Parasangas deka*," Alan suggested.

"Children!" Doris said, laughing. "Have some more tea, Ernie?"

"You know, in my last year at high school," Sara Lee began, turning to Alan Worth, "I doubled—took Homer and Xenophon at the same time."

"Good Lord! Doris Langley, don't chatter so. We're being reminiscent," Alan interrupted.

"Reminiscences should never be interrupted," Tom Davis said. "They're apt to get personal and interesting."

"It's the first time I ever was reminiscent," Sara Lee said. "I guess I've never been old enough before."

"Oh, Ernie and I sit here and talk about our lost youth by the hour," Doris said. "You ought to get the habit; it's great fun."

"Well, bring your cake and come on over to the window seat and we'll reminisce some more," Alan invited. "I don't like an audience."

They walked over to the other side of the room and talked until the tea was over and it was time for them to go off together to dinner.

"Cute kid!" Tom Davis commented to Ernest. "She isn't your sister Mary's girl, is she?"

"My niece?" Ernest asked. "God forbid!"

Doris laughed, and the tea party went merrily on—merrily, at least, for everyone except Ernest. He hated Sara Lee and young Worth for talking and laughing so noisily. Just like a couple of kids! Ernest felt extremely old. As he watched Sara Lee, her soft hair blown back from her forehead, her cheeks flushed, it was impossible to imagine her as his wife—as Mrs. Ernest Osgood.

He couldn't conceive of taking that child to his perfectly respectable family and introducing her as his wife. A girl who quoted the Anabasis and talked glibly about high school! Yet she had been so wholly mature the night before. And she was so deliciously pretty. He finally decided that he was a fool, whatever he did.

After Sara Lee and Alan had gone he excused himself, despite Doris' reproaches, and dined alone. It was a tasteless meal, and he went back to his rooms to work. As he tore up the drawings he had made the night before he wondered whether he would ever do decent stuff again. Finally, in disgust, he undressed and took out a book.

Doris' tea introduced Sara Lee into her circle of friends, and Ernest's; and from that day she was accepted. There were invitations to parties of all sorts. She and Alan were the youngest of the crowd and they were naturally classed together.

It was always "Let's invite Sara Lee and Alan!" or, "Sara Lee and Alan say this or that"—until Ernest almost wanted never to see either of them again. They were the gayest of the gay; they were always rushing in breathlessly and telling of adventures they had had—the policeman in the cigar store who had talked about the old days in New York; the little Chinese shopkeeper who had found Sara Lee's lost bag and remembered her the next time she went to Chinatown.

Ernest saw a good deal of Sara Lee too. There were dinners together many times a month, but never at the out-of-the-way little tables d'hôte that Alan was always talking of. Somehow, though, they never got anything said; Sara Lee was always too bubbling over with parties and adventures.

It was almost November when the telephone bell woke Ernest one morning. He reached over drowsily and took off the receiver.

"Time to get up, sleepyhead!" Sara Lee's voice called. "I'm the birdie-with-a-yellow-bill—only I'm in a drug store at the corner of Fifty-sixth Street instead of on your window sill. Alan and I have been for a long walk already—I got up at six o'clock."

"Hello!" Ernest said sleepily. "Why wake me up to tell me that?"

"Didn't! Don't you know what day this is, goose?"

"Friday?"

"Well ——"

"Well?"

"The block party on Helen's street is today!"

"Well?"

"Oh, well yourself! You're going to help Alan and me decorate. Helen has taken the kids to the country and Tom has to work all day he just telephoned."

"All right! I'll dress."

"Meet me at Helen's, then, as soon as you can. The maid is there; we can get in all right."

"Yes. Good-by!"

"I danced until four o'clock last night!"

"You're very triumphant about it! I worked until one."

"Huh! Good-by!"

The telephone clicked and Ernest hung up the receiver.

"I must be getting old," he thought. "I'm sleepy now, and that child danced till four!"

He was barely dressed when the telephone rang again. It was Doris.

"We might have breakfast together," he suggested. "I've got to go down to Helen's directly afterward, and that's the only chance I'll have to talk."

"Come up right away, then," Doris said. "I want to see you."

To his surprise Ernest found Doris dressed for the street, with her hair done in a loose way that softened her face.

"What's up?" Ernest asked.

"Nothing particular."

"Well—you wanted to see me ——"

"Oh!" Doris considered her grapefruit. "Ernest, I'm going to be personal."

"Go as far as you like!"

"You won't care?"

"As though there was anything you couldn't say to me!" Ernest said, smiling.

"Well—all right! Ernest, are you in love with Sara Lee?"

"Yes," Ernest said, and was surprised at himself for answering so directly; but he had been thinking about Sara Lee, half dreaming about her when the telephone rang. Her voice was still fresh in his ears; it was such a jolly voice to greet one in the morning.

"Well," Doris said, "I'm glad. And I'm going to meddle in your affairs enough to advise you to marry her right away. Have you told her you loved her?"

"Yes."

"Marry her, then. I think you'll be awfully happy with her. And oh, Ernie, you don't know how much I want to see you happy! You've been worrying me so lately."

"Me?" Ernest asked, trying to look surprised.

"You! You're not happy without Sara Lee. You need her. And I think she needs you. She'll make you work, Ernie; she'll be the best thing in the world for you. And I'd rather have you happy than anything else in the world! You've been such a good friend; and I love you so!"

Ernest looked at his plate, because he did not want to meet Doris' eyes. His own had tears in them.

"I'm pretty fond of you, you know, Dorry," he said. "No one will ever know all you've done for me! I'd never have been any sort of an architect—or man, either, for that matter—if it hadn't been for you."

"Nonsense!" said Doris, smiling now. "Sara Lee will make you work as I never could. Of course she couldn't have introduced you to all the people I have. But I'll turn you over to her now. You know, Ernie"—Doris looked up and smiled again—"I think I'm a beginner, and Sara Lee's a finisher! I can start people straight, but I can't keep them straight. She can do that."

"Dorry!" Ernest said. "Oh, Dorry, you're such a dear!"

They were quiet while the maid brought in the coffee.

"You'll marry her right away?" Doris asked.

"If she'll have me," Ernest said.

Doris looked at him sharply.

"Why, Ernie!" she said. "Of course she'll marry you!"

"She's so young. And I'm afraid. I'm older. And—Alan's so much more her age."

"Alan!" Doris opened her dark eyes very wide. "Well, I suppose Alan is in love with her; but ——"

"I wish I was sure!" Ernest said slowly. "I wish I was sure! I'm afraid she's too young really to understand love anyway."

"Too young!" Doris exploded. "Don't be absurd!" He didn't answer that. "I'm going away to-morrow for a few weeks, Ernest," Doris went on. "My sister in Chicago isn't awfully well. I hope when I come back you and Sara Lee will have been married. I want to see a lot of you."

"Doris, dear!"

"You'd better run along now, Ernie. Sara Lee'll be waiting. In case I don't show up at the block party to-night—good-by and good luck!"

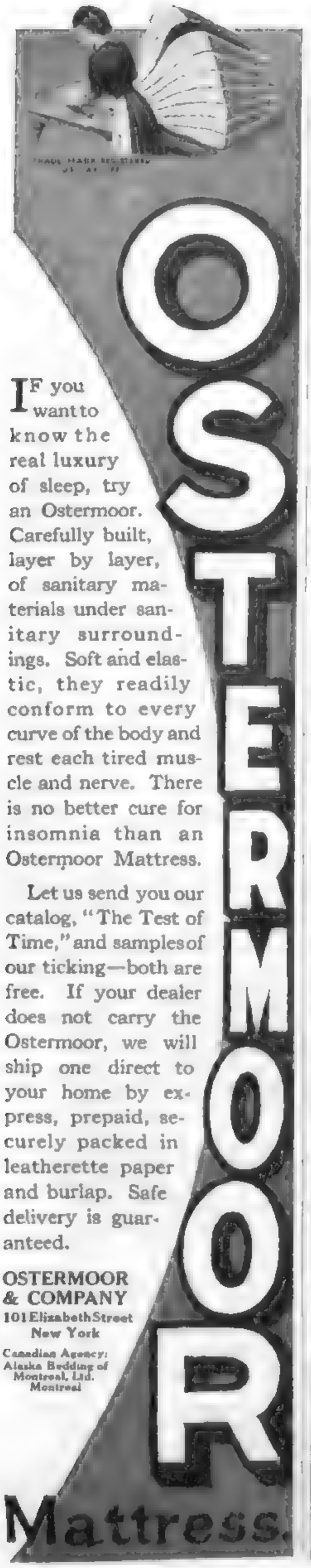
She stood up and held out her hand, and for a moment they looked at each other awkwardly. Then Ernest took her in his arms and kissed her.

Her eyes were soft, but her lips had barely brushed his.

"I'll write you," she said. "And, oh, I hope—I hope everything will be all right! I'm so awfully fond of you—and Sara Lee. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Doris!" he said.

He wondered, as he walked toward Helen's, what was going to happen. He couldn't imagine not being married to Sara Lee eventually. Even if she married someone else, he resolved to wait; for he was

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sure that some day they would be together—always. He whistled as he ran up the steps of the house; but he stopped in the doorway.

Sara Lee and Alan were standing side by side, and Alan had just kissed Sara Lee.

"Hello, Ernest!" she said.

"Hello!" Alan echoed. He looked embarrassed.

Obviously Sara Lee did not think Ernest had seen. She took a hammer from the hall table and handed it to Ernest.

"Take off your coat and we'll start work right away," she said. "Alan and I haven't done anything yet—we've been talking."

Talking! Ernest put his hat on the table and followed Sara Lee into the front room.

"What shall I do first?" he asked.

They worked furiously all the morning. At noon the maid brought luncheon on a tray, and they started work again as soon as they had eaten it.

Helen and Tom came in at six o'clock, and the five went out to dinner together.

"I left the kids with mother in the country," Helen explained. "Gee, Ernest, you look tired! You need the country about as badly as any human being I ever saw. You haven't been away from the city at all this summer, have you?"

"Just for an occasional week-end," Ernest said.

"We've all been poor working people this summer," said Sara Lee. "Alan has had to stay at the shop, and I've been so busy with war work that I thought I might as well stay all the time."

"O. Henry was right," Tom said. "This city is the world's greatest little summer resort."

"Kinda hot, though," Alan said.

"But it's glorious now," said Sara Lee. "It's freshened up so."

"Of course this is really the spring of the year in New York," Tom agreed, smiling. "In the fall people begin to wear their new clothes and to move into new apartments. Everything's being done over and cleaned, and the air's like wine after the summer heat."

"Don't be so dull, Ernest!" Sara Lee commanded. "Be the life of the party for us. You aren't eating anything?"

"Gotta grouch?" Alan asked.

"Not particularly," said Ernest.

"Don't be snippy," Sara Lee said; "because we're having a lovely time and we don't want the party spoiled."

Dinner was soon over and they went back to the house. The electric lights that had been hung along the street were blazing; everyone except Ernest was in a party mood

Because everyone was so gay, Ernest's despondency passed for fatigue, and when he disappeared it was assumed that he had gone upstairs to rest.

About ten o'clock he came quietly from the library, where he had been sitting alone. The living room was filled with people.

"Where's Sara Lee?" he asked Tom. "I've got to speak to her."

"Out in the street, dancing with Alan," Tom said. "Excuse me for rushing—I'm getting punch for Helen."

Ernest walked through the hall and stood on the steps, looking at the street. It was like a scene from an Italian opera. He felt that it was in bad taste to be so utterly wretched as he was when there was so much beauty in the world.

The sky was deep blue, and the gay Japanese lanterns that were strung on wires across the street danced in the wind. The scarlet-edged service flag had been raised and was blowing out like a great balloon. Every house on the street was decorated from cellar to garret. Great ropes of brilliant tissue paper were twined about gratings and rails, and festooned from the windows. Lanterns danced from curved vine-covered rods before doorways. French war posters, American posters, Italian and Russian, blazed from doorways; and Allied flags fluttered from every conceivable nook and corner.

At one end of the street a naval band was shrieking: "There are smiles that make you lonesome—there are smiles that make you glad!" The street was bobbing with dancers—young girls dancing together, boys in uniform, children. Ernest caught a sudden glimpse of Sara Lee's white dress and scarlet ribbons as she danced by in Alan's arms

"There are smiles that make you sad!" he thought.

Ernest felt not at all like smiling. He had never felt older or more bored with life. He was tired, too, from the decorating. His nerves had gone to pieces. Those hours alone in the library, with laughter and bits of conversation floating in through the windows, had wearied him. He didn't like dancing in the street either; he couldn't imagine why people wanted to dance.

The whirl of people tired him; but he didn't want to go back to the library. He wondered whether he could ever like that room again. His head ached—ached frightfully. He had blistered his hands hanging those confounded lanterns; and —— Well—damn it!—he had seen Sara Lee in Alan's arms in the hallway.

He wished he could forget how he had seen them—Alan leaning forward; and Sara Lee, tender-eyed, with parted lips.

He hadn't kissed Sara Lee for five whole months. And now he would probably never kiss her again. Life was unfair, and he hated it. Sara Lee waved madly at him as she danced by again, and he scowled at the scarlet ribbons that floated from her white sleeves. Silly things—ribbons! He had to know where he stood—that was all there was to it! He couldn't stand not being sure another minute. But he didn't want to know; because there, in the hallway ——

And yet it was only fair. It was what he had always known and not admitted to himself. If only he had followed his better judgment that night at the Lees'! But he loved her—he did love her! A man couldn't help his feelings. But he could have kept them to himself. Sara Lee was probably as unhappy as he was; but she didn't look unhappy, he thought resentfully.

Youth unto youth. Youth unto youth. Sara Lee and Alan! Sara Lee and himself! What was that damned poem? *Crabbed age and youth—Cannot live together—Youth is full of* —— Oh, hell! Why did that keep running through his mind? *Age, I do abhor thee—Youth, I do* ——

The band stopped abruptly, and Alan and Sara Lee ran up the steps. Ernest seized her arm fiercely.

"Come here! I want to talk to you," he said.

"What is it?" Sara Lee asked impatiently, pulling her arm away.

"Nothing!"

"What did you grab my arm for?"

"Nothing!"

Ernest turned and walked indignantly into the house.

People everywhere! He had never seen so many people. And no one he liked! Doris hadn't come, after all. Why hadn't Doris come? He could have talked to her. *Age, I do* ——

He walked into the library and sat down in an armchair. He snapped open his cigarette case and struck a match indignantly. It went out—and another.

"Safe against ignition," he muttered. "Damn!"

The door opened and Sara Lee came in. Her cheeks were the color of her scarlet ribbons; her eyes were blazing. She slammed the door.

"You ran away!" she said accusingly. "I've been looking everywhere for you."

"Well!"

"I want to talk to you."

"All right—go on!"

"Well, I'm sorry I've got to talk to you when you've got such a grouch and we're both worn out," Sara Lee said; "but I can't wait another minute. I can't, Ernie!"

"Don't want you to."

"You're not very helpful," Sara Lee said.

"Oh, go on—go on! Say it! I'm not afraid!"

"But you make it so hard!" Sara Lee's lip trembled, but she tossed her head and folded her hands behind her back.

"Ernest, five months ago you told me you loved me. You said you were too old; that I needed a younger man for my husband."

"Yes."

"We decided to wait. We haven't talked of love since then. I don't even know that you care about me any more."

She looked at Ernest expectantly; but he was staring straight ahead.

"Go on!"

Sara Lee gulped.

"Well, I've been finding out. I was half afraid then that you were right; so I've been playing with Alan. I've tried hard, Ernie."

"Go on!"

Sara Lee swallowed an indignant sob.

"Well, Alan's been making love to me."

"Yes."

"Well, I couldn't tell him that I was engaged to you—when I wasn't! And I couldn't seem to stop him. And I was sorry for him, at first."

"Can't you talk any faster?" Ernest demanded.

"Oh, Ernie, please don't talk to me like that!"

Sara Lee flung herself at Ernest's feet and burst into tears.

Then something seemed to melt in Ernest. He realized that all he wanted in the world was Sara Lee's happiness. And he was making her unhappy. He lifted her tenderly and patted her trembling shoulders; kissed her tear-wet cheeks.

"Honey, you can have him," he whispered. "I've been a brute! All I want is for you to be satisfied. That's the only happiness which counts for me. I don't want you if you'll be happier with him."

"Wh-what?" Sara Lee gasped hysterically.

"It's all right, honey; it's all right!" Ernest comforted her.

"Why, I should say it was!" Sara Lee cried. Ernest winced. "I th-thought ——" she sobbed. "Oh, I'm so tired! I thought you'd hate me. Kiss me!"

Ernest thought of the kiss Doris had given him, and he touched Sara Lee's mouth tenderly with his lips; kissed her soft forehead.

"Why, Ernie, that's no sort of a kiss after five months!"

Sara Lee giggled.

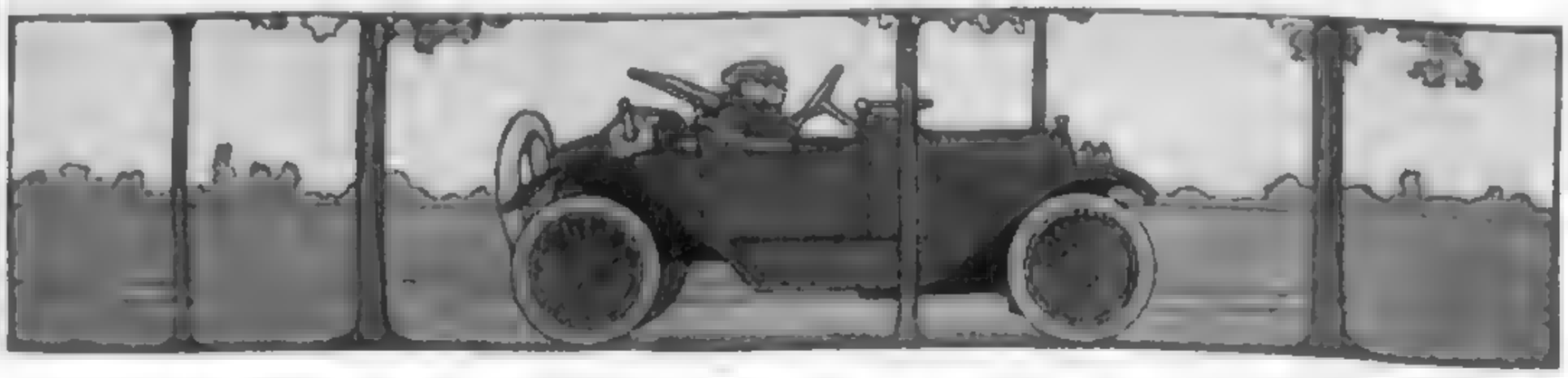
"After all, Sara Lee," Ernest said, stiffening, "your lips belong to Alan."

"My —— What!" Sara Lee shrieked. "Do you mean to say that you thought I was in love with Alan? My stars! Why, Ernie—you baby! You goose! You best-beloved infant! I was only telling you I'd tried hard to prove that I wouldn't be so happy with a younger man, and I'd been so bored with proving it. And you don't seem to want me to stop trying to fall in love with Alan. And I was afraid perhaps you didn't want me any more—perhaps you wanted me to fall in love with Alan! You're so wonderful and wise, and I'm such an ignorant little thing!"

"Huh?" Ernest asked, looking at her.

"Huh, yourself!" Sara Lee answered. "You poor little—little damfool! There—I swore! You little deluded child! I want you to marry me—I love you! And I thought you didn't want me any more. And you thought I didn't want you, when all I could think of was you—you—you! I love you, Ernie! And you love me—don't you? And we'll be married; and —— Why, what's the matter?"

Ernest had buried his face in his arms. It was nearly a minute before he lifted it and kissed Sara Lee's mouth.



**Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions**

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to January 1st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

## *Paramount*

**John Barrymore** *in* "On the Quiet"
**Enid Bennett** *in* "Fuss and Feathers"*
**Billie Burke** *in* "The Make-Believe Wife"
**Lina Cavalieri** *in* "A Woman of Impulse"
**Marguerite Clark** *in* "Little Miss Hoover"
**Ethel Clayton** *in* "The Mystery Girl"
**Dorothy Dalton** *in* "Quicksand"*
**Pauline Frederick** *in* "A Daughter of the Old South"
**Dorothy Gish** *in* "The Hope Chest"
**Ella Lee** *in* "Such a Little Pirate"
**Vivian Martin** *in* "Miranda Smiles"
John Emerson—Anita Loos Production
**Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex** *in* "Good Bye Bill"
**Charles Ray** *in* "String Beans"*
**Wallace Reid** *in* "Too Many Millions"
**Bryant Washburn** *in* "The Way of a Man With a Maid"

***Paramount-Artcraft Specials***

**"The Hun Within"** with a Special Star Cast
**Private Harold Peat** *in* "Private Peat"
**Maurice Tourneur's Production** "Sporting Life"

## *Artcraft*

**Enrico Caruso** *in* "My Cousin"
**George M. Cohan** *in* "Hit the Trail Holliday"
**Cecil B. De Mille's Production** "The Squaw Man"
**Douglas Fairbanks** *in* "Arizona"
**Elsie Ferguson** *in* "Under the Greenwood Tree"
**D. W. Griffith's Production** "The Greatest Thing in Life"
**William S. Hart** *in* "Branding Broadway"*
**Mary Pickford** *in* "Johanna Enlists"
**Fred Stone** *in* "The Goat"

*Supervision of Thos. H. Ince.

**And remember that *any* Paramount or Artcraft picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.**

# "You wouldn't know the Old Town now!"

TIME cannot blur some recollections. If you've ever *lived* around a small town, your memory needs no photograph of what it looked like *then*. Seen the Old Town *lately*?

Or any other of ten thousand and more like it throughout America—any day or night in the week?

No, the "P. O." is no more the hub of all rural life. The 7:20 mail is no longer the big excitement out where they still breathe fresh air and own broad acres. Much more going on than the "Annual County Fair" or the good old Church Social.

In these times, whenever "Jones, the Farmer" hankers after a couple of hours' laughs and thrills, he goes just where "Brown, the City Banker" goes. And he sees just as fine motion pictures as Mr. Manhattan can see at Broadway's toniest theatre.

*Just as fine, because just the same pictures!*

The famous productions distributed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

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NEW YORK

# RAINBOW'S END

(Continued from Page 22)

come just at the end of a three years' drought, perhaps the worst on record. One of the greatest banking problems which the whole Southwest has ever had to face was the relief of the drought areas. State and Federal aid was required to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars. Whole counties had to have their Liberty Loan quotas reduced because of crop failures and the depopulation of wide areas whence the settlers had gone back to Eastern Texas and Louisiana to work in the cotton fields for day wages.

Once-prosperous towns dwindled and almost vanished from the map as the hideous drought kept up. Cattle died by the unnumbered thousands, and no one prospered except a few speculators who bought them for a song and hurriedly shipped them East, where feed was to be had. A breeder drove four thousand emaciated cattle into town, many dying in their tracks as the herd slowly moved along, and stopped in front of the bank.

"Here," he shouted to the banker, "is your mortgage! Take 'em! I'm through." And he boarded the next train for the East.

On a trip from Fort Worth to Ranger a few weeks ago we passed hundreds of white-topped wagons slowly wending their way back to Western Texas. In the wagons were whole families with all their household goods. These people were once again willing to try their fate on the prairies now that the first great general rains in three years had fallen. Late at night we passed encampments of returning settlers, with five or six wagons gathered in a circle round the fire, just as in the earlier days of Indians and buffaloes.

The more prosperous inhabitants who did not actually have to move out of the country were nevertheless reduced to their financial uppers. On the train I met an old cattle raiser who could not remember a more serious drought, though he told of the last big buffalo killing in which he had taken part, that of 1877. He lived a couple of hundred miles beyond the more extensive oil developments. I asked him if any oil had been found near him.

"No," he replied; "there have been some test wells, but I sure would like to strike oil. I moved one thousand head of cattle back to Missouri at a total cost of $30,000, and they have appreciated in value only $27,000.

"But I don't know," added the old man thoughtfully, "whether it will do some of the men in our section any good to strike oil. They naturally have no sense. They had some good years here a while ago and made in a number of cases from $50,000 to $150,000. Now they have nothing and are badly in debt, for as soon as they made $100,000 they at once set out to buy as much land and cattle as if they had been worth $200,000 instead of half that amount."

### A Quick Cure for Bolshevism

Of course the drought area was larger by far than the present developed oil territory; but few, indeed, are the counties in which the landowners have no hopes or in which tests are not being made. The wildcatters are spreading out fanwise in nearly every direction from the developed fields, and oil has actually been found in about half a dozen counties of the drought area.

But natural poverty and a three years' drought were not all the countryside had to suffer from. Perhaps because of these very conditions an organization sprang up in Western Texas more than a year ago to resist the draft. Its motto was "The dirk, the pistol and the Bible," and its modest purpose was to kidnap President Wilson, put an ignorant little stone mason in his place as provisional President, and seize the railroad and telegraph lines. Always a stench in the nostrils of the majority of inhabitants, who were as loyal and patriotic as any other Americans, the organization was soon suppressed by the Government and three of its leaders convicted.

In summing up the case for his clients the attorney for the defense pointed to them and exclaimed, as he threw himself upon the mercy of the court: "This is the greatest collection of ignorance ever brought together in a court room!"

But it was exactly the sort of propaganda and organization that might be expected in any territory where it is almost impossible to wrest a living from the soil. Some months later, after oil had been struck, a newspaper man from another part of the state who had attended the trial had occasion to revisit the county seat, some distance southwest of Ranger.

"What has become of all the farmers round here who belonged to that Bolshevist organization?" he asked a native.

"Oh, they have forgotten all about it since they struck oil," was the answer. "They have all bought sixes and moved to town."

Poverty of soil, drought and socialism—all these have been swept away like autumn leaves before the oily blast of new wealth, prosperity and business activity.

Ranger itself was a "sand street" village of six or seven hundred inhabitants a year ago. To-day there are at least twelve thousand people there, and they go and come, often at the rate of nearly fifteen hundred a day.

It was midnight when we reached Ranger, and we went to bed at once in a room where three or four other men were already sleeping, two in a bed.

The first drowsy words I heard in the morning were these: "What was the trouble?"

"Oh, he mixed his fingers up in an electric fan."

"Who'd you get?"

"Oh, some feller hanging round."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know; he just blew into town."

The day I was in Ranger sixteen hundred people came in, eleven hundred of whom the local authorities estimated would remain. A local paper had announced some time before, with great pride and in large black type, that half a million people had visited Ranger since oil had been struck, and then with singular journalistic modesty took the wind out of its own sails by admitting that this was more than had ever heard of the place before oil was discovered.

### The Town of Money and Muss

Whatever the natives may think of the town now they cannot be accused of having had any illusions as to its attractions and metropolitan characteristics before the oil came. A young man who was born there and had never been any distance away until he was eleven years old, when he went to the Dallas Fair, told me of his impressions upon returning:

"When I got off the train coming back and looked round I realized for the first time what sort of a place I lived in. I can even now remember the shock of it and of saying to myself involuntarily: 'My, what a little place this is!'"

But there was nothing little about Ranger when we reached it a few weeks ago. We rode through what seemed to be miles of pipe-line camps, tents, tanks, rigs, machinery, horses and piles of lumber, pipes, casing, and the like. We had been lost for an hour or so in the cañon country at the east, where the faint apology for trails had been too much in the impenetrable darkness even for the native who drove the car. It might have been discouraging had it not been for the bubbling good nature of a soldier of fortune of oil in the party who burst into lowbrow poetry at each mishap, a sample being:

*Traveling out in Western Texas*
*In a longhorn motor car,*
*Peering through the gloomy darkness,*
*Wondering where in heck we are.*

Perhaps it was the contrast, but Ranger proved as noisy throughout the night as Broadway, not from disorder and revelry, but because of the constant movement of trucks, automobiles, trains and machinery. It is said that even a deaf-and-dumb couple who sold out at enough to make them comfortable for the rest of their lives left Ranger and moved farther west to a new farm, because they could not stand the noise and excitement.

The story may be true or not, but there are exceedingly few persons who take an oil boom in that way. Wherever I went the overwhelming majority of people caught in the tidal wave of prosperity were buoyed up, nourished and stimulated by the excitement. It is not exaggeration to say that to most of the inhabitants the oil boom has proved an elixir of life. If Ponce de Leon had only found an oil well when he visited America he would not have been wholly disappointed in his search for the imaginary cordial.

The sun had hardly risen when I walked out into the yard of the house where we had spent the night. Our hostess, a bright, alert, pleasant-voiced young woman, wife of a local physician, was talking to the other members of the party. Round about was the most indescribable muss I had ever seen.

A few feet away drilling was going on, and the derrick, of course, overtopped all the houses. The yard was full of lumber, a huge boiler, broken fences, and more objects than it seemed possible to concentrate into a small space except by an earthquake or heavy bombardment.

At one side a handsome modern bungalow was going up. In this the family intended to live as soon as it could be completed. Their side yard they expected to rent for several hundred dollars a month, and an apartment house would soon go up on the site of the old cottage in whose very limited number of rooms they had accommodated fourteen or fifteen oil-company officials every night at so much per head. There was a tidy income also from the well in the yard, though it was far from being a gusher. The family was interested, also, in several hundred acres of land outside the town which might make them all millionaires any moment, and the yard in which we stood with its little cottage, worth only a couple of thousand dollars a few months before, could be sold at any time for perhaps thirty thousand dollars. No wonder the young woman who stood so erect and alert as she talked to us radiated vigor and satisfaction.

"I wish I could ask you to breakfast," she said after she had apologized for the sleeping accommodations, which though crowded had been comfortable and probably the best in town, "but, as you can see, circumstances are not altogether favorable. I want to apologize for the muss, however. We really are trying to clear it up, but you can see what an awful job it is."

"Don't apologize," interrupted the professional oilman in the party, "for there is a dollar sign on every muss."

Neither the young woman nor her mother who stood beside her seemed to object to that statement. A year before the mother had been ill and depressed. Several members of her family had died and she had suffered severely from rheumatism. But the boom had put new life into her, new hope and vigor. Only the stupidest, dullest person could fail to respond to that wine-like stimulation, that quickened sense of energy. It permeated, even in a few minutes, one's whole mental and physical system.

### The Progressive Mayor of Ranger

We had breakfast at the Oklahoma Eating House, a low-ceilinged wooden room, whose proprietress had struck town a few months before with a cash capital of perhaps fifty dollars and a pretty daughter to act as waitress. She was reputed to be clearing three thousand a month when we were there, probably an exaggeration, but not much of one at that, judging from the number of customers served and a rough computation of the profits. She sat near the door clutching her cash bag, and was greeted affectionately as Mother by the workmen who came and went. The leading hotel, a somewhat more pretentious place, was reputed to be making enough to "pay out"—that is, to pay off the original investment—in short order.

From the restaurant we went across the street to see the manager of the Chamber of Commerce, who proved to be in effect mayor, chief of police, fire commissioner, health officer, industrial commissioner, road, water and sewer commissioner, organizer of new hotels and a water company, and general all-round village boss, ruler and autocrat. He had barely started to talk to us when a great commotion rose and he rushed from the building. We followed more slowly and had hardly reached the street when we saw him in charge of a huge modern fire engine, engaged, with the help of about a thousand volunteers, in putting out a fire in the Oklahoma Eating House, from which we had just come. The fire was put out in a moment, but the fire chief, restored at once to his more tranquil capacity of manager of the Chamber of Commerce, expressed a fervent desire that the town might not burn down on his hands.

"But why such an enormous fire engine?" I inquired.

"The first thing I did when I was brought here a few months ago to take charge was to buy that engine. Fire is the one great enemy of a place like this."

The growing pains of a town like Ranger are almost beyond description. It is not alone the job of feeding the newcomers; a far more serious problem is that of furnishing them with good water, places to sleep and sanitary accommodations. The dumping upon such a place of tank farms and vast stores belonging to the pipe lines and supply houses adds to the confusion, dirt and difficulty.

Often, too, in these boom oil towns the natives are extremely reluctant to give up the privilege of drilling in the front and back yards, but as long as they are permitted to drill there no fire-insurance company will write a cent of insurance. People who rush in to open much-needed stores and restaurants are often held up for weeks trying to persuade nice old ladies to lease their homes for such a purpose rather than for drilling. Nor can the native be altogether blamed. Where he or she might get a few hundred dollars a month renting a little old house for mercantile or restaurant purposes there is always the gambler's chance of making millions from a well. But in time the more public-spirited element among the natives and the newcomers, who always consider themselves natives after about three months' residence, comes to the top and proceeds either to outvote the more selfish elements or to buy them out.

### Unanimously Elected

Another serious problem is to expand the railroad and postal facilities fast enough. Until the post-office staff was enlarged it was said that at one time more than a thousand men a day were unable to get their mail owing to the sheer physical inability of handing it out; and I saw a line nearly a block long, though it is now a second-class office. Banks seem to accommodate themselves more easily to the changed conditions, though their deposits have increased more than tenfold in less than a year, and the number of daily checks vastly more than that.

Ranger had no government when the boom broke upon it, but the more public-spirited residents immediately hired a chamber-of-commerce expert from one of the large cities as village boss, and the county commissioners gave him and his backers authority to act. Some way can always be found to regulate an oil town when its population suddenly expands, though there are methods less polite than Ranger's. When Casper, Wyoming, first hit the map great need was felt for a mayor, and a mass meeting was called. The chairman, totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, floundered more and more as time went on, until he was helped out by a white-haired oil operator who sat in the crowd.

"Let's elect the old guy with frosted feathers mayor," said the chairman in great relief.

"But I am a resident of Omaha," protested the oilman.

"That makes no difference, does it, boys?" asked the chairman.

"Hell, no!" came from a thousand throats.

"We are coming on," the village boss of Ranger told me. "We are now putting in water, gas and sewers. More than two thousand people were inoculated when we had a typhoid scare. Next we shall have paved streets and good roads. We have rules regulating buildings, prohibiting drilling in portions of the town, regulating traffic and parking. Everything will be all right if only the town doesn't burn down and if we can find places for people to sleep when the winter comes on. Thousands are now sleeping in tents, walking the streets and sitting in automobiles at night."

The streets of Ranger resemble the most exaggerated, feverish melodramatic movie ever conceived of, combined with a circus and a Buffalo Bill show. There are automobiles in numbers that seem to equal the busiest streets of New York or Chicago. No doubt the effect is heightened by the enormous open-air garages, every vacant

(Concluded on Page 35)

# Peace - and Packages

Christmas boxes—straight from home—have made two million Yanks hilarious. Cars and trucks sped delivery—just as they did back here.

Wherever the flag flies, the mission of motor vehicles is the same—to avoid delays, cut down congestion, rush deliveries.

They have become essential units in our national transport system. That's why thousands of concerns who require quick, dependable delivery at low cost equip their cars and trucks with good tires—United States Tires.

The surplus strength of United States Tires was tried and proved by war. It is this tremendous and lasting vitality that guarantees longest life, highest type of service and lowest cost per mile.

Five distinct types for delivery and passenger cars. Both pneumatic and solid tires for trucks.

# United States Tires are Good Tires

*Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes*

United States Tire Company
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*United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Are*

# Winning a continuous road battle

THE road is the wheel's worst enemy. From the first turn of a wheel—as it carries its load on the roadway—from the moment of contact—the road begins a constant, grueling attack. Every stone, every rut, every hump or bit of uneven surface means a blow at the life of the wheel.

Man has smoothed out the rough spots—he has brushed away the stones—he has labored with brain and brawn to curb this evil. But smooth roads wear rough—paved streets crumble—and always the pounding and striking continue.

And in recent years, as the motor truck has grown in importance, it has placed new burdens on the already overworked wheel. Massive trucks with heavy loads must travel at high speed to help carry the world's commerce on schedule time.

The constant jolts and jars of the road have been multiplied over and over again as truck tonnage has grown and as speed has increased. The added pressure of heavy loads, the continuous blows of rough and worn-out roads have demanded a truck wheel that is resilient and light, yet strong and durable.

*Look for the name Dayton on the spoke.*

And now comes the Dayton Steel Wheel—a wheel that meets all these requirements. An achievement of science—it has mastered the road problems of the motor truck.

Here is a wheel that is never out of round—that can develop no flats to hammer the bearings and tires. A wheel that is impervious to conditions of climate—a wheel that is resilient, to dissipate road shocks; one that has strength to bear all burdens—endurance that outlives the truck—lightness that adds to carrying capacity.

That is the Dayton Steel Wheel. That is the wheel which is winning a continuous motor truck road battle.

Now that the war is won, our output will again be at the disposal of all commercial truck makers. Our folder, "The Final Motor Truck Wheel and Why," tells the wheel story in an interesting way. May we send you a copy?

The Dayton Steel Foundry Company, *Main Office and Works,* Dayton, Ohio

*Detroit*
*Chicago*

# Dayton

## Steel Truck Wheels

PATENTED

*Cincinnati*
*New York*

(Concluded from Page 32)

lot being given over to the open-air sale and repair of cars. The sidewalks are a medley of oil-company officials, surveyors, farmers, cowboys, supply men, promoters, and more varieties and descriptions of mechanics and workmen than I had ever supposed existed. Yet there was no sign of disorder, and there had been only one killing in three months, due no doubt to the vigilance of the squad of Texas Rangers who were stationed there and who grab the crooks as they step off the trains.

Perhaps the most interesting place round Ranger is several miles from the town, where a frenzy of drilling is taking place in the immediate vicinity of a church, graveyard and schoolhouse. A magnificent well, producing butter-colored, or golden, lubricant oil, was running to waste the day we were there. About five thousand dollars leaked out over an adjacent cotton field, ruining the cotton, whose loss, however, was nothing to that of the oil.

A former employee of one of the big oil companies, a driller who had set up in business for himself, had decided some time before that he would like to drill on the acre or two where the schoolhouse stood. One has to act quickly in the oil business, and he routed out all the school trustees at night, paying them a bonus of many thousand dollars in addition to a one-eighth interest in the production. The well proved so productive that he "paid out" cost of drilling, cash bonus and all, in a couple of weeks' time. Stung by this success the company for which he had formerly worked started to drill a dozen holes on near-by property, and a wild race was under way to see who would get the oil out of the ground first. The Government intervened, however, and limited the number of competitive or offset wells.

Then the independent operator, who only a short time before was working for day wages, is said on excellent authority to have offered to stop bucking the big company if it would pay him one million dollars and an interest in the production. This was angrily refused, and later events have shown that there is enough oil for both to grow rich upon.

Meanwhile wells were drilling a few feet from the church itself, and there remained only the graveyard, quite a large tract of land. It is not an unknown thing to remove graveyards in the oil fields, and one of the favorite stories of the professionals has to do with the operator who was never able to strike oil until he drilled in a cemetery, when luck turned his way. But the cemetery near Ranger is the oldest one in that part of the state, and the congregation decided that drilling there would be desecration. So the cemetery stands to-day undefiled, though, of course, surrounded by wells. But in order that the congregation might not change its mind the operators who were drilling in the neighborhood offered the congregation sixteen thousand dollars, not for permission for themselves to drill but in return for an agreement not to permit anyone else to drill on the site.

### Filial Piety in the Oil Fields

The story is going the rounds that in another tract of land not far from the cemetery there is a small private family burying ground. One day an oilman was approached by a native who said he had a small plot to lease near one of the biggest wells.

"Why, I know that place like a book," said the oilman, "and I can't remember a single piece of land to be had round there."

"Well, it's only sixteen feet by twenty. I know it's too small for a standard rig, but couldn't you put a star rig on it?"

"Perhaps," replied the operator, "but where is it? I can't remember a plot even that small."

"The old man's buried there," was the native's explanation, "but I guess he can be removed."

This pleasing little anecdote I did not attempt to verify in the sense of finding either the lot or the owner, but several responsible persons, including the secretary of one of the big oil companies, declared it to be true.

"Perhaps it is true," I remarked to him skeptically, "but it seems shocking to me, all the same."

"Why," he retorted, "where is there anything so out of the way in that? Just think of the oil they might get out! It's near one of the biggest producers in the district. And besides they drill a hole only a few inches in diameter. They could drill right alongside the remains and not disturb them."

Frankly, however, and without seeking undue rhetorical effect, I can say that Ranger is a quiet, peaceful town as compared with Burkburnett, something more than a hundred miles to the north. Up to ninety days previous to my visit this once quiet and agriculturally prosperous little village had never been disturbed by oil, though the large Electra field is only twenty miles away and other developments in the countryside were and are numerous. Late in July oil was discovered on a farm near the village, and people suddenly awoke to the fact that production was heading toward the little clump of houses that stand on top of a dome or small hill. Then the place went literally mad in quite a different sense from Ranger.

Not only are vast tracts of land all about the Ranger field owned or leased by big companies but the cost of drilling makes it essentially a big man's game. It has been necessary in many cases to go down more than three thousand feet, and a single well usually costs $40,000 or even $50,000. But the oil in the village of Burkburnett is close to the surface and drilling is half or less than half as costly. With the land split up among numerous owners it was and is possible for the little fellows to get into the game, and this they have done with a vengeance, bucking one another hard, each in a frantic rush to get the oil out before his neighbor.

### Happy Stockholders

They are drilling in side yards, front yards and back yards, right beside and even under porches of houses, on the railroad right of way, under the water tower, everywhere. If the Government had not interfered they would have put the derricks directly touching one another. Even with present restrictions there are three hundred oil wells in various processes in this little town. I did not stop to look at every well, but noticed that the little cottage homes, that must have been clean and pleasant only a few weeks before, were blackened and shabby, that the whole place was a welter of noise, dirt, soot and confusion.

Even the bank looked like a New York Subway rush, and the cashier had to push his way through a great crowd of roughly dressed men in front of his desk to reach us. He said his deposits had increased more than a million dollars in five weeks. His nervous, eager air showed that even the usual dignity of banking cannot always be maintained under such abnormal conditions of growth and prosperity. But like everyone else he seemed to like it. Who minds a few months of noise and confusion if it means great riches?

Almost the first thing one hears about in Ranger—or anywhere in Western Texas, for that matter—is the Texas and Pacific Coal Company. At least that used to be the name of the concern, though now it has quite properly added the word oil to its title. This corporation—and more especially its president, Edgar L. Marston, and its general manager, W. K. Gordon—is looked upon by a goodly number of counties as a sort of savior.

This company has made the supremely big killing in the Texas field, and it is pretty much another case of to them that hath shall be given. For the bulk of the stock is owned by a relatively few well-known millionaire and multimillionaire families, estates and individuals in and round New York. But the contrast between the Eastern and ownership end of the company and the rough oil boom is less marked than it might seem at first flush. For Mr. Marston, though for years a Broad Street banker, close associate and confidant of the Rockefellers and director in numerous big banks, railroad and industrial corporations, had his first business training in the cattle business in Indian Territory some forty years ago, and has been interested in the Southwest ever since.

The Texas and Pacific Coal and Oil Company has three hundred thousand acres of land in the heart of the new oil fields, nearly a third of which it owns in fee. It is one of the oldest coal and brick companies in the Southwest, and led a placid, uneventful existence with its six per cent annual dividends for many years. In drilling for oil a few years ago the manager found gas, and thought there might be oil. This was a few miles east of Ranger. Now though Ranger is in a poor dry country its business men are by no means slow. A committee waited on Mr. Gordon and asked him to drill some holes near Ranger. This the company agreed to do if a committee of business men would lease up for the company all the land in the country round about.

The company did its part, spending perhaps half a million dollars or even more in experimental work. But the Rangerites also did their share, and it is doubtful if ever in the history of industry, not even excepting the Standard Oil Companies, has any corporation enjoyed such extraordinary good luck, such a horseshoe, as did the T. & P. For it paid only from twenty-five cents to a dollar or so an acre for its immense acreage a couple of years ago. To-day, in rare cases the leases that cost these nominal sums can be sold for $7500 an acre, and speaking more generally an original investment of $5000 in leases could be sold by this company for $1,000,000. In return for several million dollars' cash consideration it has graciously permitted several of the Standard and big independent oil companies to do the actual work of development on portions of its property, the proceeds to be divided fifty-fifty, but the expenses to be borne by the oil companies. It is the opinion of the oil industry that in all probability no concern ever held so rich and extensive an oil acreage as the Texas and Pacific.

But do not suppose, dear reader, that this is a sure tip to buy a nice low-priced stock. It may or may not be cheap at the price, but it is surely not low, the price at this writing being just about one thousand dollars a share. Oil was first discovered in impressive quantities in October, 1917. The stock was then selling at 130. On November 28, 1917, long before it had reached 200, President Marston sent a circular to all the stockholders telling them that oil had been found, and warning them not to sell their stock. Strangely enough there was no marked advance for some time. Even in January it was only 200. In March it reached 500, and stockholders began to get uneasy. They wrote to officers or called upon them in person wanting to know what to do, whether to hold or sell. For some the temptation was irresistible, but the majority held on.

### Inside Information

Of course, as in every other great historic financial killing there are the sad stories of those who did not get aboard though strongly urged. This one I know to be true: A banker in a city not a great ways from Ranger had been acquainted with a young woman who married not altogether to his liking. The husband seemed unable to get a steady job or make a living, and more than once "touched" the banker.

Finally the family became so reduced that the husband said he must have another ten dollars or his wife would actually be in want. Many times he wrote to the banker promising to return the ten dollars and regretting his inability to do so. In one of his letters he said that he couldn't return the money just yet, but added:

"I can't repay the money now, but I can do this for you. Here is a tip: Buy Texas and Pacific Coal."

The banker never bought any of the stock, but much to his surprise it began to soar shortly thereafter. After it had got up round 900 he received another letter from the young man, in which regret was still expressed that he could not repay the ten dollars, but which intimated that he had more than repaid it in another way, and disclosed to the banker for the first time the fact that the young man was not only holding down a job but one where he had first-hand knowledge practically of all the oil activities of the company.

"And the worst of it was," said the banker ruefully as he told the incident, "that the young man said he supposed of course I had got aboard."

It would be most misleading, however, to convey the idea that a great oil boom like those round Ranger and Burkburnett enriches only a few big corporations. Oil is no respecter of persons, so in another article I propose to tell how the pot at the end of the rainbow has been dumped out upon all manner of men and women, what they do with the stuff when they get it, and how others have failed to get any of it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Atwood on the oil boom in the Southwest

The Leather in the
RICE & HUTCHINS
EDUCATOR SHOE
Is Always
First Quality Leather

WE don't have to tell you about the Educator shape. You know it's built to "let the feet grow as they should"—to prevent the *causes* of the corns, bunions, callouses, ingrown nails, flat feet—ills that come from pointed, bone-bending shoes.

But in these days when the high prices of leather are forcing many manufacturers to use inferior materials, let us remind you that *Educator quality remains unchanged.* Educators you buy today will give the same long wear as Educators you bought before the war.

Get your whole family into Educators *this very day.* They're made
FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

In buying, look for EDUCATOR branded on the sole. It is your *guarantee* of the correct orthopaedic Educator shape, and Educator quality

"*Bent Bones Make Frantic Feet*"
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THE little hands get very grimy and dirty sometimes. Clean them with Goblin Soap. It leaves the skin soft and smooth and in a healthy condition.

The soft, creamy lather of Goblin Soap delights everyone, especially the little folks; it dissolves the most obstinate dirt and will not injure the most delicate skin.

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# Goblin Soap
WORKS WONDERS

# UNCLE SAM, RAILROADER

(Continued from Page 4)

almost at the very beginning of the present year.

Before I am done with this topic I am going to return to this phase. I merely refer to it here and now because I should like to ask any keen-minded resident of Detroit if eighteen months ago he could have even conceived a Wabash through-freight bound from St. Louis to Buffalo passing through the Michigan Central tunnel under the Detroit River. Not a bit of it. The Michigan Central is one of the richest and most aristocratic of the rich and aristocratic Vanderbilt roads. It does not reach St. Louis, but there are other Vanderbilt roads that do. So, under the old order of things, if public sentiment had tended to force the Wabash into the Michigan Central tunnel and terminals it would have been at a rental cost which if not actually prohibitive to the weaker road would have been a fearful added burden to it. At Pittsburgh it once had its fill of terminal burdens.

Conceive, if you will, of the Pennsylvania Railroad—conceding nothing to the Michigan Central in aristocracy—in other days permitting the weaker and competing Baltimore and Ohio to share the occupancy of the superb terminal which it built in the heart of the city of New York, quite largely as a monument to Pennsylvania enterprise and farsightedness. Yet the passenger trains of the B. & O. have now been using the big Pennsylvania Station in Seventh Avenue for so many months that it seems all but impossible to think of the day when one had to reach them first by crossing to the somewhat inaccessible waterfront of Manhattan Island, there boarding a ferryboat, which in course of time brought one to the passenger terminal at Jersey City; a rather tedious business which had the effect of overloading the Pennsylvania's through trains out of New York, while those of the Baltimore and Ohio were more apt not to have their full complement of passengers.

By placing the Baltimore and Ohio trains for Philadelphia, Washington and the West in the Pennsylvania Station and so giving equal terminal facilities a better traffic balance was secured, with the direct result not only of permitting the removal of some of the through trains but also of giving a more even filling to the trains of both roads. Moreover, the policy was adopted of making the tickets between New York and Washington and the larger intermediate points of the roads completely interchangeable. The facts that the passenger receipts, as well as those of the freight, of both go into a common pot and that each is paid on a fixed basis of former earnings make this easily possible without many complications of bookkeeping.

The most notable consolidations of passenger service under the government administration, however, have come in the central parts of the land. In the district round about Chicago under private and competitive control there was a great waste of through-passenger train service. With six competing railroads from Chicago to the Twin Cities, six to Omaha, six to Kansas City, four to St. Louis and three to Cincinnati, to say nothing of four between Kansas City and St. Louis; and almost every one of these roads trying to maintain a service as good as its competitors', if not better, there was a vast preponderance of through-passenger trains. And many times to the cost of weaker or branch lines, even of well-to-do systems.

### Readjusting Through Service

It was not at all uncommon for a branch line, particularly if it passed through a non-competitive district, to be paying with its all too few and overcrowded local trains for the extravagances of the underfilled through ones upon the main. The little wheezy locomotive and the two forty-year-old battered day coaches of the down local to Willettsburg or Sand Corners ofttimes was and still is the upkeep of the lordly limited, all Pullmans and aristocratic from the point of the pilot of its crack new locomotive to the far tip of its brass railed observation platform. Do not forget that. And also do not forget that a good proportion of the voting population of any state lives upon the branch lines. Which may have accounted in the past for some pretty radical railroad legislation and regulation.

Moreover, from Chicago to the group of cities a night's ride distant from it in several directions the plethora of superb trains moved in competitive squadrons. By that I mean that, even though there were four railroads between that city and St. Louis, for example, and fifteen through trains in each direction, there were to all practical purposes but three or four. For competition bunched the trains so that there was an important group of through expresses leaving Chicago at noon and another important group at midnight, with two or three less important slower expresses at nine in the morning and again at nine in the evening. An intelligent centralized management would seemingly have found it possible to distribute fifteen through trains so there would be a through train from Chicago to St. Louis—or the reverse—almost each workaday hour. The through service between New York and Washington and between New York and Boston is so distributed.

Even under centralized control, however, such an even distribution of passenger trains between midland cities of the United States is not entirely possible, for even in the case which we have before us there are important connections to be reckoned with, both at Chicago and at St. Louis. These trains must be met, and if the best through-passenger trains for the Southwest leave the St. Louis Union Station at about nine o'clock in the evening the resident of Decatur, which is on the main line of the Wabash, and of Springfield, which is on the main line of the Chicago and Alton, should in all fairness have equal chances at them.

### The Rights of Monticello

Yet despite this hindering factor centralized authority has succeeded in cutting the fifteen through trains in each direction down to nine, and in slightly spreading the leaving times. The result apparently works little hardship to the through traveler between Chicago and St. Louis. The train on which he rides may be a little longer and a little better filled than usual, but its running time and its equipment, save for the possible elimination of the observation car, are practically unchanged. And 15,706 train miles and 9538 tons of coal are being saved in Chicago-St. Louis passenger service each month.

But how about Monticello?

Monticello, Illinois, is not a big town as big towns go, but it is an enterprising county seat of some 2000 folk situate on the Chicago-St. Louis main line of the Wabash just a few miles northeast of Decatur. And it has definite rights. Do not forget that. In the old days of private control—sin-filled and wasteful competitive control if you wish to call it so—there were four through trains and two locals through Monticello in each direction each day. And the Monticello banker or merchant who wanted to run down to St. Louis and come back at night had an easy affair of it. But to-day with the government train consolidation he may get up in the middle of the night and catch the two-thirty train south or else wait for the next express at four-five in the afternoon.

Let me repeat: Monticello has definite rights to adequate railroad transportation. And this holds true whether that transportation comes from the Government or the individual. Monticello—ten thousand Monticellos, if you please, have a considerable voting population. And ten thousand Monticellos are beginning to ask if government operation is going to offer them no relief from the ills of private operation. It is as nothing to them that there has been a saving of trains and of train mileage between Chicago and St. Louis, with no apparent diminution of the service between those two metropolitan cities; they simply know that there has been a great lessening of their own service. And though they were willing to accept such a lessening as a part of their war sacrifice they do not intend to accept it as a permanent transportation condition—either from the Government or from private capital.

We have digressed—purposely. The reductions in through-passenger service that we have seen between Chicago and St. Louis were accomplished elsewhere through the Central West—in fact through the entire country—in greater or less degree, and on such long hauls as between Chicago and the Pacific Coast by cutting out duplicate services and assigning the fastest through service to the shortest and most direct route to each of the coast cities. Thus it was that the Santa Fe became the preferred route to Los Angeles; the Northwestern-Union Pacific-Southern Pacific combination by way of Omaha and Ogden to San Francisco; the Burlington and Northern Pacific to Portland; and the Milwaukee through to Seattle. And in order to allay any bitterness or jealousies between those Far Western cities McAdoo ordered that the running time between Chicago and each of them be fixed at a uniform figure—seventy-two hours for the fastest trains and seventy-eight hours for the slower ones.

This plan, in the large, has held. There are some pretty big and powerful Monticellos between Chicago and the coast. Denver is one of them, Omaha is another, Kansas City is a third. And because, to make a single instance, any one of these cities demands a fairly quick and efficient service to Portland and the Puget Sound points, it was necessary to some extent to modify the simplified route plan and give these intermediate points through train or Pullman service.

These changes and others like them have brought great savings in passenger mileage. That cannot be denied even though one is tempted to add a doubting corollary as to the shattering of the finest passenger service that any land ever has received. The war crisis demanded curtailments. The railroads themselves recognized that, and from May 1, 1917, up to the end of that year their war board succeeded in reducing the passenger service by 28,656,983 train miles.

Yet that was not a circumstance to the slashing done by the Federal Administration. In September last McAdoo reported to President Wilson that he had succeeded in eliminating trains to the extent of 47,420,000 more miles a year. And the end is not yet in sight; any of the ten thousand Monticellos can tell you that.

That such reductions brought great savings in operating expenses and cleared the track for a more expeditious movement of troop trains and munitions can hardly be denied, though if one had the time and patience to go into the matter he would not have to go very far to discover that much of the train-mileage saving was made on side lines and branch lines where troop train and munition traffic was no factor whatsoever. But savings are savings, whether they come from cutting out this train or that or in this yard or terminal or that or by the consolidation of terminals and ticket offices or by reducing forces and wages, this last, however, not accomplished.

The savings through unified operation in the Chicago switching district alone up to September first last were estimated to be at the rate of more than a million dollars a year.

### Great Savings—on Paper

The retiring Director General of Railroads has laid much stress upon the savings which he purposed to accomplish by abolishing the traffic-soliciting departments. To do this he cut out advertising—an annual expenditure in excess of seven million dollars—the so-called "off-line offices" which the larger roads held in cities quite removed from their own tracks, and consolidated city ticket offices. To begin with, this advertising policy was quite in keeping with the general policy of a Government that never has recognized paid advertising as a legitimate and fundamental business, but has struggled in every possible way to get through the back door of free publicity. The abandonment of off-line offices as well as the curtailment of train service has meant economy at the expense of the comfort and necessities of the railroad patron.

Big mercantile and manufacturing concerns generally maintain traffic departments which solve their transportation problems for them. The smaller business, however, has no such resource.

In other days a New England manufacturer anxious to know about local conditions in Arizona or New Mexico generally could discover them quickly and authoritatively by consulting the Santa Fe man or the Southern Pacific man down in Washington Street, Boston. Nowadays he can scratch his head and try to dig the information out of a New Haven road clerk who is willing enough, but who in the whole course of his life probably never has been nearer Albuquerque than Woonsocket or Worcester.

The saving accomplished by the closing of all the off-line offices across the land has been estimated by the Railroad Administration at about twelve million dollars a year. To this it adds $7,000,000 saved on advertising and some $4,000,000 by the consolidation of city ticket offices. This last, however, is what some bankers call a "paper figure." If it had been possible to sublet the former city offices of the railroads immediately this four millions of savings would be actuality, but save in a few cities this has not been done. In New York and in Chicago, in particular, not three or four but dozens of these former city offices in high-priced rental locations still stand empty. Someone still is paying rentals on them.

### Who Pays for Empty Offices?

There has been a bit of controversy as to the identity of that someone. The Railroad Administration has maintained that it is the old railroad corporations that should assume the rental charges of these offices and so transform its $4,000,000 from paper savings into actualities. But the railroads have objected. The most of them feel that already there are too many deductions from their guaranties; that as it is it is going to be difficult to meet their stock and bond obligations. And this very question of the rental charges against the hastily abandoned city ticket offices is one of the many questions now in adjudication between the Administration and the roads. To the average business man it would seem offhand as if taking over the railroads as a war emergency did not render it absolutely necessary to consolidate city ticket offices by the rental of large new quarters—not at least until the leases upon the existing offices had expired.

For the sake of argument, concede the saving in consolidated ticket offices actually made—the $23,566,633 of traffic savings actually accomplished. It is a point that the keen-minded McAdoo has stressed; that and the savings to be accomplished by cutting down salaries.

The salary question is one of the most interesting and vital in the entire railroad problem to-day. Translated into its broader aspect of wages it may be fairly called the nub of the problem. For it is quite possible that without the mounting of the pay roll McAdoo through the real economies we have just seen might actually have made a saving in his operation of the railroads of the United States, even despite the great advances in the costs of raw materials. I am referring, however, to the pay envelopes of the rank and file of the employees, not to the pay checks of the operating and executive officers of the roads.

It was these last that seemed to stick in the minds of the Federal Railroad Administration when first it went into office.

"The railroads are being robbed by their officers," it said in so many words. "The big men are drawing outrageous salaries." And on one occasion it gave specific notice through the daily press that it would pay no executive a salary of more than twelve thousand dollars a year.

It was to be noticed, however, that McAdoo himself did not make these statements. On the contrary he did an extremely courageous thing and fixed the salaries of his seven regional directors at $40,000 to $50,000 a year each. It was fortunate that he did not have to go to Congress for its approval for these salaries.

The member from Toad's Corners would have had a conniption fit at the very thought of such a salary—why, the president of the bank up at the county seat only draws $4000 a year. And a member of Congress but $7500!

After all, what is a fair salary for a man? Shall we judge it by comparisons—and know that Charlie Chaplin is reputed to earn $500,000 in the twelvemonth that the bishop of Western Oklahoma receives but $1800? Yet each in his own way is a saver of souls. I think that in this cold-blooded era in a cold-blooded world we had better

(Continued on Page 39)

"A Kelly-Springfield truck and trailer moving one-half of the Ferndale bridge, which was erected near Bellingham, Washington. This section weighs eighteen tons net and is being hauled over the Blaine-Ferndale concrete road."
—*The Commercial Car Journal*

NOTE THE WOOD WHEELS EVERYWHERE

# A steel bridge hauled on wood wheels

No one ever comments on the fact that wood wheels are everywhere carrying their RATED loads without mishap.

Only unusual performances arouse us to their EVERYDAY worth.

Out in Washington a steel bridge, each section of which weighed eighteen tons, had to be transported several miles. The task was successfully accomplished by a truck and trailer equipped with wood wheels.

A spectacular evidence of the DEPENDABILITY of wood wheels! But no more significant than the UNIFORM performance of wood wheels under all conditions everywhere every day.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL
MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION
105 North 13th Street Philadelphia

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
GOVERNMENT

# WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

(Continued from Page 37)

say that a fair salary is dependent largely upon the demand for a man's services. If we take this attitude we shall not find the regional directors overpaid. In fact there was hardly one of them who did not receive from $10,000 to $50,000 a year more from the private corporations—in one way or another—than Uncle Sam now is paying him; and hardly one of them who because of his vast executive experience could not command a higher figure in private industry outside of railroading.

And McAdoo himself has added consistency to courage in stating in his resignation to the President his firm belief that the job of Director General itself should carry fair compensation. He is right. The railroad system of the United States is not an eleemosynary institution, not the Red Cross. It is a revenue-producing business that Uncle Sam now has and as such can well afford to pay an executive and pay him well. Yet McAdoo with all his power could only grant fair salaries to his assistants and could not ask a reasonable compensation for himself. Which of itself is a sad commentary on government operation.

### Mr. Lane's Commission

Not that the retiring Director General was inclined toward extravagance. His report to President Wilson on September third last makes this quite clear. He then grouped the officers of the railroads receiving salaries of $5000 a year or more and showed that previous to his taking control of the railroads there were 2325 of these all the way across the land, who received a total of $21,320,187 a year. Under his policy of consolidations and reductions these had been brought down to 1925, with salaries of but $15,062,998. But in the meantime there had been created the central and regional Federal administrations, with 136 officers receiving $1,642,300. This last figure added to the one just preceding it gives $16,705,298 as the total officers' salary expense of the entire unified and government controlled railroad which now serves us. In other words, $4,614,889 has been saved by government operation as contrasted with private operation—the larger part of it, however, in salaries of corporation presidents, vice presidents and chairmen whom McAdoo refused to take into his organization, and who since have become further charges against the guaranties paid to the individual railroad.

Yet how piffling this four million dollars of savings appears when one comes to place it alongside the enormous increases that have been made in the pay envelopes of the rank and file of the railroaders, already, according to the best estimates, between $600,000,000 and $800,000,000; with the end not yet in sight. No fair-minded man will deny that the 1,750,000 railroaders of America were entitled to increases, and generous increases, too, in their pay. And no man who understands our railroad situation will deny that in the past far too many have been underpaid. For ten years I have been writing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to try to show—even though in a human and imperfect way—the faith and loyalty and ability and persistence of the American railroad employee. I have tried to show the pathetic discrepancies in their pay envelopes; how in some cases division superintendents—and time was when a superintendency was a job toward which an engineer might look with longing as a reward for faithful service—received less wage than the men with good engine runs beneath them. And I have endeavored to depict how the railroads, fighting unionism with all the means at their command, themselves furnished the largest argument for their men to join the brotherhoods or the unions by the simple process of refusing to give voluntarily to their nonunion and unorganized forces the ratio of pay-envelope increases that they gave to their organized union forces—under coercion and compulsion. And sometimes I have suggested that the fair solution of the entire matter would be to place it in the hands of a competent commission who would study the problem from its fundamental beginning—the cost of living of the employee.

It was this plan that McAdoo followed as soon as he had come into office. He appointed a commission of highly capable men Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane heading it; and this commission, despite a tremendous time pressure put upon it, did a good job. It reported a system of percentage increases based upon the railroaders' pay for the year ending December 31, 1915; the entire increases coming to some $300,000,000. The report was accepted by the Director General and after some little delay was put into effect, the pay increases being made retroactive to the beginning of the present year.

It would be idle to assert that the Lane commission rendered an ideal solution of the wage problem. It merely did the best it could at a time when wages in all other industries were jumping overnight and the railroads were holding only enough of their rank and file to make bare operation a possibility. And the fact that they could operate at all was due largely to the traditional loyalty and devotion of the American railroader. For so long a time had he been accustomed to receive less pay than his fellows who rendered equal or even less service in other industries that even the wartime bonuses made comparatively little impression upon him.

He found the first increases somewhat puzzling, however. There were many discrepancies—in some cases due to the fact that since December 31, 1915, certain railroads had accomplished large readjustments of their pay rolls. In one instance in particular a terminal agent went to his division superintendent, the wage award in his fingers.

"See here, boss, I don't like this," said he.

"What's the trouble with it?" was the reply.

"I can't figure it out except that I only get a raise of thirty dollars over the hundred and fifty per that I'm getting now. And Tom Conlin, our day car repairer, gets jumped from one hundred to two hundred and fifty a month."

The terminal agent's plight was not an unusual one, even though he did not realize that the two increases which he had had since 1915 acted against him at this time, and did not know that there were men whose pay under the percentage award plan would actually have been decreased if the award had not specifically exempted them. A careful consideration of the entire problem would probably have resulted in an award which combined the impartial percentage principle with one of differentials, only a little if any less impartial. But such a consideration would have been a year's task. Under the circumstances it is not fair to say that the Lane commission did anything less than a good job.

When one considers fairly the full question of a raise of his employees' pay he cannot escape a question as to what increased efficiency he may be gaining, if any. Here is a great Eastern railroad which today has 175,000 employees as against but 155,000 a year ago, when still under private control. Its pay roll for the present year will amount to approximately $250,000,000, an increase of $90,000,000 compared with 1917, and $120,000,000 compared with 1916. The increase for the present year over last year amounts to fifty-six per cent greater expense for wages and thirteen per cent larger working force; the increase in freight traffic handled, measured in ton miles, is averaging only in the neighborhood of a little more than eight per cent; the increase for July having been 7.8 per cent, and in August 9.7 per cent, which is a discrepancy in percentages well worth the attention of government-ownership advocates.

### The Raise in Rates

With an award from the first wage commission of more than $300,000,000 in wage increases, which since has been more than doubled, McAdoo's opportunity to keep his newly acquired continental railroad system from achieving a huge deficit—let alone making anything like a profit for Uncle Sam—began to grow very dim indeed. He was forced to do the logical thing—to raise the railroad rates. And having accepted the logical situation in a thoroughly logical way he made a clean job of it. He announced at the end of last May that the freight rates would be increased twenty-five per cent and the passenger rates to a minimum of three cents a mile, with an extra rate of half a cent a mile for Pullman passengers—or fifty to seventy-five per cent in excess of the existing rates.

"*C'est la guerre*," said McAdoo; and the reply from patriotic America was without protest. In an instant he had accomplished the very thing that the railroads themselves had often sought to accomplish during the past decade—only in a vastly more moderate fashion. But partly because they were privately owned and partly because they never had really grasped the entire psychology of the American public mind they had never been able to do it. Instead they found that they were at the behest of forty-nine masters—as they themselves were wont to put it—and these masters were the regulatory commissions of the various states and the Federal Government. Not only were they hard masters in themselves but it seemed difficult to the point of impossibility even to get them to agree on a single national problem for a national utility.

With a sweep of his powerful arm McAdoo thrust aside these forty-nine erstwhile masters of the property he now headed. He knocked the state commissions into a cocked hat, and even the once powerful Interstate Commerce Commission—the pet and pride of Congress—he set up as rate clerks and law clerks and investigators in his Washington offices. They took his orders. And his advanced rates were not questioned.

### Where is Uncle Sam Steering?

In 1917 the railroad earnings of the United States for the first time in history went above $4,000,000,000. According to the best estimates, with rates and traffic both increased, the total revenues for 1918 should be well in excess of $5,000,000,000. Parenthetically it may be noticed that the predictions of railroad men in other days that higher passenger fares would not tend necessarily to lessen travel—as shown graphically in times past by the popularity of such excess-fare trains as the Twentieth Century, the Overland and the Santa Fe de luxe—have been borne out. Despite the lessened service and the increased discomforts passenger traffic upon our American railroads in August, 1918, was over eleven per cent in excess of that of August, 1917.

In the full twelve months of 1917 the operating expenses of our railroads—excluding a few unimportant short lines—were $2,828,179,855; their net operating income, $979,977,326. For the present year it has been estimated on the basis of figures already available for nine months that these expenses probably will be increased by at least a billion and a quarter dollars, more than half of which will be attributable to wage increases. It does not take much of an amateur accountant even to discover that without his rate increases our Uncle Samuel would have shown an actual operating deficit for the first year of the experiment in government operation. And so he would not have had one blessed cent to pay the annual rental guaranties of some $900,000,000 to the private owners of the properties.

Even as it is he is going to have some hard sledding to make that guaranty without dipping down into his strong box, which has had some fairly hard strains upon it of late. In the eight months ending September first, the railroads under Federal control had earned a net operating income of but $417,000,000, or nearly $200,000,000 short of the eight months' proportion of the guaranty to their owners. In the thirty days of September a slightly better showing was made. Yet the end of that month saw the total net income of the roads but $518,650,000 as compared with the $730,400,000 which the same roads earned in the first nine months of 1917 and had ready for the direct payment of their obligations to their owners. In fairness, however, it should be remembered too that the first $300,000,000 of wage increases was effective on January first last, but that the rate increases did not begin to show themselves until well into June. Which in part explains the better ratio of September and might perhaps be counted upon to reduce the deficit to a merely nominal sum, if it were not for the continuance of the raises in wages of the railroad employees.

This one thing to-day represents the really serious economic problem of the Federal administration of the railroads. It is the thing that must be giving the steersman on the craft real concern. For it is apparently the thing that is particularly difficult of any permanent or sound economic solution in a government enterprise where politics becomes hopelessly muddled with business.

Where is our Uncle Sam steering anyway?

Whither are our railroads drifting?

For drifting they certainly seem to be. I have taken much time and space to tell of the genuine achievements of the Railroad Administration and even then have not been able to tell the entire story. It is in the main a story of a job well done; under the circumstances of emergency, exceedingly well done. For McAdoo and his men recognized some very simple reforms; reforms to which former private control seemed to be quite blind. The introduction of simple table-d'hôte meals upon the dining cars plus the application of the Continental method, under which passengers are allotted definite dining-car seats at a definite and stated hour and so not compelled to stand awaiting their turn in the narrow aisle of a swaying car, are small things; yet they are large enough to show that someone in the Railroad Administration is looking out for the comparatively little things.

It is a fairly big thing that the railroads under government operation during the first seven months of the present year were able to accomplish the movement of even one-tenth of one per cent more traffic than the remarkable record made by the Railroads' War Board in the first seven months of 1917. It is a bigger thing that in August, 1918, the revenue in ton miles was more than seven per cent greater than in August, 1917, the actual tonnage increase even greater in proportion—and without a great congestion of the lines.

But when all these things in fairness are said and done, has it made the future of our railroad situation one whit more clear?

For, to continue a policy of frankness, it would hardly be fair to say that the Railroad Administration has not made mistakes, and plenty of them. It has strained at gnats and swallowed camels. It has combined terminals in some places and still permitted work to proceed without hindrance on two elaborate and utterly unnecessary passenger stations. I am referring in particular to the new station projects in Chicago and in Richmond, for no matter what may become of our railroads in the future it seems to be a pretty well recognized fact that never again will they be segregated into so many separate units as in the days before the war. And engineers who have made a careful and unbiased study of the entire Chicago terminal problem can see no reasons save pride and competition for the carrying forward of the $25,000,000 or the $30,000,000 union-station project there. A rearrangement of present station facilities unquestionably would accomplish the same result and also save a great capital expenditure. Of course it will be necessary to build a new central station down upon the lake front in the neighborhood of Twelfth Street, but that is a station which will be built in any event; it has nothing to do with the union-station problem.

### Stations in Richmond

The other station problem to which I refer is in Richmond. In the fine old capital of Virginia two competing trunk lines to the South have refused to enter the same passenger station and so have blocked a convenient and comfortable and entirely feasible union-station plan. The Seaboard Air Line, the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Southern Railway long have shared a station in Main Street, which might easily have been adapted and enlarged to accommodate the Atlantic Coast Line and the busy main road north to Washington. Yet this last road—the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac—in connection with the Atlantic Coast Line has persisted in building a new passenger station at Richmond, inconveniently located upon the outskirts of the city, and worse than that—like the proposed union station in Chicago—a useless capital expenditure because of mere competitive pride.

I wonder if when the Railroad Administration contemplates such projects, when it realizes the far greater capital expenditure that was necessary to give the competitive pride of the Pennsylvania Railroad a foothold in the Island of Manhattan, it does not wonder if unified government control plus a unified common sense could not have prevented such expenditures. Or does it believe that a unified government control could work out a sensible and permanent and thoroughly scientific solution of the vexatious wage problem without finding itself hopelessly smeared with log-rolling politics, without congressmen or their heelers going to division superintendents and demanding jobs for the favored few? ...

(Concluded on Page 43)

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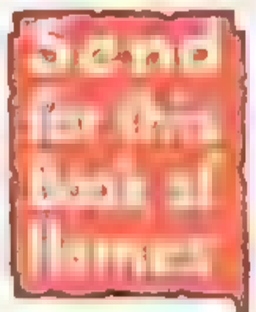


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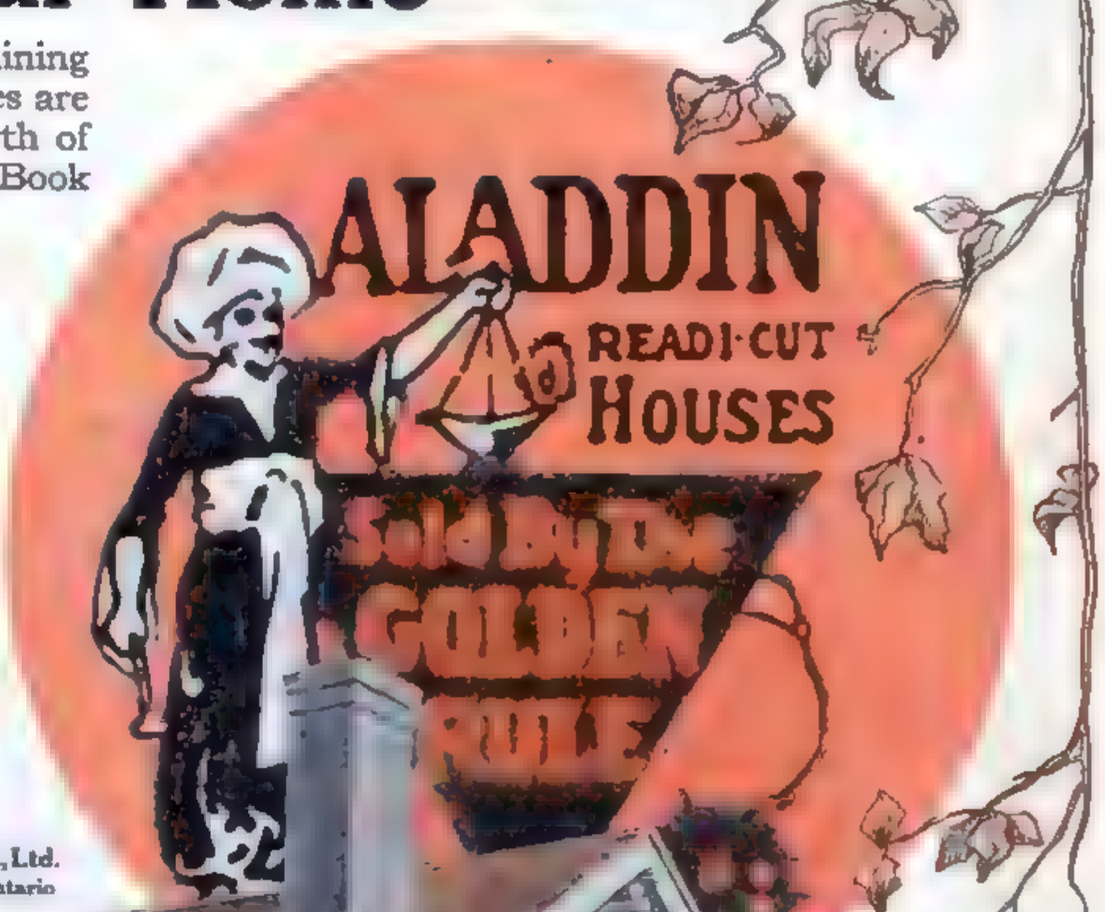


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(Concluded from Page 39)

The Railroad Administration is silent upon these things and merely has continued the scrambling of the railroad eggs. The men who are in control of it seem to be anxious to continue the present Railroad Administration. Surface indications at least would seem to bear this out. The elaborate consolidated city ticket offices are more than a mere war makeshift; the fact that, with peace come, the Railroad Administration is still proceeding toward both the standardization of equipment and of freight rates would seem to indicate that Uncle Sam is in no hurry to hand back the roads. For instance, of 100,000 government freight cars and 2000 locomotives ordered by the Federal Administration only 5000 of the cars and 400 of the locomotives had been delivered up to the fifteenth of November. Yet no contracts had been canceled even though the cars were then beginning to come at the rate of 800 and the locomotives at the rate of fifty a week.

They are good cars and they are good locomotives—good human locomotives, if you please, with humanitarian devices of mechanical coal-feeding and stoking; but the railroads do not want them. For one thing they are very high-priced—made at the peak of wartime labor and material prices; and for another thing most railroads prefer to design their own equipment.

"Foolish competition!" says our Uncle Samuel in answer to this. "Why not standardization, the best brains of the best designers, with all its simplicity and economy in parts and in repairs?" and adds: "Complete standardization will of course be impossible until the rolling stock and engines now in use shall have been entirely replaced by standardized types."

### Theoretical Policies Overworked

And as there are now some 2,400,000 freight cars in use in the country, and some 64,000 locomotives, it quickly can be seen that with a fair average annual output of 100,000 cars and 2000 locomotives it is going to be some time before we achieve a complete standardization. And in the meantime—some twenty-five or thirty years perhaps—the twelve standard types of cars and the six locomotives are merely to be added to the confusion of types already in existence. Moreover, practical railroad operators can see little real benefit in the standardized cars, and even less in the locomotives. Engines generally are designed with special reference to the operating conditions of the division over which they operate. For instance a single road like the Santa Fe will have a type of machine on the level stretches across the Illinois prairies vastly different from that used upon the steep grades of Raton Pass. And it hardly ever exchanges its motive power with any other railroad.

Then, too, we just have said that the average railroad prefers to design its own equipment. That means much. It means something like the army thing which in recent months has been described as morale. It means pride. It means the quickened interest and spirit that come with competition. It means the feeling that "our shops" at West Albany or Altoona or West Allis or Louisville or wherever they are are turning out bigger engines and better than our competitors'.

Let me see if I cannot make that more clear. A great railroad of the East whose morale has always been high, whose conductors and engineers were not merely stockholders in many instances but seemingly actual partners in the enterprise, has had a part of its pride in the fact that its passenger cars were painted red. A little thing, you think; and so it is in some ways. But when the other day the Railroad Administration ordered that those cars be slowly sent to the shops and painted the dark green which is common to most of our roads the officers and employees of that line felt as if they had been slapped in the face. And they appealed for a suspension of the order.

"Why not have the cars green, if it's the standard color?" you may find yourself asking. "Probably green would not be the standard if it were not the least expensive and the best wearing."

You are right. And you are wrong. Army aëroplanes are standardized. And yet upon the bottom surfaces of the wings of the great standardized flyers which we have sent overseas are sundry quaint conspicuous symbols, different one from the other. And those symbols mark morale—our corps, our squadron; or the other fellow's. It is the spirit of the good college fraternity, which without robbing alma mater of one whit of the devotion due her still raises the pride and honor of the fraternal chapter.

### Some Pointed Questions

Here then is the greatest complaint that I would make against the Railroad Administration: The standardization not merely of tickets or time-tables or freight cars or locomotives, but the attempt to standardize human beings. It cannot be done. And this particularly is true of American human beings; of American thought. We are individualists. And again this particularly is true of our business of railroading. Railroading is one of the most individual of businesses, with the largest of opportunities for initiative and enterprise.

Yet our Railroad Administration seemingly has been blind to this fundamental thing. One of its earliest acts was to attempt the abolition of the famous train names of America—the Congressional Limited, the Overland, the Twentieth Century, the Black Diamond—and to force the use of train numbers instead. That was a dangerous order. It hit morale in the face. Why call the Belle, Number Seventeen; and the Hummer, Number Eight? Why not call Jones Creek, Rivulet Number 484? Or the Inlet, Estuary Number 896? What monkey-doodle business was this that was coming out of Washington? That was what the older railroaders—the young ones too—began to ask. And the order was rescinded.

Paint the red cars green? The yellow ones too? One day I met a boy from Minneapolis down in a little hotel in Galveston.

"I'm homesick," he confided to me. "I want to go home—home to the land of the yellow cars."

And he referred to the dominating equipment of the Northwestern and the Milwaukee lines.

And why should the passenger equipment be lettered or the standardized locomotives and the cars be forced down the throats of the privately owned railroads? Or are there to be no privately owned railroads any more? Or government ownership? Or only the present makeshift plan of private ownership and government operation? But the present plan cannot continue, not at least as the law now stands. It states explicitly and beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Federal control of railroads shall not continue for more than twenty-one months following the date of the proclamation of the President of the exchange of ratifications of the Treaty of Peace.

And the President himself at the time of the taking over of the railroads said: "The common administration will be carried out with as little disturbance of the present operating organizations and personnel of the railways as possible. Nothing will be altered or disturbed which it is not necessary to disturb. . . . It is clearly in the public interest that the ordinary activities and the normal industrial and commercial life of the country should be interfered with and dislocated as little as possible."

There was nothing in Mr. Wilson's address which said a word about consolidating ticket offices or standardizing cars or engines or rates; absolutely nothing which would lead one to infer that it was necessary to scramble the railroad eggs so that possibly they might never again be unscrambled. Yet of this very thing the railroaders are to-day apprehensive. And in the bottom of their hearts they are wondering what sort of roads are to be handed back to them—twenty-one months after the ratification of the Treaty of Peace. How of the physical condition of tracks and rolling stock, of terminals, of interchange arrangements? And, what is far more important, how of the rates and the wage scales? Will Uncle Sam dare to meet popular favor and slash the rates as he hands the roads back to their private owners? And leave them to thresh the thing out as best they may, with a wage scale whose advances alone already equal that of the net operating income of the railroads in 1917? Or will he endeavor to induce his Congress to thrust the whole thing in the direction of government ownership?

The answers of these questions no man to-day knows. But one can think. And I think that the question is now fairly and squarely up to the incoming Congress. The political wiseacres of Washington already have interpreted the changed complexion of that new Congress from that of the old as a rebuke to government ownership of utilities slipped in as a war-emergency measure. They may or may not be right. But one thing fairly is assured: The new Congress will have its fat finger in the pie. And there is no conceivable event in the near future which will cause radical changes in national policy to be made—as a measure of great emergency. They will have to stand more squarely upon their merits.

### When the Roads are Handed Back

One thing more: Suppose the law remains unchanged and Uncle Sam does hand the railroads back to their former owners for operation. How will they then be operated? Shall we go back to a thousand or more separate railroads, back to forty-nine masters for them, back to the quarreling and the clamoring, the petty politics, all the national confusion that binds our carriers and prevents their development by the simple process of preventing them from properly financing themselves? I think not. I am more inclined to think that out of this chaos of hastily planned government operation we shall gain some sort of national transportation policy that will recognize the rights of the railroad patron, the railroad employee and the railroad owner; that will simplify and consolidate both operation and regulation; and that will insist that regulation carry with it responsibility.

This last point is of extreme importance. President Roosevelt recognized it in the important railroad legislation that was passed during his second term; in Taft's Administration, however, a statute was enacted which upset completely the constructive work of the Roosevelt Administration and refused to the carriers permission to raise their rates unless the initiative was taken in the Interstate Commerce Commission. With due respect to the high reputation of the Interstate Commerce Commission a more pernicious piece of legislation has rarely been enacted. The railroads in their days of greatest political power and manipulation never attempted anything half so raw as this. When the good-natured Mr. Taft had signed the act they were tied and bound. And the rates, with a few trifling exceptions, remained fixed until Mr. McAdoo, under the high powers of a war chief, raised them—from twenty-five to fifty per cent. And not only the rates but the self-financing powers of the roads also remained fixed. So it was that the properties began to deteriorate, with the direct result that when the great traffic arising from the war overseas suddenly was thrust upon them our railroads were in no physical condition whatsoever to handle it in any adequate fashion.

### Who is to be Our Moses?

Sometimes I look at the great railroad map that hangs above my desk and wonder if Fate will send us again a Hill or a Harriman—a man big enough to lead us through the vast transportation tangle in which to-day we struggle so impotently. McAdoo was an able man but he was not our Moses in this situation. Think of James J. Hill, and then you will see him not alone as a planner but as a builder. Recall that if Harriman had lived and kept his good health another five years he might have held all the mighty railroads of America in the hollow of his hand; and then understand that a man to work out our transportation salvation must have ruggedness and vitality as well as great ability even to attempt such a task.

We are not going to find our Moses easily. He perhaps may come from the ranks of present railroad executives who have for so many years made a careful study of the entire problem. But when one comes to analyze these men he finds them fearfully bound—by precedent and tradition and all the jealousies that are born of competition. He may be sitting to-day, as Harriman once sat, in the countingroom of some Wall Street banking house. Yet when one comes to consider the railroad question of to-day in all its fullest phases he must see the power of the professional banker railroader waning rather than growing stronger. He may come from the ranks of the professional politicians—but God forbid!

Yet from somewhere such a man is coming. He may advocate government ownership, or private, or a combination of the two. That is not the point. The point is that he will try to make the American public see its railroad not as greed or politics but as a vital breathing agent of its industrial life, second in importance only to its money system. And therein lies the hope.

It is not so long ago that our money system was a matter of eternal wrangling and readjustment. We lived in perpetual fears of panics and of money shortness. Yet now we have passed through the most critical financial situation of any nation and there has been no panic or money shortness. Why? Let me answer: It is because even before the war we took the money question out of politics and rancor and considered it and solved it, without bias and prejudice, purely as an economic question.

We can do the same with transportation. It is not more complicated than money. And until we do this very thing may I venture the prediction that we shall not deserve to emerge from the tangled woods of our railroad perplexities?

*This un-retouched photograph shows the excellent condition of a 34 x 5 Goodyear Solid Tire which, in service on a right front wheel—the point of hardest wear in this case—thus far has delivered 11,904 miles on unit 6 of the Chicago Motor Bus Fleet*

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

# Chosen On Their Merits

DURING eighteen months, in which the Chicago Motor Bus Company increased its original fleet of ten busses to fifty and carried 7,266,271 passengers, the executives of the concern made one of the most extensive tests of solid tires ever conducted.

And today 90 per cent of the tires on these busses, which were specially designed for solid tire equipment, is still composed of Goodyear Solid Tires. This is simply because, although the balance is always made up of other tires for purposes of direct comparison, thus far no reason has been found for changing.

Careful examination of the mileage records of the company shows that the superiority of their Goodyear Solid Tires appears in most striking contrast where the grind is the hardest: which is on the *front wheels* of their busses.

These are the *driving* as well as the steering wheels. So the tires on them bear the greatest strain, imposed by the 10,000- to 16,000-pound burdens, when sharp turns are made in traffic and when these formidable weights come to sudden stops.

Out of 342 Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires on which final records are available, two-thirds or 228 were used on front wheels and yet an average of all their mileages amounts to 9,400 per tire.

Thirty-one of these tires ran between 15,000 and 20,000 miles, eleven made scores between 20,000 and 25,000 miles, while four exceeded 25,000, including one old warrior known to actually deliver 37,665 miles.

So, noting that every motor bus is shod with six tires (duals rear) and that the fleet has traveled an aggregate of 2,301,401 miles over a 19⅝-mile circuit since March 21, 1917, it is found that nearly fourteen million tire-miles have cost less than one-half cent each.

As a result after buying all the tires used from an appropriation made for the entire eighteen months period, the company has a balance of $5,047.00.

> ***"In this test of nineteen months, we have demonstrated to our full satisfaction that your Goodyear S-V Solid Truck Tires give us a high general average mileage and a low general average mile cost per tire, and their stamina has stood up where the strain is the hardest." (Signed) W. J. Sherwood, General Superintendent Chicago Motor Bus Company.***

Records like this point to Goodyear's accomplishments in solid tire manufacture, by virtue of which Goodyear Solid Tires wear down very slowly and effectively resist chipping and shredding as well as separation from the base.

The prime advantages that accompany the employment of Goodyear S-V Solid Tires include the facilities of well-located Goodyear Truck Tire Service Stations, of which there are more than 800 in America.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

# SOLID TIRES

# THE AMERICAN ARMY

## An Interview With the Secretary of War—By Edward Hungerford

THEY said that we could not raise an army; that if we did raise it we could not transport it overseas; and that if we did transport it overseas it could not fight—and in one day it wiped out the St.-Mihiel salient. . . ."

These are not my words. They were written by the caustic and brilliant pen of a man who has been none too friendly to the present Administration at Washington or to its Secretary of War. Yet in a single sentence they tell of the triumph of an army born almost overnight from the heart of an unmilitary and peace-loving people; an army which from that historic day at Château-Thierry at the end of July, when it began to go forward, never went backward.

The head and front of the War Department still remains in that great gray structure that has housed it, together with the State and Navy Departments, for nearly half a century now. The outer office of the Secretary of War is the same grimly ornate apartment that served many of his distinguished predecessors. It really is a huge room, and a most interesting one, perhaps the most interesting thing in it the torn and faded flag which floated over Fort Sumter on the morning of that other great crisis in our national history.

### *High Army Standards*

Secretary Baker's own office is two rooms beyond this ample reception place. Between them is the comfortable and roomy office where his two private secretaries, Ralph Hayes and Stanley King, have held forth through the entire period of the war. Few folk go beyond the middle office. And yet few who have a real reason for seeing the Secretary of War are denied that privilege. But the most of these are gathered just before noon, six days a week, on the big leather chairs and divans which run round three sides of the anteroom. Then almost at precise twelve o'clock the brisk little secretary appears and gives what his staff is pleased to call a "walk round." He goes from man to man and from group to group all the way round the room, losing little time in idle greetings or formalities but coming straight to the point. He has the great faculty of being able to concentrate on the man to whom he is talking. So, though the interview be brief it almost invariably is satisfactory.

We are privileged, however. The secretary grants us an hour of his time; and at that appointed hour we find ourselves within his inner office. Greetings still are brief. Mr. Baker lights his pipe and with a half smile, which may be apology or just the reverse, sits back in his big chair and relaxes. He places his feet upon the center desk, just as country editors are sometimes wont to do. From time to time his feet come to the floor—at most of these times at the entrance of his chief of staff, Gen. Peyton C. March, who brings dispatches, brief recommendations, and the like. The response to these always is prompt, the visitor quickly gone, and the secretary—a very human fellow, always remember—again relaxes.

"Shall we begin at the beginning?" he says.

"At the very beginning."

"The problem that was presented to us," says the secretary, "was to expand a small regular army rapidly into a larger one, which would be susceptible of speedy intensive training and of early effective use in France. The first question that came to us was that of the volunteer system as against the draft. The volunteer system involved a haphazard interruption of every industry in the country, based upon the personal enthusiasm of individuals. It also involved heated campaigns with all the exertion and intensified sentiments which agitation brings. This, therefore, would have meant in every community states of mind inconsistent with the orderly progress of industrial life and the orderly development of the only sentiment which could have justified entrance into the army—patriotic devotion to the high ideals for which the nation was involved in the war.

"The draft system was based upon the universal obligation of citizenship, which is one of the fundamentals of democracy. It had the great advantage of putting the selection in the hands of the Government rather than in those of the individual, and enabled the Government to preserve the industry and commerce upon which our own military effort and that of our Allied nations rested. It had the further advantage of solving for each individual the question of his duty and leaving those who were not called to service with relatively untroubled minds, free from any convictions of false sentiment.

"The draft system having been adopted the next problem was training. The first requisite of a soldier is a sound body; the second is a sound mind. Sound bodies and sound minds both depend upon good habits, and attention to sanitation, and freedom from indulgences which weaken body and purpose. It was necessary, therefore, purely from the point of efficiency of the Army, to have it well in health, sound in morals and informed as to the purpose of the war. To accomplish these things the medical profession of the United States was organized, and the camps, cantonments and hospital facilities were made of such character as to lend themselves both to sanitation and to proper care of the sick. For the second purpose the community sentiment of America was appealed to. Every existing agency formed for the purpose of dealing with young men was used, and new ones were created, the idea being that the experience of our better colleges and high schools pointed the way—that we should separate our young men from the grosser temptations and by systems of recreation and innocent amusement make it unnecessary for them to turn for their leisure occupation to the hurtful things."

We interrupt.

We were in New York on that boisterous, never-to-be-forgotten night of the day when the cables brought the single word "Victory" to America. The lid was off and New York was celebrating as it had not before celebrated for four years, or, for that matter, in all its history. For it was election night and New Year's Eve rolled into one, and then a Yale-Harvard game or two added to make the measure overflowing. The lid was indeed off. Even the strict government ban against the serving of liquors to men in uniform was, for that night, a dead letter. Yet the number of men in the service that one saw under the influence of drink was astonishingly small. We speak of this to the secretary.

"That very night," says he, "General March and I walked along Pennsylvania Avenue from this building to the Capitol and back. Washington supposedly is a dry town, yet there were many men on that occasion who were drunk. But not one of them did I see wearing the khaki. I want to tell you," he says, "that I have had two hard years in this job, but in this thing I have my pride and my great reward.

"The response to our appeal for community sentiment across the country was immediate and universal. The churches, fraternal organizations, states, cities, and right-minded people everywhere associated themselves in the work; and the result has been that the Army of the United States is more wholesome and high-minded, in my opinion, than any other army ever assembled anywhere. The more or less uniform youthfulness has aided us. The men have realized that part of their duty as soldiers was to be efficient, and the example of their officers has stimulated them to preserve that manliness of character which is the most striking attribute of our boys both at home and abroad."

### *Getting the Boys Home*

"The last of our three great purposes, the mental attitude of the soldier, has, of course, been stimulated by the magazines and newspapers, which have reported and discussed from time to time the great state papers of the President outlining the purposes of the United States in this war. Pamphlets, books, lectures and other educational facilities we also have been able to use, and the effect of them all has been that the American Army in this war was a chivalrous enterprise. It was the rescuer of the weak and innocent who were the oppressed abroad; it went to the relief of civilization because civilization itself was menaced."

"How about the future?"

"It is known that great as will be the task of getting our Army home again that will be as nothing compared with the one of taking it overseas—in the face of a tremendous time crisis and the deadly peril of submarines. Because of this last it was necessary to employ comparatively few embarkation ports so that the convoy problem might be rendered as simple as possible. These factors do not act in the return. And it is not only possible but probable that our Army will be sent back to practically every important port upon the North Atlantic as well as some of those upon the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. From the beginning it was found entirely impracticable to march the Army or any great part of it in a single parade or a succession of parades in New York or Washington or other of our large cities. But by appointing numerous ports of disembarkation in this country many such parades—and stunning parades they will be too—may be held: at Boston, at New York, at Philadelphia, and other of our great seaports, as well as inland cities."

But it is not parades that are upon the secretary's mind just now. He is thinking rather of the larger problems and results that will come when our amazing Army returns to its hearthstones.

"In the first place," he says, "the community life of America will never settle back to its old thoughtlessness on these great moral questions. Our cities have cleaned up. Our right-thinking people have discovered that the influences for good when they are organized and earnest are stronger than the influences for evil. As a consequence many of the most obstinate evils of civic government already have been overcome, and I think permanent life in America from now on is going to be upon a higher plane because we have discovered the scientific value of recreation and of organized effort to surround the life of the young with an environment that produces wholesome, vigorous young manhood.

"Remember that our great Army has been living in highly rarefied moral atmosphere of a very few fundamental virtues. Simple in themselves, these have been the springs of army action and army thought. The complicated and confused uncertainties of everyday life have in large part been removed and the Army has had as its creed, as far as human things are concerned, the duty to be brave, the duty to be unselfish and the duty to be modest. The result is that some three million young men have had their attention sharply and exclusively concerned with these simple, homely, but fundamental virtues. For more than a year they have been living a life made up of such virtues, and when they come back into civilian occupations they cannot forget and will not lose the strength of character which has come from this experience. The whole tone of life in America will be raised by these men who come back, each of them a strengthened influence for good. They will bring with them the stories of bravery, self-denial, patience and generosity which they saw or experienced. It will be impossible for them to act as citizens less worthily than they acted as soldiers."

"You are going to bring these boys back as quickly as possible, Mister Secretary?" we venture.

Mr. Baker does not hesitate in his reply.

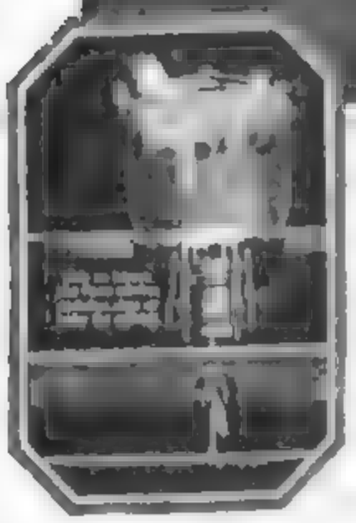
"As speedily as possible," he asserts. "We want them to take up once again their education, either in college or in their craft, and with as little interruption as is possible. The very size of the Army, however, will render it necessary to take time to accomplish its demobilization. In that time—the weeks and months between the cessation of hostilities and the actual return to the home—the American soldier must be given every possible opportunity for education, technical or otherwise."

The secretary clears his throat, stops for a moment, then says: "I want this Army to come home with its spirit unabated, its body strengthened by physical exercise and training, its mind disciplined and improved by great experience; but I want it also to come back educated, so that each man in it will have a chance to start either in his old employment or in his new occupation better fitted to succeed than he was before he gave a year or two out of his life to the service of his country."

I know what the secretary means. Henry, the night helper in the garage down at our

(Concluded on Page 49)

# FLORENCE
## OIL COOK STOVES



## Kitchen Economy

A Florence Oil Kitchen is an economy kitchen. You burn oil, using fuel only when you need it. You have no ashes to take up, or troublesome grates to wrestle with on a hot summer day.

The Florence Oil Stove is a delight to the busy housewife of today. Whatever the cooking chore, boiling, canning, or baking, the Florence is ready to do its part. By simple lever control its powerful burners give intense or simmering heat as needed. A quick flame to boil water, slow heat for stewing; turn the lever of the burner, that's all. The heat is just where you want it, close under the cooking. No smoky wicks to clean. A glass bull's eye in the fuel tank enables you to watch the oil supply. Simple, sturdy construction. So easy to operate that the bride can run it as easily as the cook of many years' experience.

The Florence Portable Oven has the baker's arch which gives even distribution of the heat. Its glass panelled door protects your baking from drafts. By the lever control of the burners under the oven you can regulate the heat for bread or sponge cake.

The Florence Water Heater means hot water when you need it. It will supply your kitchen and your bathroom. Here, too, there are no wicks to clean, perfect lever control and a bull's eye in the oil supply tank.

Call at your dealer's and see his Florence line. Or write us for full information about our Florence Oil Cook Stove and Florence Water Heater. It is gladly supplied upon request.

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*Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Portable Baking Ovens, Florence Oil Heaters*

**Made and sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Ontario**

# *And Our Boys have been enjoying them, too*

From the very beginning of the great world war—when the German horde first over-ran Belgium—DEL MONTE Products were on the scene, lending their cheery flavor and goodness to temper its bitter fare.

And how those plucky defenders of democracy have enjoyed them!

Neither the hard stress of battle nor the constant menace of death itself could stop them from telling us about their keen enjoyment of DEL MONTE.

For four long years and over they have been sending back to us by word of mouth—on scraps of paper—on the backs of DEL MONTE labels, such sincere messages of appreciation as the one reproduced above.

And so, regarding it as our great privilege to serve, we kept right on sending more—and still more DEL MONTE, until our own boys began going over there—when as much as sixty per cent of our entire pack of certain varieties was set aside for military uses.

This means that as long as our soldiers remain in Europe we at home shall have to get along with less of those particular DEL MONTE Products that they will require.

But the DEL MONTE line is very large. It covers almost every conceivable menu requirement. And there will be an ample supply of most varieties for home consumption if the patriotic housewife will lend her co-operation.

Use DEL MONTE Products as you have been doing. They are ideal conservation foods—saving wheat, meat, sugar, fats and fuel—adding delicious flavor and healthful variety to the every-day table. Only adapt your menu to such DEL MONTE varieties as your dealer has in stock. Then our heroes on the other side will continue to get their share.

**Send for our new book, "DEL MONTE CONSERVATION RECIPES OF FLAVOR." It contains many simple and economical suggestions for making the daily menu more appetizing and healthful through the use of canned fruits and vegetables. It is free. Address Dept. E.**

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

**Del Monte** CALIFORNIA CANNED FRUITS & VEGETABLES
*"The Conservation Foods of Flavor"*

(Concluded from Page 46)

corner, is but twenty-one. He has an active mind and a desire to get ahead, but until now the opportunity has been denied him. Now his Uncle Sam has given him that boon. When Henry comes back to the garage, if ever he does come back to it, it will be not as a poorly paid helper but, if you please, as an expert mechanic. He will know not alone the appearance of the gasoline motor but the scientific laws that govern its operation. For two million Henrys overseas Uncle Sam already is planning the greatest educational work that he has ever undertaken. A huge and carefully selected group of teachers is already being recruited and dispatched across the Atlantic to accomplish this very thing.

"I have no doubt," says Mr. Baker, "that this great opportunity will be embraced eagerly by our boys. An amazing number of them took abroad, in the small baggage that they were permitted to carry, algebras and Latin books in order that they might pursue by the camp fires their academic studies. But even those who have not originally had academic opportunities will now see their value, and classes are being organized to make profitable use of some of the leisure which otherwise would hang very heavily on their hands. In fact, the Army already has been a great educational institution. Many tens of thousands of boys have been taught systematically mechanical and scientific things, and a start has been made in an education which they will desire to perfect. The Students' Army Training Corps, the schools in the Army and the various schools of arms—all have had educational branches, and it is undoubtedly true, taking the Army as a whole, that apart from its military knowledge, its activity of education has been increased by as much as twenty-five to thirty per cent."

There is another problem of education that is very close to the secretary's heart. I refer to that vastly important problem of making the permanently wounded soldier physically and mentally fit for a return to the fullness of the industrial life of the nation. The desire is strong. One has but to go into any one of our hospitals to see it evidenced.

Floyd Gibbons, the Chicago newspaper man, who was so severely wounded in one of the early battles of our Army, found it in the hospital to which he was taken.

He tells the story of three wounded boys with whom he talked. Not one of them will ever be a fit or well man again, and yet every one of them faces the future with a bravery even more heroic than that with which he had faced the German machine guns.

The first of these boys has lost a leg.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" said Gibbons.

"I'm going to teach roller-skating," he grinned.

"Well, he won't have anything on me," broke in the lad who had lost his right arm. "I'm a-going to be a paper hanger."

The third man, paralyzed from his waist down, was slower in forecasting the future.

"What are you going to do?" Gibbons asked gently.

"I? Oh, don't worry about me. I'm going to be down on the porch of the village store on pleasant mornings trying to outtalk the G. A. R."

This is the spirit of our Army, the same spirit that Newton Baker found when he bent low over the bed of an American boy in a French hospital who had lost both legs and both arms.

"My lad, you surely had hard luck at the Front," said the Secretary of War.

And then, to use the secretary's own words: "He gave me a smile which has become a permanent possession with me as he said, 'Well, I am glad I have my health and strength left.'"

With a spirit such as this, vocational training for wounded men, difficult as it will be in many instances, can never become impossible. On the contrary it should be an incentive to the greatest effort.

"Of course the work of the department necessarily has been hard," Secretary Baker will tell you. "It has required long hours in dealing with vast and important problems, but I have been paid in full. In France I have seen our splendid Army singing down the road—the picture of health, elevation of spirit and wholesome manhood. I have seen these boys, whom we took from the farm and the factory, from the simple homes of America, converted into effective soldiers and manly men, winning the respect of the veteran armies of Europe and the affection and confidence of the women and children of the civil population among whom they were quartered. And already I have seen some of them discharged, as I shall see them all discharged, go back to their homes, better for having been in the Army.

"There is one particular impression which I am anxious to have the American people get, and that is the impression of the soldier who did not get abroad. Washington and the country generally have been filled with officers, some of them from the Regular Army, some of them called from civil life, who were required to stay here and so denied the opportunity to go abroad. They will wear no service stripes on their sleeves, but the service that they have been rendering was indispensable and they deserve not only the gratitude of the people of the country but a very special regard for the reason that their service was performed at the sacrifice to them of the opportunity to participate in the heroic adventure in France. This applies with equal force to the young men whom we are already demobilizing from their cantonments in this country, each of whom wanted to do his share in the trenches. These, too, are none the less parts of the great Army that has done this big thing overseas. The glory must be theirs as well. And the satisfaction and the reward."

# THE TRAIL OF THE HUN

### *News Made in Germany*

INFORMED and well educated as Americans are, the people of our interior were long misled by German lies; their inexperience of any country except our own prevented them from distinguishing between the truth and the lie. Now great regions of Central and South America are more provincial than any part of the United States. The average Latin American still believes that England started the world war, because the Germans have told him so and he has no way of getting at the truth. Even before we entered the war this propaganda was directed largely at us.

The campaign in South America is based upon a study of the people and upon the most approved theory. Our advertising men understand the value of a catch phrase. German propaganda has invented and circulated such a phrase for the United States—"El Vampiro del Continente," which scarcely needs translating into "The Vampire of the Continent." That phrase is being fired at us from every purchasable pen in the Spanish-American world.

They have applied other large principles, as, for example, the hold of Mother Spain on the imagination of South America. That accounts, as much as anything else, for the enormous efforts which the Germans have put forth in Spain. It is the fountainhead for propaganda into South America. So far as they can they give everything the cachet of Barcelona and Madrid. By attraction toward an autocratic system the nobility of the Spanish court, and in consequence the world of society in Madrid, are strongly pro-German. This fact has been wormed into the consciousness of Latin America, so that pro-Germanism is fashionable in the high society of every Latin-American country. From Spain through to South America runs a series of slanders against our public men. Going still farther, some of the falsest and most bitter pro-German organs circulating in South America bear titles which indicate—untruthfully, of course—that they are somehow official church publications.

Most of all, however, the German propagandist hammers at the Monroe Doctrine. From a benevolent measure designed to protect Latin-American freedom they have warped it into a menace of the Colossus of the North. That is the meaning behind the phrase, "The Vampire of the Continent." By pamphlets circulated wherever the Germans have penetrated, by purchased space in purchasable newspapers, by the whispering of many agents, they have inculcated into the minds of whole districts the idea that the Monroe Doctrine implies "hands off" for the rest of the world, and greedy hands on for the United States. Our interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as stated by President Wilson in his speech to the Mexican editors—a safeguard against European aggression, a pledge of nonaggression from us—the average South American knows not at all. Why should he? Possibly he first heard of the Monroe Doctrine from the Germans.

The whole tenor of German propaganda in Latin America proves that the Germans have been preparing to take more remote objectives—that they have been building for the time when Germany will attempt to seize a foothold on that continent which the Pan-German regards as a part of his inheritance.

Of the many proofs, I submit only one. In a certain Latin-American nation native school-teachers were receiving from the German propaganda fund a substantial addition to their wages, the condition being that they teach the children, in their geography and history lessons, Germanism and anti-Americanism. During the war the Germans could not cash in on that expenditure. It was a preparation for conquest in the next generation.

Doubtless German propaganda will run its course in Latin America, and the end of that liar will be worse than his beginning.

### *Pay-Roll Happiness*

NO DOUBT the happiest man on any pay roll to-day is the man who once led an active life, was then crowded into the company of the retired, and has now come back.

There is a certain man in a small town near Rochester, New York, who is thoroughly typical of this class. The active years of his life were spent in the railroad service. Middle age found him in the position of station agent, saving money each year. Then, after he had taken an active local part in a presidential campaign, he was offered the postmastership. It looked like an honor and a promotion to an easier job and better pay; so he took it. His position with the railroad was taken by a young man.

Four years later found him out, with nothing to do. Being still hale and hearty, he had no wish to remain idle, though he had saved his money and was, according to the village standards, in comfortable circumstances. But he discovered that all avenues of employment were closed to him. His savings were well invested and he did not care to risk them by starting into business at his time of life. That, he considered, would be too much of an experiment. Therefore he settled down to a life of irksome leisure, slightly relieved by his garden and lawn.

Once, when the work at the station was heavy, he had looked forward to the time when he could take it easy; now he knew that loafing was a hard job. When the war broke out and a shell plant opened in Rochester the village postmaster made a personal investigation of the work. Being convinced that he could run a machine, he promptly applied for a job.

To-day this man is not only making as much as he received as station agent but he has the joy in his work of one who has come back. He watches the clock—not for quitting time but for the moment when he can begin his shift. The son of this ambitious shell worker, who is more than sixty years old, says:

"My father is more interested in his work at the shell plant than the average office boy is in a National League game. He wants to start for the shop about an hour before he should, and he is restless for two hours before he takes his lunch bucket and leaves. About all he wants to talk about is the way things are going at the shop, and how this or that man is coming on. If he owned the place he could hardly be more interested in it. At first I feared that the work might be too hard for him. Instead, it is proving a means of renewing his youth."

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The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford

Consider, then, that by the simple act of mailing the coupon below, and at your convenience forwarding $2 (a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown) not only may you have before you at this important season, Vogue's great special Fashion Numbers, but all through the Spring and the early Summer the numbers that follow them.

Here Are Your Nine Numbers:

Ten, if you mail the coupon now

*Lingerie Number — Jan. 1
The most daring and intimate of the Parisienne's thoughts on Lingerie, the latest Fifth Avenue originations in Lingerie, lace accessories

Southern Number — Jan. 15
Where to go and what to wear in the South, the first hint of the new silhouette

Forecast of Spring Fashions — Feb. 1
The earliest authentic news of the spring mode

Spring Millinery — Feb. 15
Hats you can fashion—the best from the Ateliers

Spring Patterns — Mar. 1
The most wearable textiles and patterns to use with them

Paris Openings — Mar. 15
The most daring of the Paris openings, thoughts for spring

Spring Fashions — Apr. 1
Final authority on Spring gowns, suits, lingerie and [illegible]

Brides' Number — Apr. 15
The important issue of the year, but the last word in [illegible]

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes — May 1
First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means

Summer Homes and Hostesses — May 15
Everything for the hostess who will not tolerate mediocrity

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Don't bother to enclose a check, or even to write a letter. The coupon below will do and is easier and quicker. With one stroke of the pen you will solve your entire clothes problem. By mailing the coupon you are, for the next three seasons, assured valuable and new ideas and insured against costly failures.

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WE will start your subscription with one of the first copies off the press of our Lingerie Number, thus giving you *ten numbers of Vogue instead of nine, if your order is received in time.

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is an event with the amusement-loving public of the land. In these PATHÉ Serials theatre-goers have learned to expect Romance of a high order; Adventure such as keeps the heart young; Thrills that make the pulse beat faster; and Suspense that makes every beholder wonder what's coming next.

"The Lightning Raider" has those qualities in generous quantities. It will lift you out of your surroundings, cause you to forget the dull prosiness of everyday life, and each week make you eager for the next installment. It's a picture for the *whole* family!

Leading theatres will show the opening chapters in January. *Ask* the manager of your favorite theatre for the date on which the first episode will be shown.

*Produced by* ASTRA *Written by Bertram Millhauser*

*Directed by Geo. B. Seitz*

*Watch for Coupon offer in next week's Saturday Evening Post*

PATHÉ SERIAL

# PATHÉ NEWS

NOT a newspaper, not a magazine—yet it has the largest circulation in the world.

Its circulation results from its phenomenal popularity; it now resumes the name under which it achieved that popularity.

It is a motion picture. It has educated more persons to a fondness for the Silent Drama than everything else put together. Eight years ago, when the word "movies" was used in contempt, statesmen, diplomats, famous writers, big business men, were wont to steal quietly into the motion picture theatres where it was showing. Through it the uneducated were taught the personalities of the great men of the world; through it they visited the distant cities of the earth; by it they were broadened, educated; ceased to be provincial and came to know the peoples of other lands. It became synonymous with the best in motion pictures. Now it resumes the name under which it became famous—

## PATHÉ NEWS

It is shown twice a week in the best motion picture theatres everywhere. Just as it was the *first* of all motion picture news weeklies, so it always has been and now is, the *best*. Twenty-two years of successful picture making are behind it.

*Twenty Million Persons See Every Issue*

If your favorite theatre does not show it, you have the right to know the reason why!

Vice-President and General Manager

DELICIA

"THE NAME TELLS"

# Exquisite Meat Delicacies Cooked the Home Way

NOW come new food delights that are made as you would have them—package meats that are *all* meat, extra delicious and with a natural home-like flavor hitherto unknown in ready-for-the-table foods.

Delicia Meat Delicacies have attained the realization of a great ideal—the determination to produce table delicacies for thousands with the same care, skill and quality that the housewife employs in preparing foods for one home.

## Leadership in Less Than Three Years

The start was made less than three years ago. Today Delicia meats stand first in many thousands of homes because of their supreme goodness. This accomplishment has been possible through concentration on one product—package meats. We make nothing else.

These delicacies are prepared under the personal direction of Frederick G. Baker, food purveyor for 22 years. His experience and the policies upon which he conducts the Delicia Kitchens are your assurance of super-quality.

Before offering Delicia meats to the home, rigid standards of quality were established. Only the choicest cuts of meat, purest whole spices (which we grind ourselves) and fine vegetables were accepted. Delicia recipes were perfected after months of testing and experimenting. We eliminated meat waste by close trimming. We ruled against meat substitutes and the removal of meat juices.

## Home Cooking Ideals in Delicia Kitchens

The Delicia trade-mark is the symbol of supreme excellence. It means that the foods that bear it are cooked and packed in their original juices and that no substitutes of any kind have been used. It means the utmost in quality and appetizing flavor. It means economy, for Delicia meats are *all* meat. You do not pay for bone, gristle or surplus fat.

Try Delicia Meat Delicacies today. Be sure you get the blue and white striped package with the red triangle. Buy these dainties by name—insist on Delicia.

FREDERICK G. BAKER, Food Specialist
BAKER PACKING COMPANY
CHICAGO

*United States Food Administration License G-07944* (1)

# THE LOBSTER AND THE WISE GUY

(Continued from Page 7)

"Fine!" said Master Stanley, scribbling away. "Antique effect; that'll look great!" And he gave her a glance which seemed to say: "And so do you look great—and no antique effect either; take it from me!"

"Now the drawing-room," she said, stepping through the first doorway; "I'm going to have the walls in crushed velours. So that needn't bother you. But the ceiling—Mrs. Wollman wants that done in very restrained, delicate colors with cupids and flowers. Do you think you're up to that?"

"Cupids and flowers? Sure thing!"

"You must let me know when you start, though. I don't want cupids that look as if they had the dropsy—fat, wooden-faced things!"

"Mine never look like that," he told her confidentially. "Mine have such speaking expressions that the moment you see them up there on the ceiling you'll know whether they've just been smelling roses or lilies—or onions ——"

At that rude jest, delivered in impressive undertone, Mary laughed for the first time in months—though of course he didn't know that; and emboldened by his success he said: "Wait a moment, please, Miss ——"

"Miss Mallon"

"Wait a moment, please, Miss Mallon. We ought to have music to this. I'll start the phonograph."

He went upstairs two steps at a time, and from above came the sound of doors opening and shutting behind him. Presently she heard a chorus of cheerful greeting.

"O—ho," thought Mary, "he's been up there before; and they like him too. But why do I hear them so plainly? Oh, sure, the windows are open."

"Bona nota, compradres," Stanley was saying upstairs, "Signoras Caruso, Marconi, Garibaldi—maestros of the golden tongues—you get me, Steve? Sure you get me! Listen now! Downstairs—you understand?—down-a-stair is a lovely young signorita—a peacherina de la peacherissimo. A what you call in Italy a pee-pin, yes? Vive l'Italia! Leesten, compradres, I want you to sing for her, and after a while I'll bring her in so you can see her. And if she isn't the prettiest, sweetest little Americano you've ever seen in all your lives I'll let each one of you take a trowelful of plaster and fill every chink in my head. What you say, old sports? Is it a bet?"

"Sure, sure, a bet!"

"All right; come on now! Let's have the Sextette first. La-da-de-da-da—da-da. All together now!"

A bass voice sounded, a passionate tenor swirled into the lead, and before Mary had caught her breath the Sextette was in full cry. A minute later Stanley had rejoined her downstairs, his laughing eyes fixed upon her more admiringly than ever. Mary felt her heart do a funny trick, though you wouldn't have suspected it if you had seen the innocent way she looked at him. But when they finished the first floor and started for the rooms above she felt her color rising as they approached the place where the plasterers sang at their work.

"Wouldn't it be great," she couldn't help thinking, "if one of the men did take a trowelful of plaster and make a bee line for him!"

A thought, this, which not only brought the aforesaid color to her cheeks but brightened her eyes as well, and gave to her manner a shy appeal which I can only describe as charm. And when at last she stepped into the presence of the plasterers, looking more like a demure little saint than anything else I can think of—a demure little saint who had hidden the keys of heaven from old Saint Peter—there wasn't a workman there who didn't smile more or less gently down his nose—nor one who filled his trowel with plaster and made a bee line for Stanley's head.

At last they came to the final room, and somehow or other they both seemed to take their time there, starting a lame argument on the comparative merits of light lilac and French gray. Toward the end Stanley must have caught a friendly something in Mary's manner, for he suddenly found the nerve to say: "Do you know what I wish? I wish this was a cathedral instead of a house. Then instead of painting cupids I'd soon be painting angels. . . . And do you know who every angel would look like?"

If Mary had been a little less startled she would surely have stopped him. But all she could do was to stare, and wonder whether the trees outside would begin turning somersaults next or whether the singing plasterers would first come flying out with butterflies' wings and crests like cockatoos?

"Oh, I know you'll think I'm raving," said Stanley earnestly. "And I know you can't help wondering whether I speak like this to every girl I meet. But don't you think it for a moment! I'm mighty private, I am, and I've always had in mind exactly the sort of girl I wanted to meet some day. And say—the moment I saw you turning in from the road I said to myself: 'I do believe she's coming!' Isn't that funny? Isn't that —— Oh, I don't know—it's you!"

He had grown so earnest that now and then he could hardly speak for stuttering.

"At first," he continued, "I was scared you might be engaged—or married even—though somehow I was pretty sure you weren't married. You looked too—too —— Oh, I don't know—you looked too rosebuddy, if you know what I mean. I know what I mean, even if I can't say it. And when you took your gloves off and I saw you weren't engaged either I said to myself: 'Jimmy, old scout'—that's me—James J. Stanley—'I can give you all sorts of references—'Jimmy, old scout,' I said to myself, 'you've waited a good many years to find her, and now that you've found her don't be a fool and lose her. Let her know the way you feel, even if it chokes you.' And that's the way I feel. As G-g-god is my judge, that's the way I feel!"

He stopped to mop his forehead.

"Of course I d-d-don't expect you to fall in my arms or anything like that," he concluded. "I'm n-n-not exactly a fool, even if you think I'm talking like one. But I do want you to let us be friends, and when you get to know me the way I want you to know me—we—we'll furnish a little house somewhere for our own two selves; and, take it from me, you won't find any fat-fat-fat-faced cupids on the ceilings either!"

Which was of course downright anticlimax; but he must have worked himself to concert pitch again, because after they had returned to New York and had gone to dinner and the movies together Mary finally left him at the door of Number 710 and went upstairs in a sort of beautiful daze.

"Some kiss!" she murmured, flopping down on the sofa in the attitude of utter helplessness. "Some—kiss!"

### VII

WHEN Mary reached The Little Shoppe on the Avenue next morning she found Warren already there, looking more frowningly thoughtful than she had ever seen him. Moreover, as soon as he saw her he did a strange thing. He beckoned her into his private office and closed the door behind them.

"What do you suppose I did yesterday?" he asked.

Just behind the frilly front of her waist Mary felt a queer feeling that wasn't far from hysteria, and she had a queer temptation to retort—in a muffled voice: "What do you suppose I did yesterday?" But of course she didn't. She simply stood there looking as innocent as any child, and finally she said: "What did you do?"

"I signed a twenty-year lease for this whole building!"

It was the first time in years that he had taken a step of importance without talking it over with her. But somehow that morning Mary didn't seem to care. If anything she felt relieved. When your heart is humming the Sextette, for instance, you are only dimly interested in those who cannot sing.

"Ten—thousand—dollars—a—year," she heard him saying

That brought her almost reluctantly to earth. As a rule she wasn't good at figures, but ten thousand dollars had a noble sound and she felt that she must say something appropriate to the occasion.

Now it had been one of the charms of The Little Shoppe on the Avenue that it was situated in an old-fashioned dwelling—a homelike gem of bygone architecture when folks weren't afraid to have bay windows and gable ends. The upper floors had been rented as bachelor apartments, chiefly to old-fashioned gentlemen who wished to be near their clubs. But partly because the supply of old-fashioned gentlemen was running short and partly because the clubs were moving uptown, the apartments had lately been vacant more often than not.

"What are you going to do with the rooms upstairs?" asked Mary.

"That's what I want to talk to you about. They're the loveliest rooms—high ceilings, real old chandeliers, very dignified and all that. I've been thinking we could turn each room into a model—every piece of furniture for sale of course—and make a specialty of antiques or Oriental rugs—something with plenty of money in it—I don't care what. But the main idea is to dress each room like—like a manikin at a fashion show—and sell the whole thing complete—decorations and all."

They went upstairs, and though she still looked as innocent as any child that ever lived Mary could almost smell plaster and hear the far-off echoes of a heavenly choir. The day before yesterday she would have asked nothing better than to be in those deserted rooms along with Warren, feeling that she was helping to build his future, and taking her pleasure in his attentive smiles. But to-day she walked away from him more often than toward him; and once when she felt that he was about to take her arm to lead her into the next room she took a quick step forward and left his fingers closing on empty air.

He didn't think much of that.

"Look here," he said, "you aren't angry, are you, because I didn't tell you about this before?"

"Angry?" she gently laughed. "Why should I be?"

He didn't think much of that either; and he gave our Mary a look which seemed to say: "Is this the cat that was the kit when I left home for Baws-ton?"

And, truth to tell, Mary was well worth looking at that morning. Her eyes were deep and smiling; her cheeks were pearls in a sunset; her lips were curved in a whimsical line, as though they were thinking of pleasant, private things, both past and still to come. Warren suddenly found it advisable to blow out his cheeks and to frown to himself with extra concentration.

"Careful—careful—careful!" whispered Old Man Mind Your Eye.

Which after all was good advice; for when a man has just signed a twenty-year lease for a ten-thousand-dollar building and is confronted with the immediate problem of making it pay, it is certainly no time for him to start Maying in the shade of the whisp'ring trees.

Fortunately, however, this was advice which didn't apply to Mary at all. She had hardly returned downstairs, for instance, when Master James J. Stanley came charging in, with his curly hair and his barrellike chest, to get the tints for the Wollman contract; and if you had been there you might have noticed that when he went away Mary was wearing a rosebud in the frilly front of her waist.

Not only that but she had hardly reached home in the evening when Master Jimmy came charging forward again to take her to dinner and a show. In the lobby of the theater a stout, loudly breathing gentleman jostled against Mary twice—twice, but no more. On the second occasion Jimmy's hand was on the jostler's shoulder like a hodful of bricks.

"Pardon me," he said; "a little more careful, please."

The loudly breathing gentleman turned in a pet, but when he saw the blue lightning in Jimmy's eyes and that barrellike curve of his chest he grew quite affable and chatty.

"Quite unconscious of it, I assure you," he said. "I beg the lady's pardon with all my heart."

"Quite all right," said James; and then—and not till then—he moved his hand from the other's shoulder.

It was a quiet little interlude. If you had been six feet away you wouldn't have heard it. But, oh, the thrill of pride that swept over Mary, and the protective manner in which James J. Stanley squired her round for the rest of the evening!

In short, it was a busy June for all concerned—and a busier July. By the first week of August, Warren had gone into debt nearly twenty-five thousand dollars, buying stock and making improvements; and Jimmy had succeeded in persuading Mary that the sooner the better.

The ceremony took place at the Little Church Around the Corner, and a flabbergasted Warren acted as congregation, witness, best man and bridesmaid. But as the happy pair rolled away in their taxi, en route for Atlantic City and Niagara Falls, Warren—that wise young man—began to feel more like himself again.

"Another man married—another dead one!" he thought, smiling sourly after the vanishing taxi. "Oh, well, it's just as I always said—the more lobsters there are the easier it is for the wise guys."

From down the street a newsboy came running, apparently excited to a frenzy by the violence of his own cries. As he rushed past Warren the latter caught a glimpse of the headline:

"GREAT BRITAIN NOW DECLARES WAR"

"Confound the war!" thought Warren. "Still—I don't see how it's going to affect the decorating business."

### VIII

THE longer I live the larger looms the thought that the law of gravitation and the law of retribution are brother and sister, each working night and day to keep things the way they were meant to be since first this world began to spin.

My story started, you remember, with Mary passing a sleepless night because Warren was keeping her guessing; but the war hadn't been going a year when Mary was made, oh, so happy!—while now it was Warren's turn to lie staring up into the dark at night wondering whether his sweetheart, Success, was going to hand him a kiss or a kick on the morrow.

If I were a simple historian I would tell you here the full story of The Little Shoppe's struggles against the war; but it would be a mournful chapter of history; and, besides, I have nearly come to a riddle which I am anxious to ask you.

For the first year Warren hardly took in money enough to meet his pay roll. He had to borrow his rent from the bank. To make things worse, Mary left him for an immemorial reason, which presently materialized into a pink-faced cherub with tight curly hair like its dad's.

For the second and third years The Little Shoppe just about broke even; and didn't it miss the help of Mary in those two years!

Along in the fourth year there was another marked slump in business, and then two very simple things happened—each taking place as quietly and inexorably as water freezes on a bitter-cold night.

First: The bank petitioned for a receiver for Warren's business, and after the stock was sold he went back to his old position at Bolton & Sons'.

Second: Acting under the authority given him by the draft law, General Crowder reached out and tapped Warren on the shoulder. To win success he had carefully refrained from having dependents. To win success he had carefully avoided taking a wife. Wherefore General Crowder now reached forward and tapped his shoulder, saying: "Come, Warren, come!"

And Warren went. Not joyfully, and not as though to a feast, but thoughtfully—thoughtfully—thoughtfully Warren went.

And this is one of the things that made him think. Before leaving for camp he called on Mary. Ostensibly he had some furniture in his room that he would like to give her if she wanted it, but in reality he was feeling so horribly lonesome and woebegone that he simply had to call on someone; and Mary's was the only place he knew where he'd be sure of a welcome.

Her house was in the suburbs—a gem, as you can imagine, of the purest ray serene. All those things of which she had dreamed were hers at last. There were two children, a boy and a girl. The girl, the younger, took an immediate fancy to the late proprietor of The Little Shoppe, holding out its arms and saying "Goo!"—which is a mighty significant remark in baby language. Mary let Warren hold it, and as he held the baby and felt its tiny fingers playing with his ear he and Mary looked at each other—looked at each other solemnly and thoughtfully, though neither spoke a word.

A little while later Jimmy came charging in, and Warren stayed for dinner. And such a dinner! The kind of roast and gravy that you never get at a restaurant, and a lemon-meringue pie that Mary had made herself. Then after the children had been put to bed, which was one of the happiest

(Concluded on Page 56)

# WAR and The F-W-D Adapts Itself

WHEN the Great War came in 1914 the F-W-D four-wheel-drive principle was forging its way into the front ranks of the best truck fleets in the country.

War swept the entire production of F-W-D Trucks into the tide of supplies bound to the West Front.

War tested the F-W-D in four years as it could not have been tested in a lifetime of industrial service.

And though thousands of F-W-D Trucks have flowed in a continuous stream to the other side, rendering service on good roads and shell-torn trails up to the battle lines, War has made no change in F-W-D construction.

The F-W-D Truck, demonstrated beyond question, today turns from winning the victories of War to winning the victories of Peace.

# PEACE

# Principle
## to All Hauling Conditions

Every war-tested F-W-D advantage has a direct application and value in your hauling:

Driving power front and rear—every wheel a driving wheel; power transmitted to both axles by the F-W-D center differential—investigate this great feature; tire economy; load weight distribution—45% on front axle, 55% on rear axle, prolonging the life of the mechanism.

If you do not know your local F-W-D representative, write us. We will put you in touch with him. He stands ready to demonstrate and prove the notable superiority of F-W-D four-wheel-drive construction. Dealers: Wire us concerning available territory.

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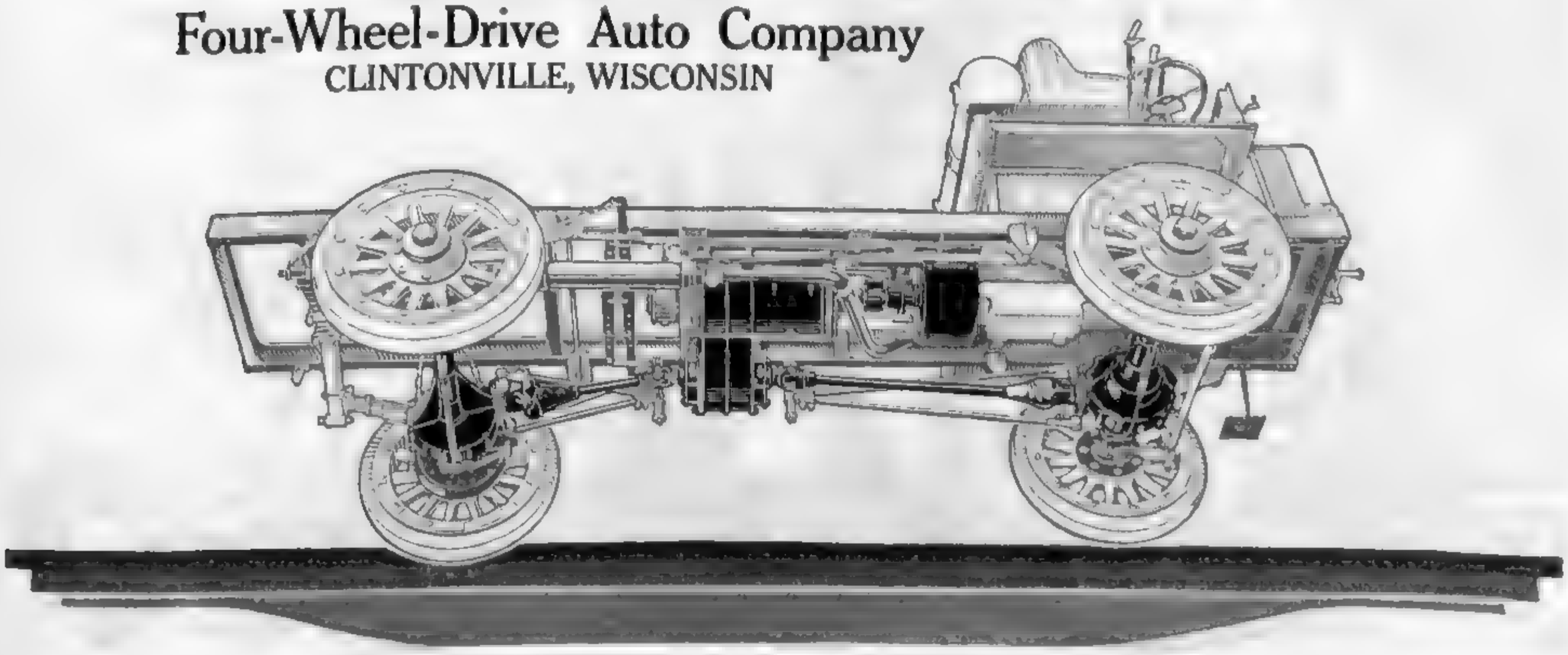

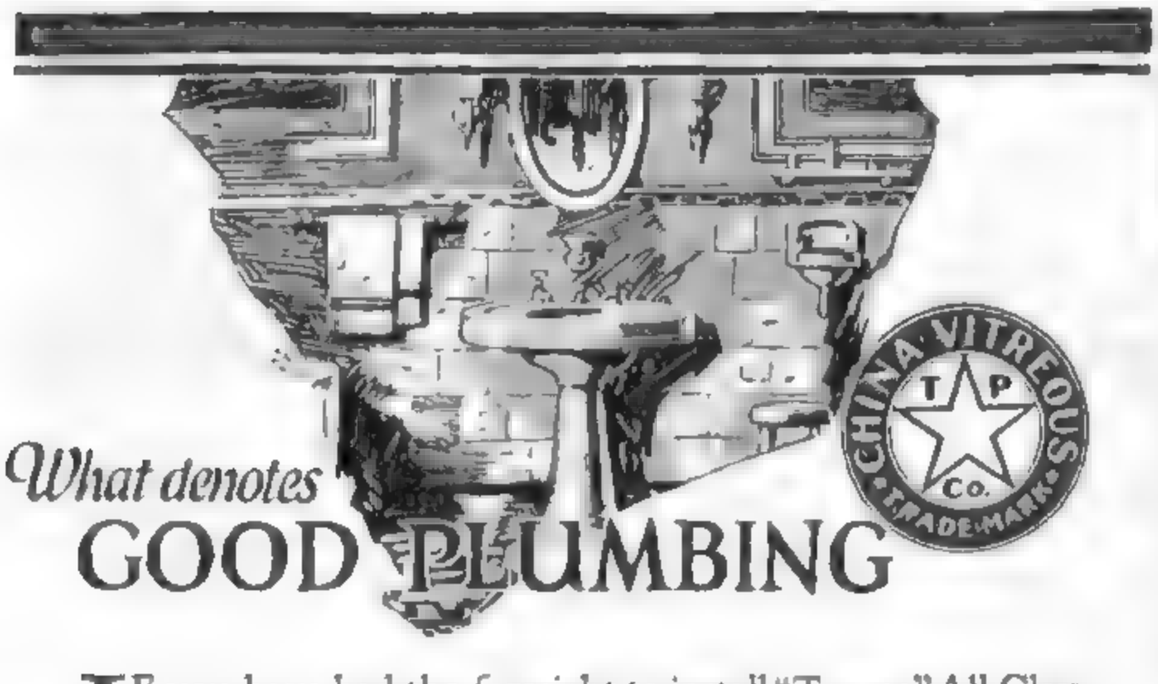


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*(Concluded from Page 53)*

little ceremonies ever witnessed, they sat and talked in front of the fire—Jimmy in slippers and smoking jacket and Mary smiling and knitting and chatting like the little queen she had always been.

For a time Warren held up his end of the conversation, but bit by bit he grew quieter and quieter—till suddenly he jumped up and said in a tremendously cheerful voice: "Well, folks, I must be going!"

Seeing that he meant it, and perhaps seeing more than I have told you, Mary shook hands with him and wished him good by—and good luck—a wish which had the strange effect of making Warren blow his nose very hard. Whereupon old Jimmy came charging forward, his hair as tight and curly as ever, his hand extended for a powerful shake.

"Well, good by, old man!"

"Good by! Good by!"

Which brings me to my riddle: As they stand there, those two, shaking hands—the lobster and the wise guy—I wonder if you can tell me which is which?

# Sense and Nonsense

### *The Unknown Dead*

*THEY loved the English hedgerows*
*And scented English lanes;*
*They loved the sunlight on their downs*
*And the soft English rains.*
*And now—they sleep in Flanders*
*Or where the sad Marne flows,*
*A bleak white cross above their heads;*
*Their names—ah, no one knows!*

*They loved the life of London,*
*With lights that gleamed like pearls,*
*And theaters and taverns*
*And rosy English girls.*
*Their youth was a brief glory*
*That sped too swiftly by;*
*They left their schools and cricket*
*And came out here—to die.*

*And some were shining poets,*
*And some were simple boys*
*Who loved the Surrey fields and all*
*Substantial English joys.*
*From Eton and from Oxford,*
*From many an English town*
*They came to save a world from shame*
*And lay their young lives down.*

*In some celestial garden*
*Perhaps they sit to-day*
*And laugh as they once loved to laugh,*
*Play as they used to play.*
*'Tis we who weep for young lads gone;*
*But they—they are not dead,*
*Though simple crosses stand above*
*Each brave young English head.*

*They loved, and are contented*
*On windy wastes to sleep.*
*Yet when the English daisies*
*Begin to smile and creep,*
*Pluck them and take them over*
*To many a lonely grave;*
*For they loved English flowers,*
*These young, and bright, and brave.*

*—Charles Hanson Towne.*

### *The Proper Classification*

TWO negro volunteers, newly inducted into the service, met in a barracks and proceeded to get acquainted.

"Say," inquired the smaller, "whut wuz you w'en you wuz out in civil life?"

"Me? I wuz a lion tamer."

"You wuz a w'ich?"

"I wuz a lion tamer—I broke lions fur a livin'—tha's whut!"

"Is dat so? Tell me, how does you tame a lion?"

"It's very simple," stated the big man. "Fust, you picks out yore lion—I 'most ginelly always picks me out a wild one. Den you open de cage do' and jump inside and slam de do' behine you. Course de lion he come at you wid all his teeth showin'. You waits ontwell he's right on you, and den you bust 'im crost de nose wid a iron bar or somethin'. Den you holds him by de power of de human eye whilst you backs him into a corner; and den you twist his jaws open wid yore hands and you grab a-holt of his tongue and drag him round de cage a few times, and kick him in de ribs a few times—jest to show him who's de boss. And after dat you tames him down and teaches him a few tricks, seeh as jumpin' over a pole and lettin' you stick yore haid down inside his mouth—and so fo'th and so on. I uster git a hund'ed dollahs a week fur bein' a lion tamer."

"Say, nigger," quoth the little darky, "you ain't no lion tamer—you're a lyin' scoundrel!"

### *The True Mountain Spirit*

NOWHERE does patriotism flame higher than in the Southern mountains. A Kentucky hillman left his sunny corn patch and his moonshiny private still and walked down into the lowlands to bid farewell to his lanky son, who had heard the call of his country and had enlisted, and now was bound for oversea service.

"Son," quoth the old man, taking the younger in his arms, "I fit four year agin the Union, but I'm reconciled now; and I'm proud to see you wearin' the uniform of the Federal Gover'mint. You'll be sailin' fur furrin parts soon; and when you git there I want you to remember whut you owe to yore flag and country.

"And, son, ef you run into one of them there Germans don't show him no mercy. Shoot him down like he was a revenue officer!"

### *With Faint Praise*

A MAN gave up a job in Philadelphia to take a place as manager of a big manufacturing plant in a small but acutely active industrial city near Pittsburgh, where several hundred freight trains a day thundered back and forth just under his bedroom windows, where the soot descended in showers and where a resident who did not carry cinders in the corners of his eyes did not look natural. Power for most of the shops in town was derived from the adjacent falls of a narrow but rushing river.

After he had been in his new berth a short while the local Commercial Club gave a dinner in his honor. At a suitable moment the guest of the evening rose to respond to the toast, "Our Town!" And this was what he said, and no more:

"Oh, beautiful city by the dam!
Oh, city!
Oh, beautiful!
Oh, dam!"

### *Real Literature*

HE WAS very black; and in his khaki he looked like coffee and chocolate ice cream. After eating a hearty meal in the American Red Cross canteen at —— he sat down, with a book, near the counter. The kind-hearted directress looked once or twice in his direction and was surprised to see big tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Why, now this will never do!" she said kindly. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

He dug his knuckles into his eyes and replied:

"I sholy am ashamed to make a baby outen myself, ma'am. This yer book done make me so homesick!"

She picked up the book he had been reading. It was the canteen cookbook; and it was open at the section on How to Fry Chicken.

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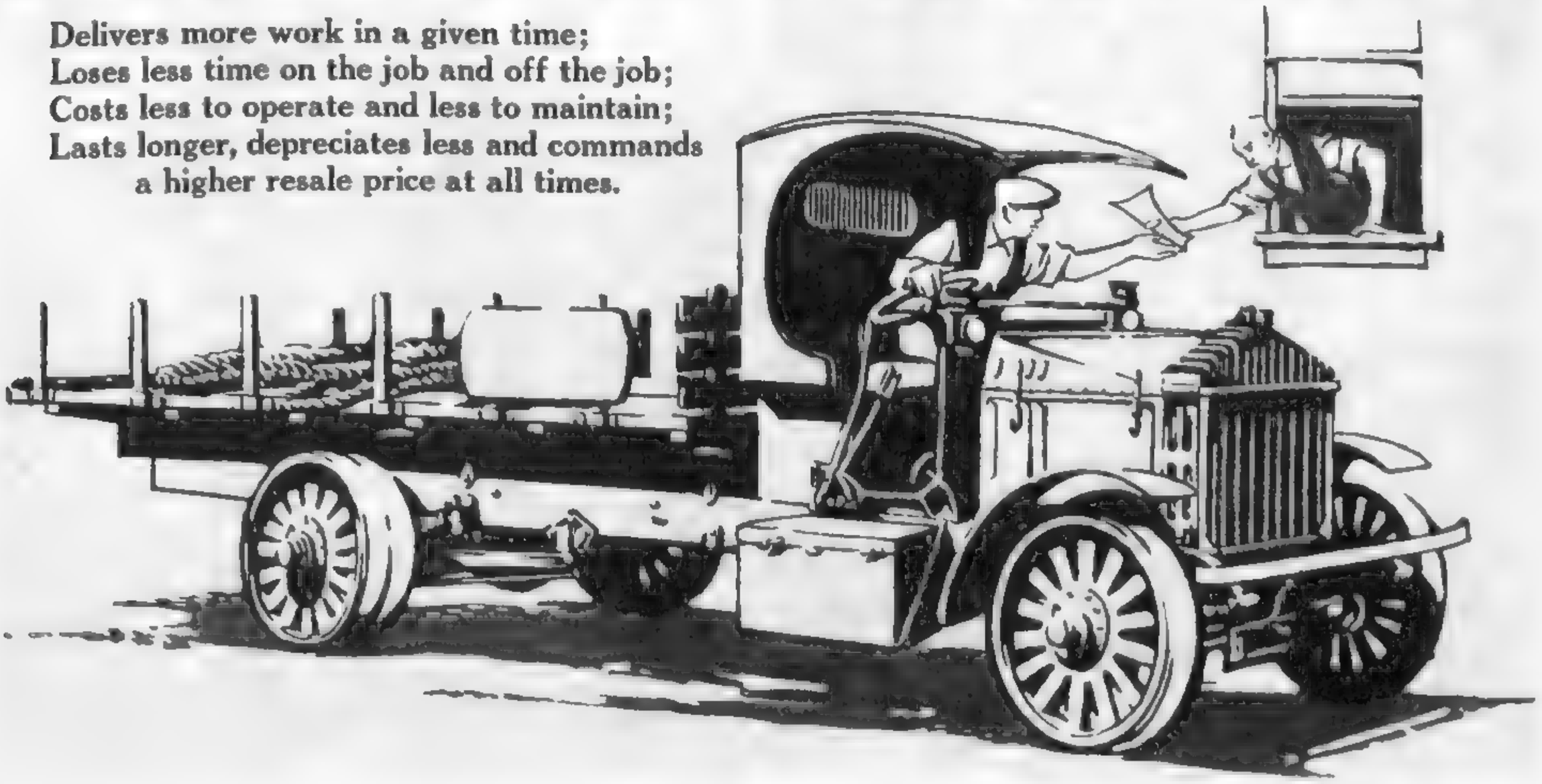


Mince Meat Gems

Oatmeal Cookies with Mince Meat Filling

# Mince Pie

*"Like Mother Used to Make"*

is only *one* of the good things that can be made with

# NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

**The New Recipes on this page** tell just how to use None Such Mince Meat in several temptingly delicious ways. These recipes will appeal to the housewife who enjoys serving those little "surprise" dishes which are at once new and enticing.

Mince Meat Jelly for Dessert

**Mince Meat Gems**—Make a pie crust dough. Use gem pans, grease top and as usual. Roll dough moderately thick, line well greased gem pan with dough in the same manner as for pie, fill with Mince Meat thickened with flour. Make a covering of dough. Serve hot.

**Oat Meal Cookies with Mince Meat Filling**—*Cookies:* 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 2 cups oat meal, 3 cups flour, ½ cup milk, and 1 teaspoon soda. *Filling:* Mince Meat—2 cups, 1 cup water. Boil till thick and spread between cookies

**Mince Meat Jelly for Dessert**—1 package jelly powder (either lemon or orange), nuts and Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and cherry in center

**Mince Meat Sandwiches**—Cut slices very thinly. Make a filling of Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimentos. Use crisp lettuce leaf

**Mince Meat Relish**—Mix Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

**Mince Meat Croquettes**—Mix Mince Meat with egg and bread crumbs sufficient to stiffen, salt to taste. Bake in gem pans 30 or 25 minutes

**Mince Meat Salad**—Mince Meat, oranges, grapes, maraschino, celery and marshmallows. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf

**Tomato Stuffed with Mince Meat**—Scoop out tomato. Mix Mince Meat, green pepper and onion. Mix (1) Mince Meat, celery, green pepper and onion. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve after chilled, on plate garnished with parsley

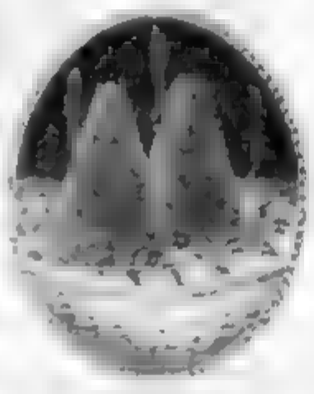
**Mince Meat Dressing for Duck or Other Game**—Make dressing in the usual way, add 1 package None Such Mince Meat, and add more apples and celery to suit individual taste

*Note*—For all these recipes use None Such Mince Meat prepared in the same manner as for Mince Pie, according to the directions on the package.

*Try other Recipes printed on None Such package*

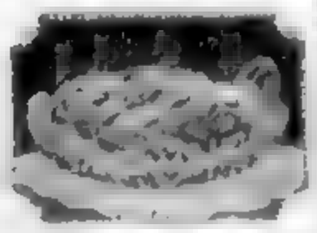
**Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.**

Mince Meat Sandwiches

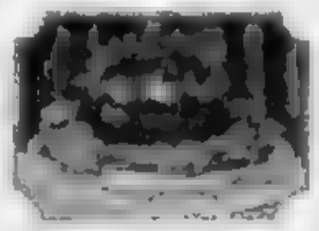


Mince Meat Croquettes

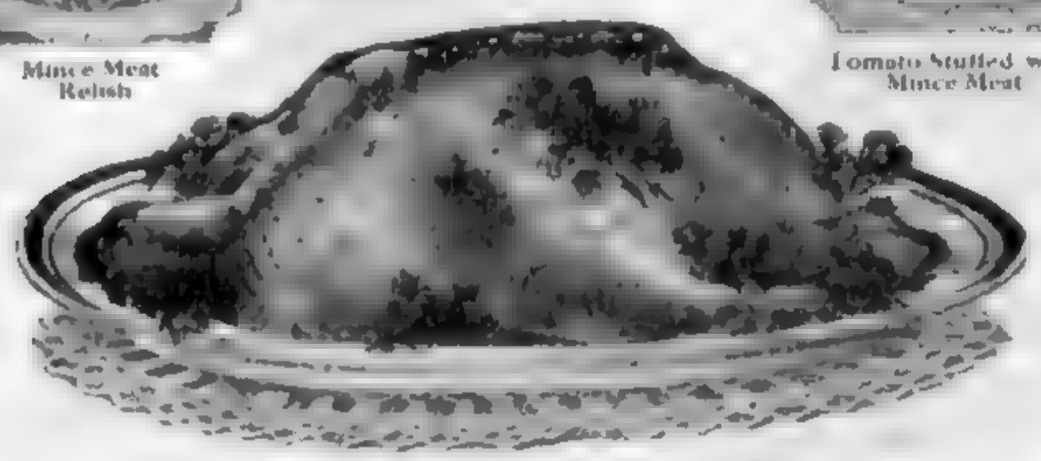
Mince Meat Salad



Mince Meat Relish



Tomato Stuffed with Mince Meat



Mince Meat Dressing for Duck or Other Game


# NEW MEN FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 13)

This chute is located in a large building known as the classification barracks. All enlisted personnel enter in single file. Each man carries in his hand the report of the disability board that has examined him, which states his name, number, army unit, the nature of his disability and whether it existed before or after he entered the Army, his classification—that is, whether he is Class B or C—and the nature of the duty recommended for him by the board. He is now handed a sheet of paper—an inspection slip—which contains an itemized list of what will happen to him on his journey down the chute. As these things happen they are checked off.

First of all the man is registered, after which he passes on to a desk where he can take out war-risk insurance and rearrange the allowance and allotment for his family. If he has no insurance already this formal reminder is likely to equip him with a policy. Next comes an examination for disease. After physical examination is the vocational classification. In front of the examining sergeant is what is known as the index of occupation, a large chart which contains the list of every job that the average man can hold. Each one has a number. The three most common occupations are Factory Worker, which is Number one; Farmer, which is Number two; and Laborer, which is Number three. Each man is required to give his life history in terms of work. It includes the last firm that employed him, its address, the kind of work he did, the wage he received, whether he exercised authority or leadership, how long he worked, and also a list of any other jobs or occupations that he may have had. Included of course is the usual personal information.

All these facts are written on a large card technically known as qualification record. At the top of this card is a scale of numbers corresponding to every one of these major occupations on the index of occupations. Just as soon as this card is filled out a red marker is put over the number indicating the man's qualifications for work. In the case of a motor mechanic it would go over Number twenty-four, which happens to be the index number for this particular job. When the cards are filed the assignment officer can see at a glance how many men he has available for every job.

### *Army Good Nature*

The qualification record filled out, our man now continues his journey down the chute. The next station is the pay department. Many men leave hospital without a cent. In order that they have some pocket money each man is given an advance of $7.50 on his pay. After financial needs are met assignment is made to companies by physical qualifications. This means that all B-1 men would be put in one group. Each man is given a barrack bag, which he presents at a miniature department store, where it is filled with clean underwear, socks, field shoes, razor, toothbrush and paste, and the daily ration of tobacco. Adjoining is a bathroom, where with soap and towel provided at the equipment counter he cleans himself from head to foot. As a final touch he can if he so desires end this overhauling journey by sitting down in an American barber chair in a sanitary barber shop and have his hair cut or his face shaved before emerging.

Now you can understand what I meant when I said that more than one soldier has believed that the chute process was a dream. Despite its thoroughness exactly twelve hundred men have been classified in these barracks in a single day. The moment that the man emerges he is marched off to the barracks and put in charge of a noncommissioned officer who issues a travel order which indicates his destination. From a location slip he knows for the first time that he is to go to Salvage Depot X, let us say, and that he is to start at eight o'clock the next morning. In the meantime he has an opportunity to stretch his legs, listen to a band composed of temporarily unfit soldiers, or even watch a boxing bout, which is one of the great entertainment features every evening. In summer a baseball game is one of the daily diversions.

This human-salvage station is a mine of incident that reveals the character of the American soldier. Here is a typical case: When a casual company is sent off in a body the travel order sometimes contains a hundred names with considerable data after each one. Four copies must be made—all by hand. One night the officer in charge of the classification barracks, Lieut. William R. Quinn, was told that two brothers, both wounded at the same time and devotedly attached to each other, were to be separated. The travel order which divorced them contained 114 names and had just been written and distributed. These boys did not want to be separated. In order to keep them together it was necessary to rewrite the travel orders, which would mean hours of work. The barracks clerks had worked from 7:45 o'clock in the morning until 10:30 at night every day for weeks, yet when Lieutenant Quinn stated the facts every man volunteered to rewrite the papers in order that these two brothers might remain together. This performance has been duplicated several times. It disclosed the fact that there are hundreds of groups of brothers in the A. E. F. Frequently you find three, even four, members of a family in the same unit.

### *Game as a Bantam*

Here is another instance of character: One day a little Marine hardly up to the minimum requirements of height and weight showed up for classification. He had been badly gassed and wounded. Having been a stenographer in New York, he was attached to the clerical force at the station. A few days' work, however, convinced the officer in charge that he could not stand the indoor labor, so he was given light outdoor duty. One night he approached a comrade and asked if he could borrow a hundred francs.

"What do you want to do with this money?" asked his mate.

"I want to beat it A.W.O.L."—absent without leave—"shoot across France and join my outfit in the trenches," was his reply.

This bantam, who still had the German poison in his system and who was physically unfit to do a full day's work, was willing to break the rules, subject himself to a court-martial, in order to get back to the fighting Front.

On another occasion a young boy of Austrian birth was making his way down the chute. He still limped from a wound in his leg. At one desk the officer asked him "Are you an American citizen?"

"Yes," replied the boy with pride. "A German bullet made me one."

During my visit to the station I overheard a characteristic conversation between two men who had just been evacuated from hospital. They were both of German origin. One of them asked the other: "How did you like shooting at your German cousins?"

Quick as a flash his companion answered: "They deserve all they are getting, and I'd give it to you if you were on the other side."

Not all the men assigned to this remarkable institution are sent away at once. It becomes a sort of rest camp where men get final recuperation—pending the establishment of the great recuperation camp now in process of construction—and where, with the sense of utility which marks our whole army endeavor, they are more fit in every way. You find here a school for stenographers which in ten days was able to provide the Army with fifteen capable typists. These men had had previous experience, to be sure, but many months in the Army had dulled their capability to a considerable extent. In the school, which is in charge of a field clerk who was a professor in a commercial college in civil life, they got back their old-time skill.

Other educational features include schools for cooks and bakers, filing clerks, horseshoers, farriers and carpenters. There is also a special course of instruction for noncommissioned officers in the art of handling men, office detail and incidental details, all of which will start them on the road to a commission.

This system of classification has a bigger significance than merely adapting permanently or temporarily unfit men to an army job. It is preparedness for the future. Nothing wears out men like war, and no war like this war. Out of this process will emerge tens of thousands of men better equipped for peace. It is making our overseas force an army of specialists.

(Continued on Page 61)

# Dependable Power!
# Full Steam Ahead!

The task ahead of business America is so stupendous and so immediately urgent that every known device for increasing efficiency must now be employed.

The recent merger of the Hill Pump Company of Anderson, Indiana, with the Lyons-Atlas Company of Indianapolis, under the name of the Midwest Engine Company is a case in point.

The demand for Hill Pumps and for Hill Wait-type Steam Turbines, resulting from over thirty years of quality production and from an *unbroken record for conscientious service*, had overtaxed the manufacturing facilities of the Hill Pump Company's plant; whereas the manufacturing facilities of the former Lyons-Atlas Company's plant at Indianapolis are practically unlimited.

Nothing could be more logical than the combining of these two institutions into one big, powerful and effective unit.

As a result of this consolidation, we are now producing Hill Pumps and the much desired Wait-type Steam Turbine on a volume basis commensurate with the demands for these established products.

Our policy of favoring only the simplest, the most efficient, the most rugged and the most dependable construction will be rigidly maintained.

DEPENDABLE POWER

*Midwest Engine Co. Products*

*Midwest—Diesel Engines*
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*Midwest—Parsons Turbines*
*Midwest—Wait Turbines*
*Midwest—Hill Centrifugal Pumps—Auxiliaries*

## MIDWEST
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*Successor to the Lyons Atlas Company and the Hill Pump Co*

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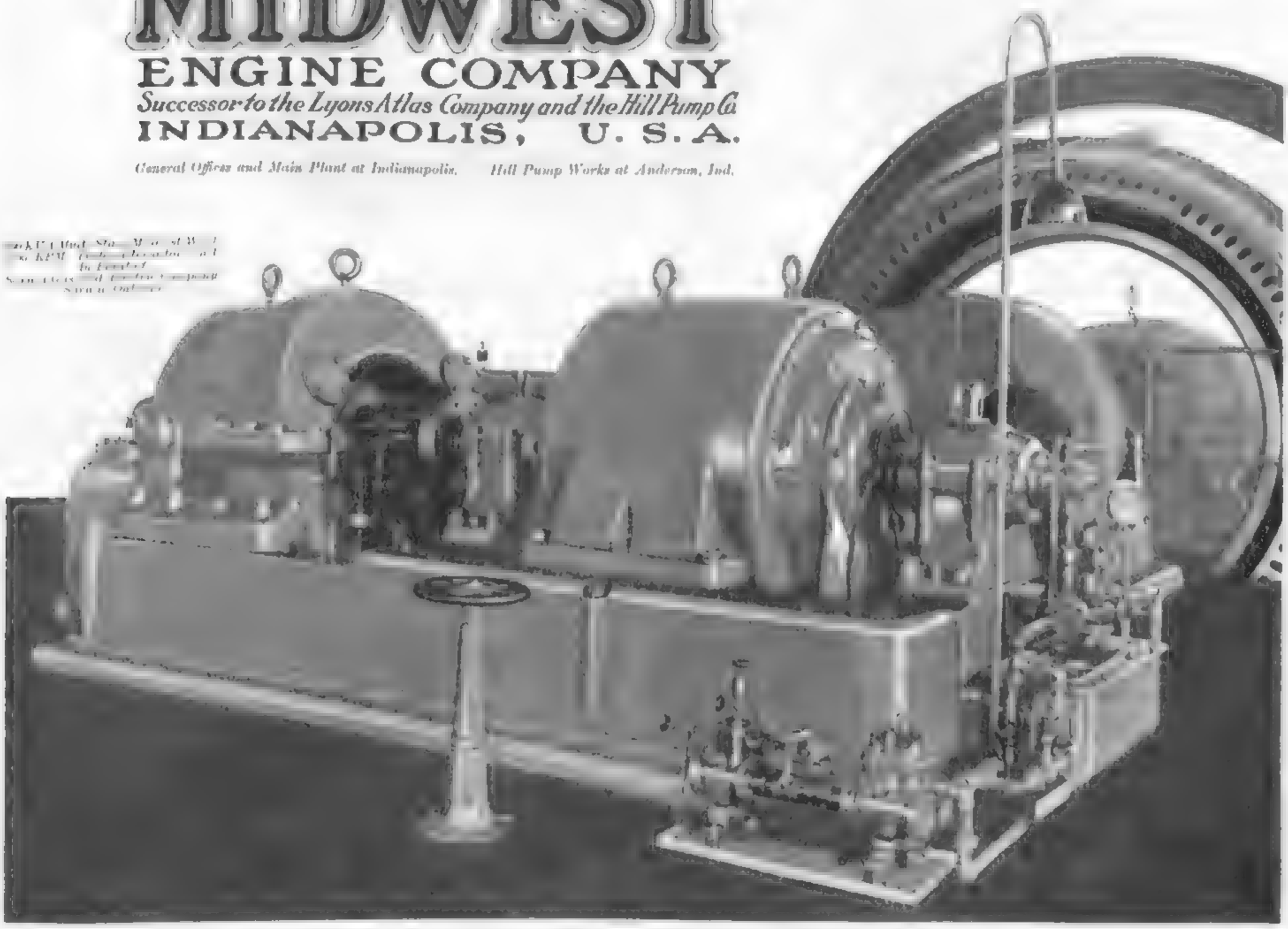

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EVERY city and large town has its G-E Motor Agency.

You can depend on the G-E Motor Agency man's thorough knowledge of the application of electric power. He does not rely on guesswork—he *knows* horse-power ratings, types of motors and the correct control.

The business of the G-E Motor Agency man is to conserve power, increase production and add to the profits of his customers. The door of every industry in his community—from the "electric shoe repair shop" to the big manufacturing plant—is wide open to him for what he knows and the way he serves. And not the least of his assets is the company behind him, building more than 500,000 motors a year, and whose foremost engineers he can freely consult.

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*It is displayed by every G-E Motor Agency*

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, Schenectady, N. Y.

# G-E motors

From the Mightiest to the Tiniest

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 58)

Full brother to the institution that I have just tried to describe is the great American Blighty which is now being established near by. The average American need scarcely be told that Blighty means England for the British Tommy. When one of them gets a Blighty it means that it is a wound sufficient to take him back home. America, had the war continued, would not have been able to send her wounded men home, so she planned to bring the comforts of home to France.

When the first American casualty reports were flashed by cable from France to the United States there leaped from many American hearts and homes the swift and tremulous question: "What is the Army doing for my wounded boy?"

The huge recuperation camp on the Loire is the Army's answer to this question. Amid wooded groves and with every convenience is rising this sanctuary where the doughboy can come from evacuation camp and travel back to strength. It will be a sort of army Elysian fields on earth. Aside from the human aspect this immense project is a sound military and economic enterprise, for the reason that the average cost in time, effort and subsistence of each individual evacuation from a hospital camp to this haven of rest and recovery is much less than the similar cost of individual replacement from the United States. It means new men for old without drawing on the reserves at home.

### *New Fittings for Misfits*

So far I have dealt with the classification of enlisted men. Now we come to the kindred allotment of officers, which brings us to the threshold of the Military Confessional, in many respects the most unique and original human institution in the whole A. E. F. Save to those who have found hope, faith and a new life within its sympathetic walls, it is scarcely known. Yet this establishment stands at the crossroads of the sometimes tangled highway of army life and points the path to fresh careers. I know of no activity that more completely or unalterably reflects the ideals of the American Army.

With officers, as with men, square pegs are often stuck into the round holes. In other words the wrong man is put on the job and makes a hash of it. In most armies the man found to be temperamentally unfit to lead troops or even for some desk task is often sent home. He feels that he is disgraced and he frequently spends the rest of his life eating out his heart. He makes himself a marked man, and his usefulness to society, in most instances, ends. With the A. E. F. such a man is given a chance to make good. Regeneration is put squarely up to him.

The first question that naturally rises is: How are these officers segregated? The process is very simple. As soon as it became apparent that officers were misplaced in the various staff corps and departments—such misplacements were inevitable in the hasty mobilization of a huge army—a personnel bureau was established at the headquarters of the Services of Supply at Tours to deal with all problems relating to officers physically or otherwise unfit for front-line work and to give them a chance elsewhere. It was placed in charge of a deputy chief of staff who, by the very circumstance of his birth, his whole army experience and his outlook on life, was an inspired choice. This man is Lieut. Col. M. R. Wainer, whose story is as picturesque as his post. He was born in Russia and was brought to America as a child by his immigrant father, who settled in the Middle West. The boy yearned to be a soldier; it was impossible for him to go to West Point, so he enlisted as a private and worked his way up to a commission. He has journeyed over the rough places himself; he knows and understands men; he was therefore eminently qualified to assume the rôle of father confessor to the Army, for such he is.

It was not long before the disciples gathered at his door. They came because a certain memorandum was sent to all bureau chiefs. This document so completely sets forth the spirit of fair play and a square deal in the Army that I am reproducing it in full. Here it is:

"If there is any officer in your department, in any grade whatsoever, whom you regard as incompetent that officer will upon your recommendation be sent to the Reclassification Station. You can safely count on the fact that unless it be by accident he will not be returned to your department.

"It is not necessary in recommending this officer for reclassification that you state any reasons for desiring to get rid of him, but in order to assist in the reclassification of the officer, and to better place him in some other field where his services may be more useful to the United States, every such case should be accompanied by a frank statement of the officer's qualifications and disqualifications so far as they have been developed while serving in your department.

"It should be understood that the policy of the Commanding General, S. O. S., is to make a readjustment of personnel so as to get the maximum advantage out of every man's service. It frequently happens that a man who is totally unqualified for one class of work is well qualified for another, and however worthless an officer may appear to be from your viewpoint it may be that his services can be used to some advantage in another field."

This memorandum is the basis for the adjustment of all misfit officers. Likewise a general order authorizes division, corps and army commanders to relieve such officers as are considered unqualified for combat duty of their commands and send them back for reclassification. All officers ordered for this reclassification are first ordered to the human-salvage station which I described in a previous section of this article. The papers giving the available data as to their qualifications, civil occupation and the reason for their relief are then sent to the commanding general of the Services of Supply. Upon receipt of these papers the personnel bureau at Tours orders the officers to report there. Upon arrival they are required to fill out an officer's qualification card, which is somewhat similar to the qualification record filled out by the enlisted man, though it does not include the vocational list. It contains the usual personal information. The officer himself indicates the department or branch of the service in which he thinks he would be most valuable and his qualifications for the work. He must also state what educational advantages he has enjoyed, what foreign languages he can speak, and so forth.

### *Colonel Wainer's Work*

Every officer who comes to Tours for reclassification has an interview with Colonel Wainer, which is in many respects the most important detail. Before he enters the Confessional the colonel has read the man's record. He can therefore talk to him with knowledge and authority. More than one officer has entered that sanctuary cocky, even defiant, and protesting against what he regards as an indignity. Always he emerges with a smile on his face and with hope in his heart. This big-souled deputy chief of staff who rose from the ranks knows how to place men. He has before him an up-to-date list of needs in the Services of Supply, which grow so fast that there is always a demand for officers. He is therefore able to assign men to jobs where they are sorely wanted and where the welcome, first born of need, is a stimulus. The demand for officers, I might add, usually exceeds the supply. No matter what highly specialized experience is represented, there is invariably a place to use it.

A complete card record is kept of every officer reclassified for incompetency or temperamental unfitness. For the purposes of army records he is known as a "Thrown Back," or a "T. B." for short. This card system is itself a marvel of completeness and efficiency. A card with a green flag in the center, for example, signifies an officer reclassified for physical reasons. A card with a blue flag in the upper right-hand corner shows that it is the brief biography of a T. B. sent back from the Front for temperamental reasons.

Reclassified officers are placed in one of four classes. Class One is composed of those who though rendering satisfactory service have requested their own transfer for personal reasons. Class Two are misfits who have failed to render efficient service and who are not sufficiently inefficient to justify an elimination board. Class Three includes all officers for whom an elimination board has recommended a transfer to another branch of the service. Class Four are officers whose discharge has been recommended by the elimination board but who are being given another chance to qualify somewhere in the Army.


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Contractors to the U. S. Government

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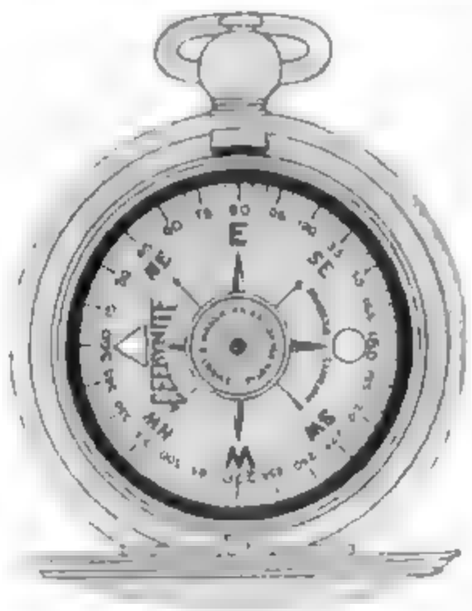

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Rochester, N. Y.

There's a Taylor or Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose.

"In tune with the times you find them caring for their native charms in simpler ways—the ways that Nature herself intended."

To keep a lovely skin —with soap that rinses off.

Nature says: "Don't hamper my work by using haphazard methods and soaps."

And all Nature asks is a little common-sense cooperation in the care of the skin she is daily trying to give you.

Nature lays great stress on *rinsing*.

She says: "The soap must *all rinse off*."

So, if you want to choose and keep a clear, beautiful, natural skin, you will want to choose, also, a *method* and a *soap*, to take proper care of that skin.

Pure Fairy Soap is made for skins. Fairy Soap is made to cream refreshingly in *and out* of pores, as Nature asks. And when it has performed its perfect cleansing—*off it rinses*.

*It rinses off perfectly*—after its perfect cleansing.

That is why Fairy Soap is a soap that Nature herself loves—for the care of healthy, natural skins.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

FAIRY SOAP

*"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"*


Since I have referred to elimination boards it may be well to explain their function, which I will do with a concrete example. If the reclassification of an officer sent back from the combat area for inefficiency indicates that he holds too high a rank for his new post in the Services of Supply, he is ordered before an elimination board with a view to his demotion to a grade more nearly in accord with his capability or to conform with his discharge if a dismissal is recommended. Thus the board's job is to eliminate or to appraise men and ranks.

Some officers have appeared several times before elimination boards. This procedure is in line with the policy outlined at General Headquarters, which is that no officer shall be discharged from the service of the United States except for misconduct or some similar reason, nor until he shall have been given every possible opportunity to prove his fitness in any capacity. No man is dismissed from the A. E. F. without good and sufficient reasons, and only after he has had every chance to redeem himself by service. In this spirit of justice you find the incarnation of the character of the man who is the commander in chief of our armies abroad.

Reclassification often develops the fact that men fail in the Army merely because they are put on a wrong task. If it is apparent that an aviation officer lacks the fundamental qualities required in this branch of the service, and his training, civil occupation and personality fit him for duty with the Quartermaster Corps, he is assigned to that immense domain. If he proves his adaptability after a certain time, and upon receipt of a recommendation from his superior officer to that effect, General Headquarters vacates his commission in the aviation section and recommissions him in the Quartermaster Corps.

Wherever a man is reclassified for inefficiency a confidential letter is sent to the section commander or the department to whom he reports explaining why he is assigned. His case is quietly and tactfully followed up without the slightest bruise to his pride. The men who have failed to qualify under this humane, sympathetic and considerate process are those of whom the Army is well rid and who have only themselves to blame for their downfall.

In the case of officers who are reclassified for physical disability, due consideration is given to their condition as shown by the medical report. Their assignment depends upon their qualifications and the duties they are able to perform. After a certain specified time these officers may ask for a reëxamination. If they are found to be physically restored they are placed on a list as available for return to combat. They go back to the fighting job as soon as officers become available to replace them on their present assignment.

### Some Shining Examples

It remains only for me to disclose a few intimate chapters recorded by the reclassification of officers who have been given that second chance and who have found both glory and compensation in their remaking.

One day a Southern colonel entered the Army Confessional. He had arrived in France in charge of a splendid battalion. In the training camp he gave every evidence of skill and tact. The moment he got his troops up in the combat area he displayed a temper and an inability to handle men in an emergency that not only made him conspicuous but led to his being ordered back for reclassification.

This man was proud and sensitive; he had been in the National Guard for years; all this time he had dreamed of the hour when he would lead troops in actual battle. When that great moment arrived he was found to be temperamentally incapable, and no one realized it better than he did. All that he could see ahead of him was years of regret and bitterness.

Instead of rebuke he met with kindness; where he had expected reproach he found a helping hand.

"What would you like to do?" asked Colonel Wainer.

"I want to do a man's job somewhere in France," was the reply.

He got his chance. At a certain port much used by the American Expeditionary Force you will find this colonel, erect, buoyant, full of pride in his task, and likewise a credit to the uniform he wears. He has found the social field in which his personality has full swing. He is merely one of many splendid men who have found themselves after devious army wandering.

The Army Confessional knows neither caste, creed nor color. Not so very long ago a negro officer was sent back from the Front as unsuited for combat work. He was so indignant that he had done that most rare of all army things—sent in his resignation.

Colonel Wainer knew the man had character and that it only needed to be pricked into life, so he asked him point-blank: "Are you still loyal to your country and your flag?"

"Yes," responded the man; "of course I am."

"Then you should be willing to serve it in the best way that you know how," retorted his questioner.

To-day that officer, who was willing to quit the service in a fit of pique and face rebuff at home, is rendering admirable service with a stevedore regiment, where he is a credit to his race and his cause.

These heart-to-heart experiences are not without their element of humor, as the case of another negro officer will show. When Colonel Wainer asked him "What is your trouble?" he immediately replied: "Well, boss, it's this way." His first words of course showed that he had failed in the first principles of military requirements. When the proposition of serving his country was put squarely up to him he was ready and willing to go before an elimination board and serve in the ranks as a private soldier. He has been in the thick of the fray ever since.

### Misplaced Aptitudes

In this Confessional human nature stands uncompromisingly revealed. Men blame everyone for their errors save the right person, who usually is themselves. Frequently they protest that it was not inefficiency that brought them back from the Front but because they happened to be in a regiment composed of men from various states, and that the predominating officers in the unit want subordinates from their own commonwealths under them. These cases are invariably without foundation, because investigation proves that the officer himself is to blame and that he has not given the proper support and loyalty to his commander. Such men are assigned to duty in the Services of Supply, where, relieved from the friction engendered by sensitive state pride, they have given excellent accounts of themselves.

Again and again there are examples of men merely misplaced. A young man of twenty-five who had been a successful commercial painter found himself in a field battery and was sent to a school for instruction and training in the intricate mathematical problems of artillery. Of course the work was not congenial and he was sent to the rear for reclassification. His proper station was camouflage, to which he was assigned and where his special qualifications have already won him the highest praise.

His is a typical illustration of the work that is being done daily in making the Army more keenly fit to do its great task.

When you sum up the whole process of reclassification you find that, as with so many other phases of our army organization, it is building for peace as well as for war. America, like England and France, will face a dearth of skilled men in industry when the world no more sees red. Competition, which was merely part of the orderly development of a people before the war, will be a bitter battle for economic existence after the war. The struggle to live will be comparable to the struggle for freedom to-day. The nation that can swiftly mobilize both its trained workers and its trained leaders will have a flying start on all its rivals. The race toward rehabilitation will be to the swiftest. In the classification and reclassification of officers and men is one guaranty that the United States will be able to segregate quickly an army of specialists which will be a tremendous factor in all the arts and crafts.

Meanwhile down in that little room at Tours every day men are getting a rebirth of character, courage and, what is equally important—self-respect. We are not only saving human tonnage but human careers as well.

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Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with our supply organization in France. The next will describe the subsidiary corporations of the American business of war

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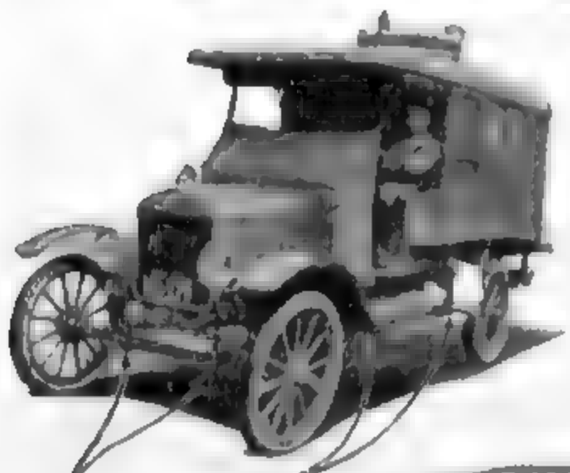

*Why did the Government use Gabriel Snubbers on War Ambulances?*

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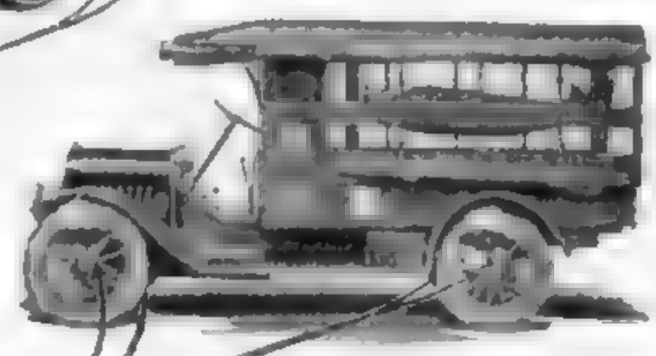
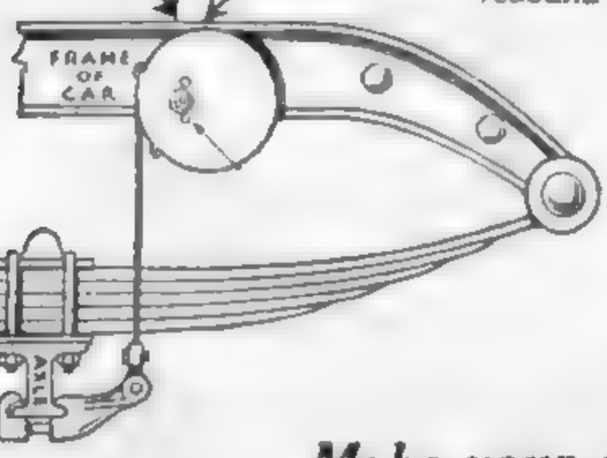
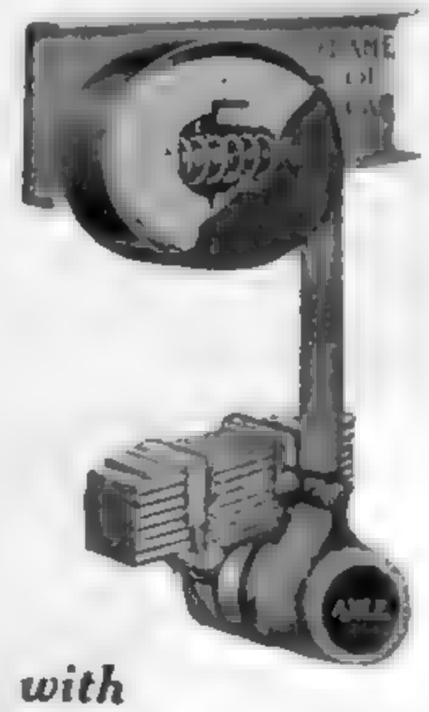


*The Snubber controls the rebound of the springs*



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# GABRIEL SNUBBERS

# THE CITY OF COMRADES

(Continued from Page 19)

"There seem to be a number of nurses going back," I observed after an introductory word or two.

"There are three in our party—myself and the two over there."

The two over there were two I had already seen, neither of them being my pilot of a half hour previously.

"I thought I saw another," I threw off casually.

"I believe there is one—an American girl from Lady Rideover's hospital at Taplow."

As I had just come from Lady Rideover's hospital at Taplow, and Lady Rideover herself was my sister, I suggested, without mentioning the relationship, that in this speculation there was some mistake.

"She may not have come directly from there," the Consolatrice admitted; "but I know she was with Lady Rideover six months ago."

"But six months ago I was with Lady Rideover myself."

"Well, she was there then."

"But I should have seen her if she had been."

She turned slowly round on me with deep, kind eyes.

"Would you? You could see all the time?"

I had forgotten that. There had been two months when I hadn't seen at all. Anyone might have come and gone during that time.

Remarking on the inconvenience of having no list of passengers, I asked my companion if she knew the young lady's name.

"No; but I can inquire of my friends. They may know."

Having crossed to speak to the nurses on the other side of the deck she came back without the information.

"But Miss Prynne," she added, "that's the short one, says that the young lady came over about two years ago with Lady Rideover's sister, Miss Melbury, of Montreal."

I withdrew to ponder. I had been in continuous if desultory communication with my sisters during all my time abroad, and no mention of Regina Barry had ever escaped either. I had not supposed that they knew each other. I couldn't bring myself to believe that I had been under the same roof with her at Taplow and had not been aware of it. And here she was on board the ship on which I was returning home, and able to come to my aid at a minute when I wanted help.

I had often wished that some of my New York correspondents would speak of her, but no one ever had. Except in the case of Cantyre this was hardly strange, for—apart from Hilda Grace, who never wrote to me—no one knew that Regina Barry and I had meant anything to each other. If Cantyre had spoken of her it would have been on his own account; but confidential as he was in private talk his letters were never more than a few terse lines. So I had rather bitterly imagined her as going on with the testing of other men, as she had tested Jim Hunter, Cantyre and me—trying them and finding them wanting. In ungenerous moments I went so far as to hope that Nemesis might overtake her in some tremendous passion in which she herself would be tried and tossed aside.

It was, however, the second day out before I actually came face to face with her. Her absence from the deck had been part of the mystery. Having swung into the Mersey we remained there all Sunday night—it was a Sunday we had gone on board—and much of Monday. Accepting as necessary the secrecy which in wartime enshrouds an Atlantic voyage the passengers had made themselves as comfortable as the conditions permitted, and taken air and exercise by promenading the decks. There could have been no better opportunity for finding familiar faces, but apart from one or two distant acquaintances I saw none. The three nurses' uniforms I had noted already were continually about; but I never found the fourth.

And then on Tuesday, after we had lost sight of the Irish coast, there was another queer little incident. As I could walk but little I had been reading in the music room. Tired of doing that and eager to continue my search for the missing uniform I had limped to the doorway, screened by a heavy portière, leading out toward the companionway. But while I stood turning up the collar of my overcoat the portière was suddenly pulled aside, and we were before each other, with a suggestion of a similar occurrence three and a half years before.

The very differences in my appearance—the mustache, the patch over my left eye, the military coat—must have helped to recall the earlier occasion by the indirect means of contrast. As for her, she was what she had seemed to me then—two great flaming eyes. They were tired eyes now, haunted, tragic perhaps, and I saw later that when you caught them off their guard they were pensive if not mournful. They were, indeed, all I could see of her, for the rest of her features were hidden by the veil over the lower part of the face which women occasionally copy from the Turkish lady's yashmak. A small black cap, held by a jade-green pin, and a long, shapeless black ulster or coat completed a costume quite unlike the uniform for which I had been looking.

I can only describe that encounter as the meeting of two transmigrated souls. She had gone as far in her direction as I in mine; but I couldn't tell at a glance in what direction she had gone. It was what struck me dumb. When Paolo and Francesca met in space they had nothing to say to each other except with the eyes. In some such case as that we found ourselves. The pressure of topics was too great to allow of immediate selection. She seemed to wait for me to utter the first word, and as I was at a loss she dropped the portière behind her, inclined her head and passed on into the saloon.

Though it was my place to follow her I couldn't for the minute take so obvious a course. I was not only too mystified by what I had heard of her but too confused as to our standing toward each other. I couldn't begin with a "How do you do?" as if we had parted on the ordinary social terms, while anything more dramatic would have been absurd. Hobbling along the deck I took refuge in the smoking room in order to reflect.

Reflection was not easy. Over its calm fields emotion spread like water through a broken dike. For two and a half years the emotional had been so stemmed and banked and dammed in me that I had thought it under control forever. I had had enough to do in giving orders or carrying them out. But now that the repressed had broken its bounds again the tide swept everything away with it.

Not that I knew just what I was experiencing; on the contrary, I couldn't have disentangled the element of anger from that of curiosity, nor that of curiosity from that of joy. All I could say for certain was that never in my life had I been so anxious to keep free; never had I so much needed concentration and single-mindedness. The task to which I had vowed my undivided energy and heart demanded a genuine celibacy of the will; and now of all the women in the world . . .

I was working on this train of thought when I became aware that people were running along the deck. Glancing about me at the same moment I saw I was alone in the smoking room. A whistle blew, piercingly, alarmingly. By the time I had struggled to my feet the ship changed her course so sharply as to throw me against a chair.

I knew what it was, of course. We had been talking of the possibility ever since we left the Mersey. However much we tried to keep the mind away from the subject it came back to it, as a mischievous boy makes straight for the thing forbidden him.

My first thought was for the girl in the yashmak. I must find her, see she had a life belt and take her to her boat. Before I had scrambled to the door, however, it flew open, apparently of its own accord, while a wild nor'wester positively blew the young lady in.

It also blew away anything like Paolo-and-Francesca sentiment.

"Oh, here you are!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "I've been hunting for you everywhere. They say we've sighted a periscope. Take this and put it on."

Of the two life belts she carried she flung one to me, beginning to fasten the other about herself.

"But the one you've brought me must belong to someone else," I objected as I aided her. "I've got one of my own in my cabin. I'll just run down ——"

She brushed this aside.

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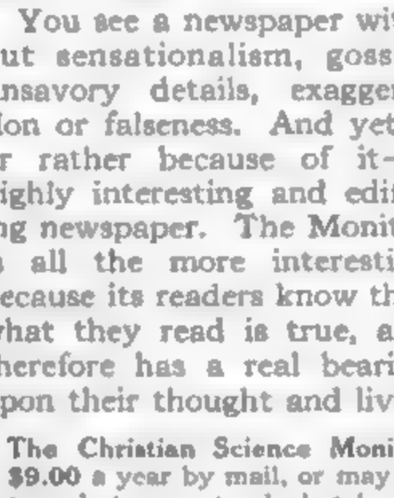

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"No; this is yours. I went and got it."

"You —" I began in astonishment.

"I'm a nurse—or a kind of one," she said hastily. "That's what I'm here for."

"But you knew where my cabin was?"

"I found out. Oh, hurry—please!"

She helped me as a medieval lady might have helped her lord to buckle on his sword; and presently we were out on deck.

As we had twice already drilled in the unsightly things we had lost the sense of the grotesque appearance presented by ourselves and our fellow travelers. Besides, we were too eager to descry the periscope to have any more thought of ourselves than a wild duck of how it looks when skimming away from a sniper. Indeed, it was chiefly of a hunted wild duck that our zigzagging boat reminded me.

It was a sullen day, with that scudding of low gray clouds which looks as if the heavens were hastening to some Armageddon of their own. The sea had hardly got over the swell left by one gale when it was being lashed into fury by another. The Assiniboia pitched and rolled and tore through the waters like a monster goaded by innumerable stings. I should have found it next to impossible to struggle along the deck had my protectress not stood by and steadied me.

There was a kind of foolish pretense at the chivalrous in my tone as I said: "I'll just see you to your boat before going over to mine."

"We're in the same boat," she answered briefly. "Do come along."

I thought of my forty-eight hours of unfruitful search for her.

"But I didn't see you at Number Seven when we drilled yesterday."

"I'm there now," she said with the same brevity. Feeling apparently that some explanation was needed she went on: "I've—I mean they—they've changed me. Miss Prynne has let me have—or rather she's taken—that is," she finished in confusion, "we're all nurses together—and we've—we've exchanged."

In spite of some inward observations I spared her any other comment than to say "How jolly!" as if the exchange had been the most matter-of-course thing in the world.

I spoke just now of riding tempests and zephyrs, and something like that it was to plow along at every ounce of steam, with cross seas, head seas, seas abeam and seas abaft, as each new zigzag caught them. On the roaring of the wind and the plunge and thunder of the waves one rose into regions of tumultuous play where life and death were the stakes. I saw no signs of fear, and still less of panic; nor, so far as the eye could read, anything more than a sporting excitement. One would have said that our peril was accepted as being all in the game, part of the day's work. By the end of 1916 Atlantic travelers had come to take the submarine for granted, just as the statesmen of Plantagenet and Tudor times took the headsmen's block as one of the natural risks of going into politics.

But we looked instinctively for a periscope. It is not an easy thing for anyone to see, and for me it was more difficult than for most. I saw none; or I saw a hundred. With the imperfect vision of my one eye the crests of the billows bristled with moving four-inch pipes; and then suddenly all would disappear and I saw nothing but the waves curling upward into coronets of foam with veils of trailing lace.

Not that I was worse off in this respect than my fellow travelers. As they ran for their boats they would pause, take a hurried look at the seas, exclaiming "There it is!" and then more doubtfully "No, no!" all in one breath.

The "No, no!" was generally uttered in a tone of disappointment, since to cross the ocean and sight no submarine would have been like journeying through Egypt and missing the Pyramids.

And yet our danger was apparent. Only a fortnight before the Kamouraska, sister ship to the Assiniboia, had been sent to the bottom in these very waters, with great loss of life. Of the tragedy the papers had given us realistic pictures that were fresh in all our minds. There was a preliminary scene on board not unlike the one we were enacting. We saw later a shell bursting on the deck, somewhere amidships. We saw the passengers and crew taking to the boats with shells kicking up geysers among them as they tried to get away. We saw the great ship sticking as straight up out of the water as a Cleopatra's Needle, before going slowly down. We saw the U-boat herself lying on the water like a crocodile, some four thousand yards away; we saw Queenstown as a morgue. All this was as vividly in our minds as a rehearsal to the actors of a play; and yet we were probably no more nervous than the company on a first night when the curtain is going up.

The word went round that it was the fate of the Kamouraska, with the futility of her surrender as a means of saving the passengers' lives, that prompted our captain to flight and fight. Our wireless calls were undoubtedly going up and down the Irish coast and out into the ocean. Within an hour or two, if we could hold out so long, destroyers would be rushing to our rescue. We had nothing to be terribly afraid of with more than an imaginative fear.

That imaginative fear was quickened by the seemingly maddened action of our ship. I can best describe her as a leviathan gone insane. If insanity were to overtake a whale it would probably splash the deep in some such frenzy as this—so many angles out of the course one way—then a violent heeling over—so many angles out of the course another way—anyway, anywhere, anything—to get out of that straight, staid line from port to port which makes an ocean-going ship a liner. I admit that in this wild, erratic dashing there was something that alarmed us, and something, too, that made us laugh. It was the comic side of madness, in which you can hardly see the terrible because of the grotesque.

By the time we reached Lifeboat Number Seven there were many signs that neither officers nor passengers were going to take more chances than they were obliged to. At Number Five on one side of us a young officer was on top, peeling off the tarpaulin covering. At Number Nine on the other side some of the crew were already mounted, examining supplies and oars. At our own boat cranks were being fitted to the davits to swing the boat outward. All along the line similar preparations were in progress, while men and women—luckily we had no children on board—carrying such wraps and hand bags as they might reasonably take, stood in groups, waiting for what was to happen next.

Our view of the sea was largely cut off here by the bulk of the lifeboats, though wherever there was a chink there was also a cluster of heads. So many saw periscopes—and so many didn't see them—that it became a mild joke. In general we surmised that if a U-boat was cruising round us at all she had only been porpoising—sticking up her periscope for a second or two to get a look round, and withdrawing it before it could be seen by any eye not on that very spot.

The girl in the yashmak and I arrived so late on the scene that there were no places left by the rail, and we were obliged to content ourselves with secondhand information as to what was taking place. Our excitement had, therefore, a lack of point, like that of the small boy behind the line of grown-up people watching a procession. We fell back in the end into a kind of alcove where being partially protected from wind and tumult we could speak to each other without shouting.

I took the opportunity to thank her for her kindness to me when I came on board on Sunday; but with my opening words the air of Francesca meeting Paolo in space came over her again. I understood her to say that her help on Sunday was a little thing, that she would have given it to anyone.

"Of course," I agreed, "you would have given it to anyone; but in this case you gave it to me. You must allow me to thank you before anything happens that might—that might make gratitude too late."

As I think of her now I can see that she was mistress of herself in the way that a letter-perfect actress is mistress of herself, repeating words that have been learned to fit a certain situation. She had foreseen that I would say something of the kind; she had foreseen that when I did she might be a prey to troublesome emotions; and so had fortified herself in advance by a studied set of phrases.

"I'm so little of a nurse that I should be ashamed not to do for a soldier the few small things in my power."

If she had never made me suffer anything, and if the moment had not been one that might conceivably end our relations forever, I should probably not have uttered the words that came to me next.

"Was it only because I'm a soldier?"

She interrupted skillfully.

"Only because you're a soldier? Isn't a soldier the most splendid man in the world—especially at a time like this?"

Bang!

It was one of our two guns. As a merchantman, not built to withstand the concussion of cannon, the Assiniboia shuddered.

With an involuntary start my companion caught me by the sleeve. The impulse to seize her hand and draw it gently within my arm was irresistible. Had I reflected I might not have done this, since my dominant desire was to keep stripped and unencumbered for the race.

She allowed me to retain her hand just long enough to show that she was not mortally offended, after which she gently disengaged herself. To cover the constraint that both of us felt I went on to wonder if our shot had taken effect. A young man who had gone to find out came back with the news that the lookout having spied the thin furrow of the periscope the shot had been fired at a venture. As far as could be observed it had done nothing but send up a waterspout.

On receiving this information I went on with our interrupted personalities.

"Ever since Sunday I've wondered what had become of you; but, then, I've been looking for the uniform."

"I always intended taking that off when I got on board. You see, I never was a nurse in any but an amateur sense, and so ——"

It was my opportunity to spring the surprise I had been holding in reserve ever since my talk with the Consolatrice in the dock at Liverpool.

"When did you last see Mabel?"

She spoke with a sharp, sudden mezzo cry that might have been caused by pain.

"Who told you that?"

"Who told me what?"

Bang!

It was our second gun, and though the girl in the yashmak started again she did not seize my arm. To hold the drama at its instant of suspense I pretended to be more interested in the effect of the shot than in anything else in the world, as in other circumstances I should have been. I turned to this one and that one inviting their guesses, noting all the while that over Regina Barry's eyes there spread the surface fire that a flaming sunset casts on troubled water.

She harked back to the subject as soon as it was clear that we had missed our aim again.

"Lady Rideover promised me she'd never tell you."

Her tone having become accusatory I broke in on it with studied nonchalance.

"And she never did. To the best of my recollection she never mentioned your name to me. But is there anything wrong in my knowing that you and she are friends?"

Color mounted to her brows where the yashmak couldn't conceal it, though she ignored the question.

"And I'm sure it wasn't your sister Evelyn."

"Why shouldn't it have been?"

"Because she promised me too. I should be frightfully hurt if I thought she ——"

"Then I'll relieve your mind by assuring you that she didn't. But to me the curious thing is that you shouldn't have wanted me to know."

She ignored this, too, a furrow of perplexity deepening between her brows.

"It isn't possible that Lady Rideover or Evelyn, without telling you in words, should have allowed you to suspect ——"

"Not any more than they allowed me to suspect that I was being nursed by a houri out of paradise."

She hastened to make a correction.

"Oh, I never acted as nurse to you! It was that Miss Farley."

"But you were at Taplow when I was there; and in and out of my room."

The peculiar light in her eyes, partly of amazement, partly of incredulity, reminded me of a poor trapped lady I had once seen in the prisoner's dock while a witness recounted the secrets of her life with remarkable exactness of detail.

"But you couldn't see me!" she began helplessly.

"No, but I could hear."

"And you didn't hear me. If I went into your room, which I didn't often do ——"

I launched a theory that was purely inspiration.

"Oh, I know. If you came into my room you didn't make a sound. You arranged that with Mabel. But haven't you heard that the blind develop an extra sense?"

(Continued on Page 69)

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When war was declared, the Government called upon Johnson & Johnson to furnish enormous supplies of surgical dressings for first-aid stations and hospital units.

Since then, hundreds of millions of bandages have been made; thousands of tons of cotton have been used; miles of adhesive plaster have been spread; an army of loyal workers have kept our vast laboratories in operation day and night. It was our great privilege to serve our country to the full extent of our resources.

These war-winning orders necessarily took precedence over the great public demand, and, consequently, there may have been times when customers could not make their usual purchases of Johnson & Johnson Red Cross products.

We appreciate the patriotic, wholehearted support given by the druggists during such periods in telling customers that our products were "on active service."

Normal conditions are not yet fully re-established. But adequate Johnson & Johnson supplies are filling the regular channels, to reach the public through the service of the druggist.

The druggist renders, ordinarily, an invaluable service to his community. In these times of readjustment we are confident the public will take advantage of it all the more.

Today, as in the past, Johnson & Johnson quality is the standard, and values are greater than they have ever been.

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"Not so quickly as that—or with that precision." She brightened with a new thought. "If your extra sense told you I was there, why didn't you speak to me?"

"Suppose I said that I respected your incognita? If you didn't want to speak to me it must have been for a reason. I couldn't ignore that."

Whir-r-r! Z-z-z! P-ff!

A shell from the submarine struck the water somewhere near us, though all we saw was a column of white spume on the port side of the ship, while we were on the starboard.

She ignored even this. Standing erect, with her hands in the pockets of her ulster, with no feature to betray her but her eyes, she surmised calmly: "Some of the other nurses or one of the patients must have given you a hint."

"None of them ever pronounced your name in my hearing."

"Then I give up guessing!" she said with a touch of impatience.

"Which is what I can't do."

"But what have you to guess at?"

"At what you've done it—at what you're doing it—for."

She may have smiled behind the yashmak as she said: "What difference does it make to you?"

"I dare say it doesn't make any—except that I seem to be the person benefited."

"In time of war the soldier—the man who does the thing—is the person benefited."

"Oh, no; there's the cause."

"But surely, if we've learned anything during the past two years it's that what the soldier does for the cause can't compare with what the cause does for the soldier."

I saw my opportunity and was quick to use it.

"So that out of what you've been doing for me even you have got something."

She turned this neatly.

"I've got a great deal—out of what I've been doing for everyone. Not that it's been much. I merely mean that whatever it's been it's brought me in far more than I've ever given out."

The swing of the boat was so abrupt as almost to make her heel over. Up and down the deck such passengers as were clinging to nothing were flung this way and that, with some laughing and a few involuntary cries. Miss Barry having braced me in a corner of the alcove because of my game leg I kept my footing steadily, but the girl herself was thrown square into my arms.

Not more than a second later another Whir-r-r! Z-z-z! warned us that another shell was on the way; but before we had time to be afraid a soft P-ff! told us that this, too, had struck the water. The waterspout, this time on the starboard side, not only spattered us with spray but made it clear that only the sharp shifting of the course had saved us from a hole in our bow. That within the next few minutes our enemy would get us somewhere was a little more than probable.

Then from every cluster of heads came the cry "Oh, look!"

There she was—a blue-gray streak, only a little darker than the blue-gray waters. The change in our course revealed her as she lay on the surface to shell us, since she was too far away to send us a torpedo. We forgot everything—Regina Barry and I forgot each other—to gaze. My arms relaxed their hold on the girl because there was no longer a mind to direct them; the girl took command of herself because it was only thus that she could observe the most baleful and fascinating monster in the world.

For it was as a monster, baleful and fascinating, that we regarded her. She was not a thing planned by men's brains and built in a shipyard. She was an abnormal, unscrupulous, venomous water beast, with a special enmity toward men. She had about her the horror of the trackless, the deep, the solitary, the lonesome, the devilish. Few of us had ever got a glimpse of her before. It was like Saint George's first sight of the dragon that wasted men and cities, and called forth his hatred and his sword.

I think that sheer hatred was the cause of our banging away at her with our two guns. We could hardly expect to hit her. She must have been out of our range, and our only hope was in getting out of hers.

As far as we could judge she was lying still and shelling us at her ease. Splash! Splash! Splash! The screeching things went all round us; but by some miracle they were only spectacular.

Viewed as a spectacle there was a terrific beauty in it all. Nature and man were raging together, ferociously, magnificently, without conscience, without quarter, without remorse. Hell had unsealed its springs even in us who stood watchful and inactive. There was a sense of abhorrent glory in the knowledge that there were no limits to which we would not go. That there were no limits to which our enemy would not go with us was stimulating, quickening, like the flick of the whip to the racer. About and above us were all the elements of which man is most accustomed to be afraid, but which now that we were among them inspired an appalling glee.

It was amazing how quickly we got used to it, just as, I am told, a man after a night or two gets used to being in the death house. To be shelled on a stormy, lonely ocean came within a few minutes to be a matter of course. Had we had time to reflect and look backward it would have seemed strange to think that we had made voyages across the Atlantic in which we had not been shelled.

Then all of a sudden there was a noise like that in a house when it is struck by lightning. It was as if all creation had burst into sound, as if there were nothing anywhere that was not a concomitant of an ear-splitting, soul-splitting crash. It was over us; it was round us; it was everywhere; it might have been within us. In our own persons we seemed to be rent by it.

From the port side a blast of smoke rose and poisoned the dark air. A few shrieks, half suppressed by the shriekers, ran the length of the deck, and a few male exclamations of astonishment and awe. For the most part, however, we stood still and soundless, as I believe we should have held ourselves had it proved to be the Judgment Day.

Our immediate impression was that all the after part of the ship had been carried away. Had she begun to settle stern foremost on the instant we should not have been surprised. We could hardly believe that the long, narrow perspective of the deck, with its groups dotting the length of it, could remain unshattered and afloat. We were sure the decks below must have been blown into air and water.

For the hundredth part of a second the Assiniboia appeared to stop still in her course, like a creature with its death wound. She seemed stricken, stunned. But she gave another lurch, another swing to her huge person; and when the second shell came on, taking the range of that which had struck her, it plowed the waves astern. All seemed to be over in the space of between two breaths. By the time we could get our wits together sufficiently to ask what had happened she was once more driving onward. It was splendid. It was sublime. It thrilled one with pride in pluck and seamanship. One could have hugged the brave old leviathan by the neck.

A British seaman, running down the deck on some errand of his own, cried as he passed us: "Got the old bucket aft, just above the water line. But, Lor', she don't mind it! Didn't do no 'arm. On'y killed Sammy Smelt, a steerage cabin boy."

But it was a beginning. Nothing could save us now but speed and the captain's skill. The young officer who had helped to strip the covering off Number Five strolled by us, smoking a cigarette.

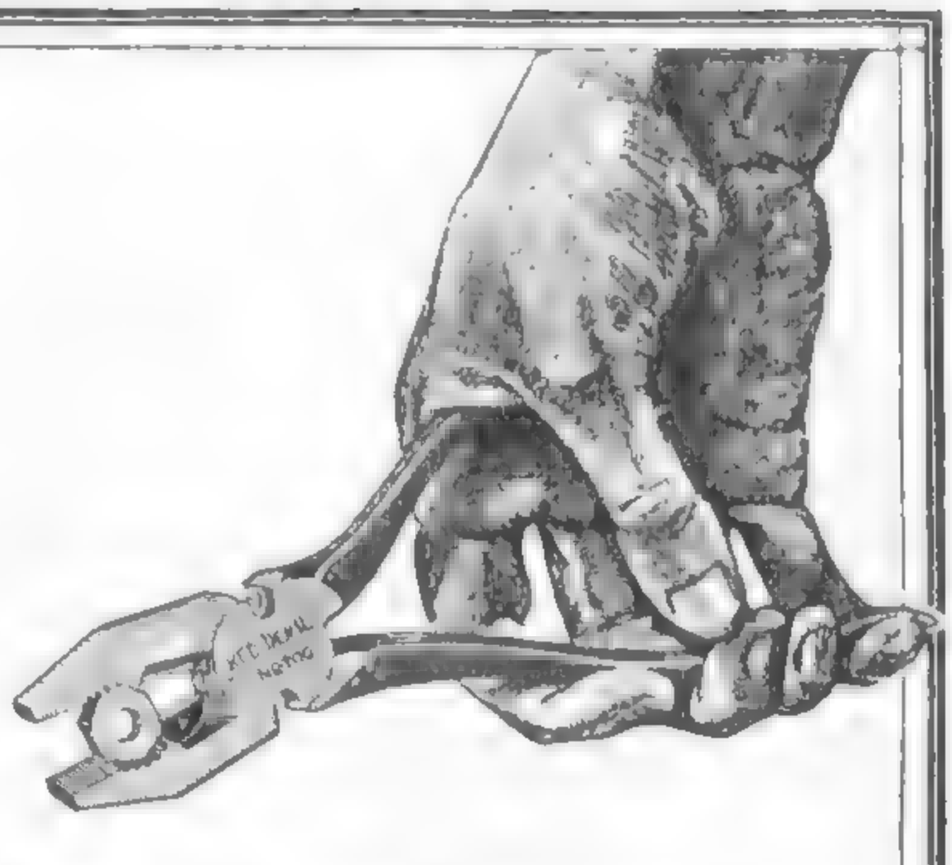
"We're showing her a pretty clean pair of heels," he said coolly, by way of dealing out encouragement. "Ship's carpenter's begun plugging up the hole. That won't hurt us so long as we don't get another."

"What about the cabin boy?" someone called out.

He shrugged his shoulders, saying merely: "Doctor attending to the wounded."

It was strange to be tearing through the seas, with that erratic course of the crazed leviathan, when at any second death might strike us from the air. I had often been under shell fire, of course; but on land there was generally some dugout, some abri, in which one could seek shelter. What impressed me here was the vast exposure of it all. We could only stand with the heaven over us, ready to take to the boats if need be or equally ready to be blown into bits like little Sammy Smelt.

Among the people on the deck the quiet waiting which the traditions of the race have made second nature continued. We might have been passengers gathered at the entrance to a railway track. If a scared look haunted some faces it was not more than might have been occasioned by the extreme lateness of a train.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The shells were still splashing, the ship was still driving herself onward under every pound of steam, when I looked again at the girl in the yashmak. It must not be understood that I had looked away from her for long. The extreme moment of our peril did not in reality cover more than a few minutes. Like the crisis of a fever it was slow in coming but it passed quickly, though we needed some time to realize the fact.

But when I looked again at Regina Barry I found her as little disturbed as a woman could possibly have been in that special situation. Not to be hurled again into my arms, she held now to the hand rail that runs along cabin walls; but she watched me rather than the ocean. I was her charge and the ocean was not. The blue-gray streak that had held her attention for a while was visible only when the turnings of the ship threw it into view; otherwise we had nothing to see on the starboard side except an infinitude of billows with curling white crests.

To resume something like the customary attitude of human beings toward each other I said, as casually as I could manage: "You came over here just after I did, didn't you?"

Having purposely framed my sentence in just those words it was some satisfaction to get the result I was playing for. It took all the aplomb—a rather shy aplomb—of which she was mistress to answer in a way that wouldn't underscore my meaning.

"Possibly; but I don't remember when you came over."

Having given the date of my sailing I added: "And you left with Evelyn a little more than three weeks later?"

"Since you know everything you naturally know that." She took on the old air of being at once smiling and defiant as she asked: "And has the fact any special significance?"

"That's what I want to find out." Before she could protest that there was no such significance I put the question: "How did you come to know her?"

"Is she so terribly difficult to know?"

"Not in the least; only you'd never seen her in your life at the time when"—I gathered all my innermost strength together to bring the words out—"at the time when I talked to you last."

She, too, gathered her innermost strength together, rising to the reference gallantly.

"Oh, well; a good many things have happened since then."

Before going further I was obliged to pause and reckon how much I dared. Of the many sensitive points in my history we were touching on the most sensitive. I was fully aware that since the sleeping dog was sleeping it might be better to let him lie. Once he was roused there might be a new set of perils to deal with, perils we could avoid by softly stepping round them. That Paolo should go one way in space and Francesca another seemed to be decreed by inevitable fate; so why interfere with the process?

I should probably not have interfered with it had the circumstances not raised us above the sphere of our ordinary interests. The roar of the wind, the tumult of the sea, the plunging of the ship, the indescribable whining of shells, the knowledge of danger—were as the orchestra which lifts the duet to emotional planes that dialogue alone could never attain to. Though our words might be commonplace every syllable was charged with tones and overtones and undertones of meaning to be seized by something more subtle than intelligence. Prudence might have said "Let everything alone"; but that urging of the being which escapes the leash of prudence drove me on to speak.

"Do you remember when I talked to you last?"

She answered with the detachment of a witness under compulsion to tell the truth. The personal was as far as possible eliminated from her voice.

"Perfectly."

"We—we seemed to—to break off in the middle of a conversation."

"Which you never gave me any further opportunity of going on with."

The statement took my breath away. For some seconds I could only stare at her as a truthful man stares when he hears himself given the lie direct.

"Did you—did you—want to go on with it?" I managed to stammer at last.

"What do you think?"

"I—I didn't think that. I waited nearly two hours."

"And if you'd only waited a few minutes more ——"

I leaned down toward her, breaking in on her words with a sense of what I might have lost: "Everything would have been different? You were going to say that?"

She took time to raise her hands and adjust the yashmak, giving me the clew to her reason for wearing it. It was putting on a visor before going into battle. Knowing that she would be thrown into some difficult situations she had taken this method of being as far as possible screened against embarrassment.

She was successful in that. Apart from the shifting surface fire of her eyes and the slightest possible tremor in her voice I saw no rift in the barricade of her composure.

"No; that isn't what I was going to say. I don't know how things would have been. I suppose they would have been as—as they are now."

"But we could have talked them over."

"If you'd waited."

"I should have waited forever if I'd known."

"Or if," she went on with the same serenity, "you hadn't disappeared next day without leaving an address. I tried to find you—as well as I could, that is—without seeming to hunt you down."

I explained that when I left New York on that last Monday in June, 1914, I had not expected to be gone for more than a few weeks—just the time to recover from the first effects of the blow I thought her scorn had dealt to me.

"It was curious though," I went on, "that that name, Gavrilo Prinzip, should have hammered itself in on my brain. I recall it now as about the only thing I could think of. I didn't know what it meant, and I was far from supposing it the touchstone of human destinies that it afterward proved to be; but in some unreasoning way it held me. It was like the meaningless catch of a tune with which you can't go on, till all at once you see it finishes in ——"

"In a trumpet call. Yes, I know. You had to follow it. So had I. I don't think there's much more than that to be said."

The blue-gray streak was again on the starboard side, but comfortingly far astern. Though we were still within her range we were getting the benefit of distance. At the same time someone called our attention to a blotch of black smoke, far down on the eastern horizon. A destroyer was coming to our aid.

"How long did you expect me to wait that afternoon?"

She looked down at the deck, answering with a perceptible infusion of the bitter in her tone: "I didn't fix a time. I wasn't sitting with my watch in my hand."

"But I was."

"Evidently."

"Why didn't you come down?"

"I came down as soon as I could."

"What kept you?"

She raised her eyes for a fleeting glance, lowering them again. At the same time her voice sank, too, so that in the fury of sound about us she was no more than audible.

"The thing you told me."

"And that kept you—in what way?"

"In the way of making everything different."

"How much does that mean—different?"

"It means a good deal."

"Can't you tell me exactly?"

"I can't tell you exactly, but it was something like this." She fixed her eyes on me steadily. "When they first opened the Subway in New York I came up out of a station one winter afternoon just as the lights were lit, and instead of going to the right as I should have done I turned to the left. When I had walked about fifteen minutes I was dazed. Though I was in a part of New York I knew perfectly well I couldn't recognize anything. It was all a confusion of lights. I couldn't tell which of the streets ran north and south, or which were east and west, or what the buildings were that I'd been used to seeing all my life. In the end someone took me into a drug store and made me sit down till I had time to reorientate myself."

"But you did it in the end?"

"That time—yes."

"And this time? The time we're talking about?"

Whir-r-r! Z-z-z! P-ff!

Bang!

From the port side there came something like a feeble cheer—a chorus of rough male voices and high female screams, timid and yet glad.

A new swing of our crazed leviathan disclosed the reason for this wavering victorious cry. There were two more blobs of smoke on the horizon, and from different points on the Irish coast three huge birds were flying like messengers from some god. Moreover, the blob of smoke we had first seen now had a considerable stretch of the ocean behind her and in front a parting of the spray like two white plumes as she tore in our direction.

"She sure is some little ripper!" came a dry Yankee voice in the group about Lifeboat Number Five.

"Thirty-five knots if it's one."

"Them planes'll overtake her, though, and be on the spot as soon as she is."

"Gosh, I'd like to see Fritzie then!"

"J'ever see a kingfisher sweep down on a gudgeon?"

"Gee-whiz! Look at Fritzie! Goin' to submerge!"

And sure enough, as we stared, the blue-gray streak began to sink behind the waves, becoming to the imagination even more a giant deep-sea reptile after it had gone.

Almost simultaneously our leviathan calmed down, resuming her straight course. It was done apparently with the wordless, unexplained inconsequence with which a runaway horse will suddenly fall into a peaceful trot. There was no stopping to salute the destroyers and planes that were hastening to our help or to exchange confidences with them as to our common enemy. There was neither hail nor farewell as we forged again toward the open sea.

Danger being considered past the groups broke up, intermingling with sighs of relief. The Consolatrice and her friend came to exchange a few words with us, and Miss Prynne returned from the boat to which she had good-naturedly exchanged. While I thanked her for this kindness, as if it had been done for myself, I saw Miss Barry trying to slip off.

By stepping out of my corner and assuming a limp lamer than my actual disability warranted I was able to intercept her.

"I wonder," I made bold to ask, "if you could give me a hand back to the music room?"

The yashmak was not so impervious but that I could detect behind it the scarlet glimmer of her smile.

"Oh, I think you could get there by yourself. Try."

"I can manage the deck," I said in the tones of a boy feigning an indisposition, to stay away from school, "but I'm afraid of the steps of the companionway."

"How would you have managed if I hadn't been here?" she asked as she allowed me to lean ever so lightly on her arm.

The steps of the companionway presenting a more real difficulty than I had expected, I could say nothing till with her aid I had lowered myself safely down.

Postponing the pleasure of thanking her I reverted to the topic the last attack had interrupted.

"I want to hear about your reorientation. You were able to put the streets in their proper place again, and to see New York as it was; but in my case ——"

She put out her hand with that air which there is no gainsaying.

"I'm rather tired. I think I must go to my cabin and have a rest." She added, however, not very coherently: "The way things happen is in general the best way—if we know how to use it."

Somewhat desperately, because of her determination to go, I burst out: "And do you think all this has been the best way?"

"You must see for yourself that it's been a very good way. We've been able to do—to do the things we've both done." But the admission in the use of the first personal plural pronoun seemed suddenly to alarm her. She took refuge again in her need of rest. "I really must be off. If we don't meet again before we leave the boat ——"

"Oh, but we shall!"

"I'm very often confined to my cabin."

"Not when you want to be out of it."

"Very well, then, I very often don't leave my cabin."

I was holding the hand she had extended to say good-by, but she slipped it away, and was going.

"Then tell me this—just this," I begged: "How is it that we're both on the same ship? That didn't happen by accident?"

Whether she refused to answer my question or whether it didn't reach her I couldn't tell. All I got in response was a long oblique regard—the fleeing farewell look of Beatrice Cenci—as she carried her secrets and mysteries away with her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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We ask all manufacturers and chemists who believe that success in the new industrial era which is upon us demands new methods and new ideas, to consider these chemicals in the light of possible application to processes in which they are interested. If you are such a manufacturer, ask your chief chemist if one of these materials does not suggest an improvement in your product, or a saving in its manufacture. If you are a chemist, does not something in the list at the right offer possibilities for new accomplishments in your profession?

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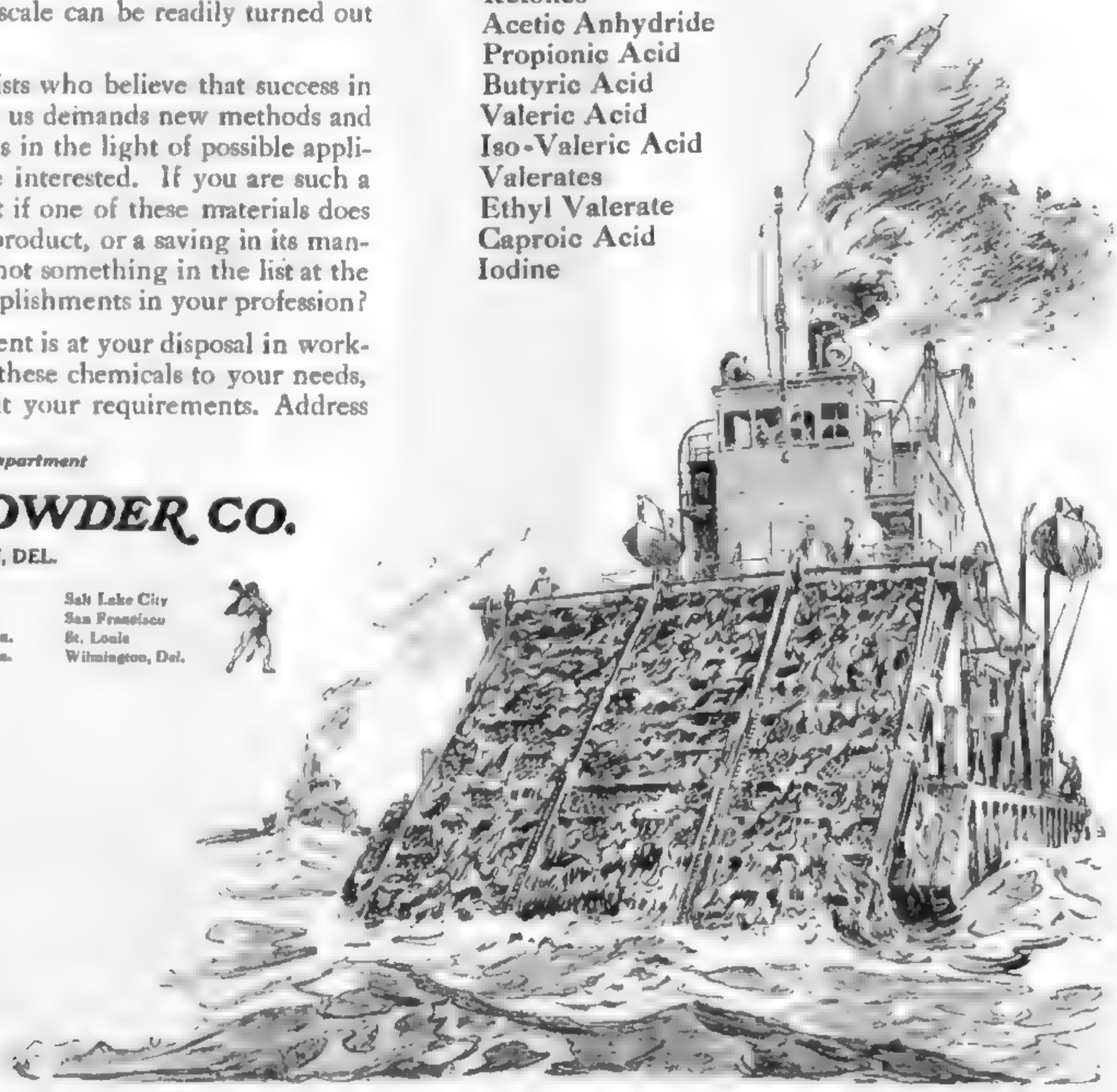

# NANCE IN A STATE OF WAR

(Continued from Page 10)

and the mothers of the babies whom she had so often weighed for war

They sat—the specimen working classes—very still; mostly Poles—round headed, pale, with those sad, silent Polish faces, as emotionless as eggs. But with them—in dark contrast to the rest—sat at least one of the Italian women, Nance's special acquaintances—a powerful, massive person with whom she now seemed to be in active conversation.

"They will be starting soon," explained Nance, returning, "on the Question Hour for the working women—and the mothers. I was just talking with her, that's all."

Everybody of course had seen her go.

It was but a very short time following this that the president of the Community at Work rose once again for a brief explanation of another feature of their system, as they had developed it among the workers of the laboring classes.

"We encourage them in every way to bring their problems to us; to ask us all their workaday questions as they arise in their own homes—especially mothers!" she said; and smiled across at Nance's general direction, Nance smiling courteously in return. "In this way," she said, "we gain the confidence and coöperation of the daily workers—the wives and mothers of the great laboring classes of our community."

And I looked then at Nance's Italian. It seemed for a moment as if she were getting up or about to do so.

"For example," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin. She looked behind, and then forward again, from her little platform. "Are there any questions?" asked Isabel Coutts-Corbin; and paused—her picture hat at an angle of gracious attention. The whole hall waited, silent—at attention with her—especially the pale-faced Poles, still under their centuries of oppression. "It is the hour for questions," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin very simply. "Are there any questions that anyone would care to ask me?"

And I jumped suddenly with the rest. This Italian woman—this friend and confidante of Nance—it seemed, was rising, waving a small card in her hand. She seemed more massive even than when I first observed her.

"You want-a the quest'—hah?" she asked in a hard loud voice, and waited, calm in the general unease, staring at the president.

"My friend she say," she explained in absence of immediate answer, and waved in the direction of Nance, "you lik-a us to ask the quest'."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin; to whom evidently the speaker was a stranger.

"Good!" said the mysterious questioner—and stood waiting among the pale Poles, black as Medea among her father's golden sheep.

"Splendid," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, exchanging glances with her trained worker at the card catalogue. "The more you ask the better we shall like it, for then, you see, we can help you all the more!" She spoke very simply in words of but one syllable, her picture hat at a kindlier angle.

"The littl-a card! My bebby!" exclaimed the strange visitor from the tenements cryptically.

"What did you say the name was?" asked the belted secretary at the card catalogue most efficiently. "Oh, I see!"

"If you will, please," said her president deferentially. "Her baby!"

"A, Number Three," reported the working secretary. "Not bad, not serious!"

"Not serious in any way!" repeated Isabel Coutts-Corbin, encouraging the worker mother. But that one stood fixed, still scrutinizing the president and the working secretary with strange foreign eyes.

"My bebby, he no good—huh?" she asked with a tremendous calm.

"Oh, no. Not that!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, reassuringly.

"Merely a slight case of mypsodemia," said the efficient secretary to the president—or that, at least, was what I understood her.

At the sound of those drear words the southern mother seemed to start—but not to flinch in any way.

"My bebby—he no good, huh?" she asked again in a low voice very hard and calm.

"Oh, no," answered Isabel Coutts-Corbin very kindly. "Not that at all. Merely—what shall I say to you? Merely—a little mypsodemia."

Her palliation and her smile fell dead upon the hardened face of the much card-catalogued mother.

"Now I ask-a you the quest'," she said, after a deep waiting silence—with the strong stress upon the "you"; and moved now suddenly, treading across three patient Poles till she stood directly opposite the president of the Community at Work upon her platform.

"I am so glad," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, with the emphasis upon the "so," "to have you."

"You ask-a me the quest'," stated the Italian mother again with deep dignity; "now I ask-a you."

And once again without warning she brandished the slip of paper in her right hand.

"The littl-a card," she said with sudden violence, "I ask-a you."

"Yes" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, and exchanged for the moment glances with the war patronesses from abroad—as one would say: "Isn't this going to be great fun?"

"The littl-a card," said the Italian mother, firmly planted now, in a still more violent voice.

But the pale Poles never raised their eyes. They sat silent, the immemorial sadness of Poland's wrongs upon their faces, as she reaffirmed in a still louder voice:

"You ask-a me! I ask-a you!"

"May I sit down, my good woman?" asked Isabel Coutts-Corbin with intense politeness. "I have been standing all day. I am very tired."

And she did so, back among the other patronesses of the women at war.

"You!" said the speaker—perhaps misunderstanding what she did—pursuing her with her voice. "I mean! You wom' with the big-a hat!"

The president of the Community at Work smiled back very kindly from her seat, though it was clear now to all in the hall that she was dealing with one entirely unfamiliar with the real refinements of English speech and custom.

The strange-acting Italian seemed to be producing now, from somewhere in her full deep-breasted person, what seemed to be the stump of a lead pencil.

"My good-a wom'," she said then—it seemed to me, from the first, following the language of others she must have heard—"you know we mak-a the big-a war—for the countaree. You—me—everybod'!"

I glanced nervously at Nance. She sat gazing straight ahead, her face as motionless as the emotionless Poles.

The president of the Community at Work bowed—smiling with all the rest, but evidently puzzled.

"Good. Hah!" went on her questioner with melodramatic approval. "You understan'? So—we all do then what we can—you me—everybod'. So me," she said, "I ask-a you quest' from the littl-a card.

"My good-a wom'!" she said, as an afterthought apparently.

The president of the Community at Work sat, still smiling, but a trifle red—the picture hat at a somewhat questioning angle.

"So then—the littl-a card," the Italian mother said again. "I ask-a you the first quest' from this littl-a card."

She held it firmly in her fat left hand, and with the other raised heavily above it the stump of the lead pencil.

"My good-a wom'," she said, "I ask-a you this quest': Your old-a man—your husb'—does he live yet?"

It was clear at once to anyone that the woman's reading of the card or paper that she held was a mere pretense.

For a moment the face of the president lost the illumination of its smile. But then almost immediately she smiled quickly on again.

"He is," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin; and smiled at her fellow patronesses with almost uncalled-for gayety

"Hah—good!" said the questioner again; and brought down the pencil with heavy ceremony on the card.

"Your old-a man," she proceeded, apparently with her free translation of a second question from her card, "does he mak-a the fight for his countaree? Is he soldj'?"

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I looked again at Nance. She sat—her face now utterly devoid of any human expression.

"No," answered Isabel Coutts-Corbin—sweetly smiling, but more red.

"Good—hah!" said the questioner—somewhat hastening the asking of her questions. "Does he mak-a the work for his countaree? Does he help all this our countaree when it needs?"

"Oh, yes indeed!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin, smiling bravely on.

But an unseen shudder of apprehension passed over the audience, remembering the talk about the Coutts-Corbin war contracts.

"Mrs. Corbin," said one efficient worker from the background, "don't! Don't humor her!"

"Oh, no," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin—as one would say: Who's afraid? "Oh, no; let her go on!"

And she rose and came back to the front platform again and stood before her questioner—two striking figures facing one another.

"Yes," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin very graciously. "He certainly does. I am proud to say. He makes the shoes that the soldiers march in."

Her picture hat held strong and firm and steady as she looked down, meeting this sudden emergency which had come in the conduct of her Community at Work.

"Good—hah!" said the questioner, again continuing. "And you—my good-a wom'! You too. You stay-a home? You mak-a the food for him? You help-a the countaree?"

We sat transfixed, waiting.

"I try to," said Isabel Coutts-Corbin—as one would say: We'll have to stop this finally! "Why? Why do you ask?"

"My good-a wom'," she said, now very clearly imitating someone she had heard, "spik louder. We no harm-a you. We mak-a the good for you."

She stood poised, waiting—a singularly disagreeable, prognathous expression upon her face.

"Good," she said then. "You stay-a at hom'—hah? You sav-a the food—hah? You mak-a the child too—for your countaree?" she asked very loudly.

"I—no—that is to say!" said Isabel Coutts-Corbin. The picture hat was visibly shaken—even from where I sat.

"This is an outrage!" said a visiting patroness aloud—who had been watching the proceedings intently through a folding golden eyeglass.

But the woman went on, notwithstanding, raising her pencil for the next question—evidently impervious to all social control.

"Hah—good!" she said again, having apparently misunderstood the answer. "Good. You mak-a the child. Two child—three child—four?" she asked on.

"This must stop!" said the head trained worker, rising suddenly.

"You sit-a down," said the mysterious mother in a hard, peremptory voice, and advanced a step as if to mount the platform, "and I no harm-a you," she said in warning as the worker sat. "My good-a wom'—I ask-a you no quest'!"

And she faced again her victim, disregarding all others. Her voice rose suddenly higher still—harsh, menacing and wild. She called again to the president of the Community at Work, who stood, as one irresolute and uncertain about what to do, before her.

"You mak-a the child!" she said in a loud hoarse voice. "You stay-a at hom', hah! You work! You sav-a the food for your countaree!"

"Is there no policeman accessible," asked the trained working secretary from the platform, looking quite obviously in my direction.

"You sit where you are!" hissed Nance's harsh low whisper in my ear.

For a moment I felt the glances of all fixed upon us. But then I sat transfixed—all thought of self forgotten—with the rest of the great audience.

"A big-a lot you mak'!" yelled the strange questioner to Isabel Coutts-Corbin, brandishing her pencil suddenly like a sword. "You mak-a noth'! No child. No food. Noth'!"

Her voice was terrible.

"Ya-as! We all-a know-a you!" she cried with intense emphasis on "you." "Everybod'!

"Your old-a man—he mak-a all the mon' for the conteract on this-a war. He buy-a the dress! He buy-a the hat. He put—put—put on you! You tak-a—tak-a—take

"You!" she called out then, after one great hasty intake of air, hurrying on faster and faster. "You! You tak-a the automobil' —you tak-a the two men dressed up like the soldj' every day. All-a the time. You tak-a the big-a dog, and the big-a hat—and you go a-ridin'! You tak-a the hat, you tak-a the dog—you tak-a the ride to all the peep' that work. And you talk-a—talk-a—talk—about the workin'!" she said; and stopped, glaring.

The entire company on the platform stood suddenly upon their feet—the picture hat of the president, recoiled from the front platform, among them.

"You!" this frightful creature yelled, indicating it with a fierce, threatening hand. "You, I mean. You woman in the big-a hat! You sav-a the countaree? You! I mak-a the loud laugh!"

She did so, glaring all the time at Isabel Coutts-Corbin. On either side of her, as she glared, the pale Poles sat—hearing nothing, seeing nothing, saying nothing—sad with the irrepressible sadness of the centuries. All through the hall the silence was complete as this woman laughed—short, harsh and terrible!

My own personal position, as the one man in the company, was fast becoming intolerable. I started once to rise; but I was held there, silent, motionless, by Nance's firm left hand.

"Is there anyone here," asked the uneven voice of Isabel Coutts-Corbin in sudden appeal, "who can stop this?"

Her picture hat seemed all disarranged. There were tears, it seemed to me, coming into her unusual blue eyes. She looked at us directly as she asked it. And with hers, all eyes turned eagerly to where we sat. I was in the act of rising now, determined upon some action, I was not clear exactly what, when Nance, I saw, who had previously sat hard and still, was herself rising in her seat.

"Francesca!" she said very simply.

And the daughter of Medea turned.

"You say—she ask-a me the quest'," she said, hastily defending her position, "so me—I ask-a her now!"

"Don't, please," said Nance, "any more."

And all at once the strange wild creature changed her mood, throwing sudden arms above her head.

"My bebby—he no good—hah!" she cried in a strange wild strangling voice. "My bebby, he no good! Hah!"

And she collapsed, and sat suddenly, bowed down, her arms and hands about her head.

She sat—among the silent Poles—silent now herself, motionless, apparently in a sort of daze. We all were—through the short remainder of the session.

I moved directly out with Nance at the close. Her manner was intensely calm and gracious and unaffected. On either side as we passed out the members of the Community at Work stood in silence and in awe. On the platform as we left the hall I caught one glimpse of the flushed, beautiful face of their young president under its picture hat, and its brave, pathetic, drawn smile.

Nance passed on and home with me—indifferent, cold, silent.

"Well?" I asked when we were at last within our own four walls.

"She wanted questions—didn't she?" she answered in a hard, brief voice.

I waited on—in perfect silence.

"So she got—her own!"

"Were those," I asked—"were those all questions from her justly celebrated card catalogues of the working classes?"

"Certainly," said Nance. "What else would they be?"

"They suffered somewhat from their translation to Italian—perhaps!" I said in self-defense.

"Suffered!" said Nance, apparently misunderstanding me. "I am glad she did! It's nothing to what we suffered while we saw her ruining everything! And now she's out ——" said Nance.

"Out?" I said.

"Certainly," Nance answered positively. "You don't think she will wait for any more questions, do you? Now she's out," she resumed calmly, "we'll go into the Red Cross and we'll do something!"

That was just a week before that last complete nervous breakdown of Isabel Coutts-Corbin, when her doctors sent her for a year's stay in California—forbidding her all work entirely; requiring absolute rest.

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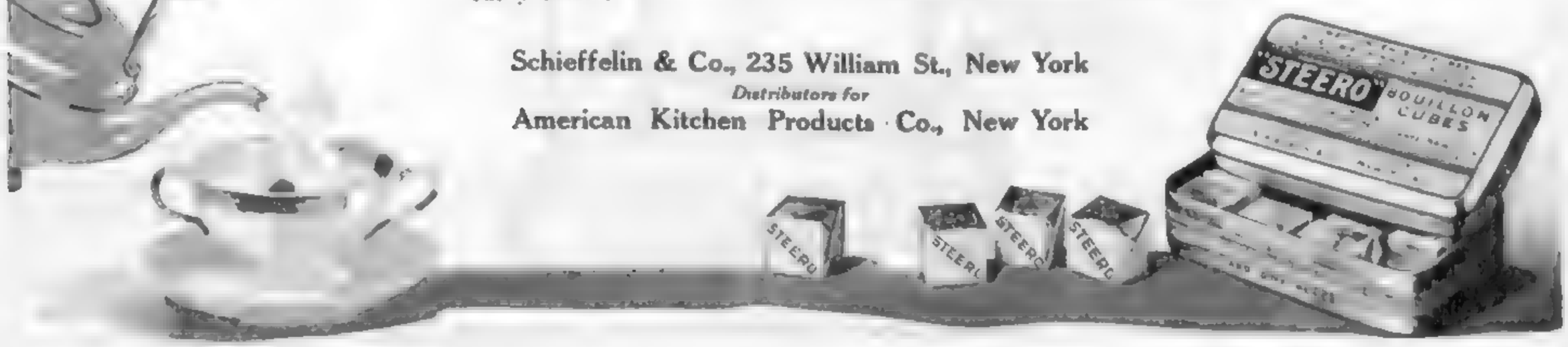

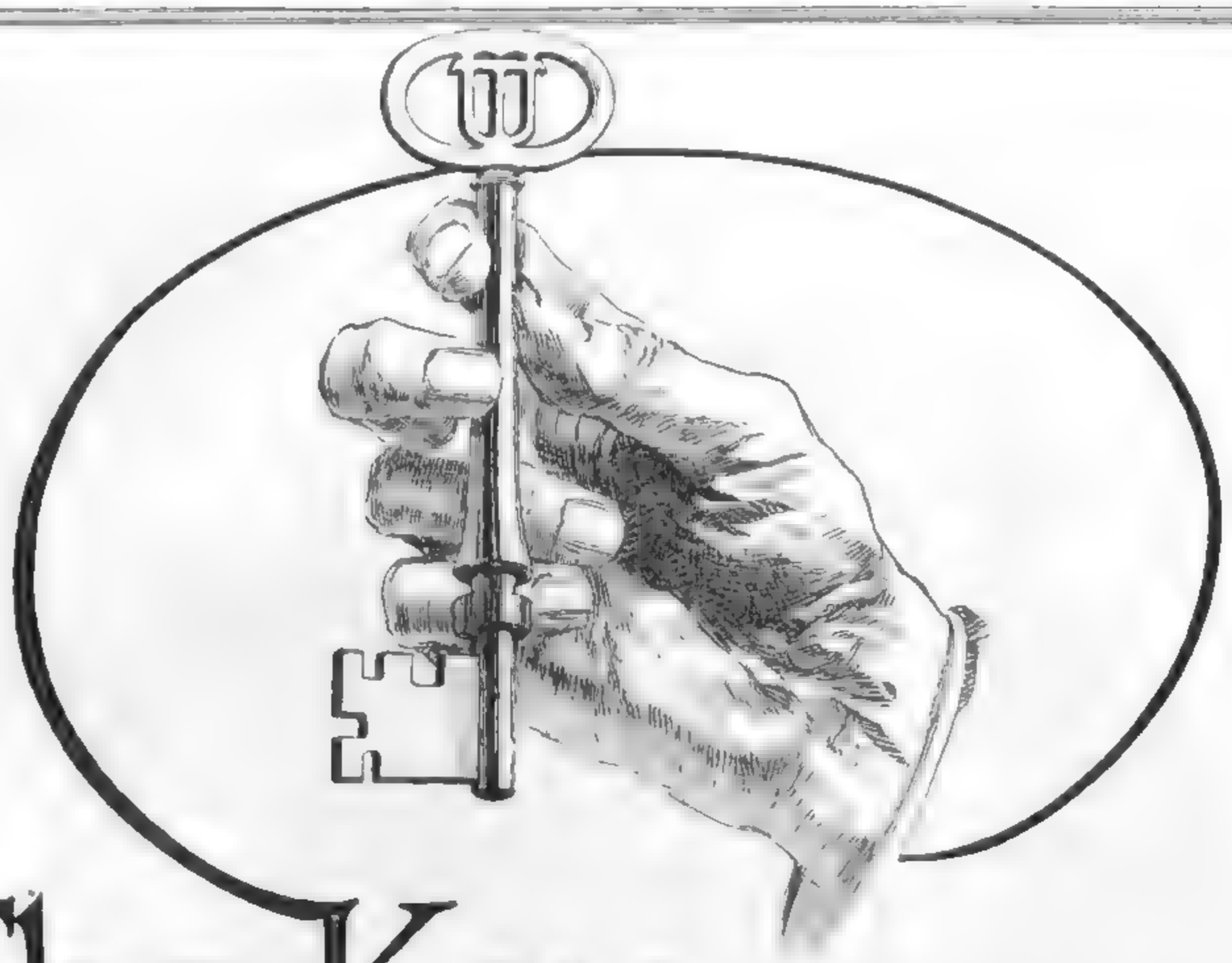

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# DOCTOR HOLST'S CONVERSION

(Continued from Page 16)

everything out. You are a faithless man! You've had everything—success, admiration, devotion from your wife and your friends. You've taken it all easily. You've set yourself apart. You've said the good stupid little laws of the herd didn't bind you; you were too exceptional for that. It has made a faithless man of you. What is worse than that—a man who won't keep faith—who'll take and take but not pay? Let him have all the gifts and graces—what is worse than that?"

He didn't quite understand her and, along with his other emotions, felt somewhat puzzled.

"They've all made excuses for you," she continued; "excused you even in their minds. They've admired you so much, and wanted so much to show their liking for you, that they've said you really meant no harm—did no harm. They said you just gave yourself a license to be unconventional, but at the core you were true. That isn't so! You've been a traitor at heart, too, Julius. You haven't kept faith with my sister." In answer to his startled look she affirmed, like a sword thrust: "I know it!"

He essayed to speak, and checked the word. For the moment his mind was in a panicky tumult. He opened his lips again, staring at her out of a puckered face. But her face gave him back only steely resolution. He sprang up, rubbing his brow as though to pace the room; but turned to her and burst forth:

"Betty, I swear I haven't been a traitor at heart! I swear it! I've really loved no one but Agnes. I've wanted no one but her. It was —— There are things a man cannot explain. It was a folly. Finally, I let myself in for an egregious folly—that I've regretted and been ashamed of, and would have given almost anything in the world for some decent way out of. Folly, Betty!" His face was distorted; he struck his hands together. "And Agnes! She isn't worthy to lace Agnes' shoes!"

"I know her, Julius," she replied relentlessly. "I understand. I belong to my generation too. If I ever marry I shall try to keep in mind that my husband may make a silly ass of himself over a woman who smirks at him and still be a pretty good husband, by and large. But Agnes is more old-fashioned. You knew well enough you might as well drive a knife through her gentle heart as to have her know that! And you took the risk of her knowing because you couldn't resist flattery. That's you, Julius! You flatter yourself when there's nobody else to do it—flatter yourself that you're exceptional, and the good stupid little laws that mean life or death to other people don't bind you. You say you are privileged to stroll out of the path, and the first thing you know you're up to your neck in the mire and wish you hadn't."

From her more subdued manner of speaking one might judge that his passionate outburst had calmed her. In fact, disgust of the episode that formed the subject of their speech overlay her anger for the moment.

"That's true of the war," she went on, warming again. "They said you were only talking foolishly from pride of opinion, having chosen to take up the German side before we came in. But it didn't stop there, Julius. Where will the false man stop? Wrong is a long road and crooked all the way. I tell you there are touchstones by which a man is either true or traitor. You were traitor to Agnes. You were traitor to your country. You corresponded with Neumeier, who is now in prison."

On his feet, his mind still in the tumult of that other episode, he could only stare blankly at her for a moment. Then his heart was searched by a poignant regret as he realized how reckless he had been in keeping Neumeier's three letters. He looked over at the safe in the corner and exclaimed:

"So they have been up to that!"

"Never mind them!" she retorted. "Think of yourself! You are wrong. You're corrupting your own heart and mind—out of vanity and conceit. You're going to ruin. Those Neumeier letters will be fatal things at a trial."

He felt tremendously foolish—as though he had been caught in a ridiculous position—and deeply baffled. Stepping purblindly back to his chair he dropped into it with a brooding face.

"Well—no doubt it was foolish," he admitted. "This mob rule—the senseless, intolerant herd—it exasperated me! Probably I let my reactions carry me farther than I should have gone. I didn't really care two straws about Neumeier's project; only—well, it appealed to me as a protest—a defiant gesture, you understand. I let myself in for it to the extent of corresponding with him—only to that extent. I admit it was foolish."

"The same thing over again," she reminded him ruthlessly; "too exceptional to stay in the common path, and then, the first thing you know, up to your neck in the mire. I tell you a man must be faithful!"

He brought himself up defensively.

"But, you see, I made hardly any attempt to conceal it. If I had regarded myself as a conspirator—a criminal—I should have destroyed the letters or hidden them securely. That would have been easy enough. But I wouldn't lower myself to do that. I just put them into my safe, where Matilda—or almost anybody—could get them."

"Yes," she retorted; "and excused yourself to yourself that way. I tell you, you are faithless!" Her hands clenched together; emotion suffused her voice. "Julius, I hate you! You corrupt your own children! Their fond little minds catch the color of your supercilious tones—the small flouting jokes you drop. . . . Agnes—she's all gentleness and affection. She can't fight you as she should. . . . It goes on! You corrupt them! And you know it! . . . When little Agnes—toddling—lisps at her German hymns I see the face of the devil in you—the mocking, conceited devil that is taking you to ruin. I hate you, Julius!"

He had the sensation of being beaten from all sides, and looked at her helplessly, like a baffled child. Suddenly he confessed:

"I haven't been happy, Bet. . . . It's true, things have been going wrong with me—in here." He touched his breast. "I don't know why, exactly." He sighed and passed a hand over his thick dark hair. "But I am Holst. I am an able man." He said it with a simplicity beyond egotism, and looked down curiously at the supple muscular right hand whose skill his profession applauded.

"You are able," she assented; "able far beyond most men. But you must get right. There's going to be no faltering about it now. The show-down has come! Saturday night you must face that audience."

He sighed again at the recollection and again rubbed his hand over his hair. She waited a moment, as though gathering herself, and then flung the final appeal at him:

"Oh, Julius, you must come through—clean, bright; all red, white and blue! No jockeying, no shuffling, no dodging. Look them straight in the face. Talk straight out of your heart. All the intellectual tightrope walking thrown away. True American. True man. You must do it!"

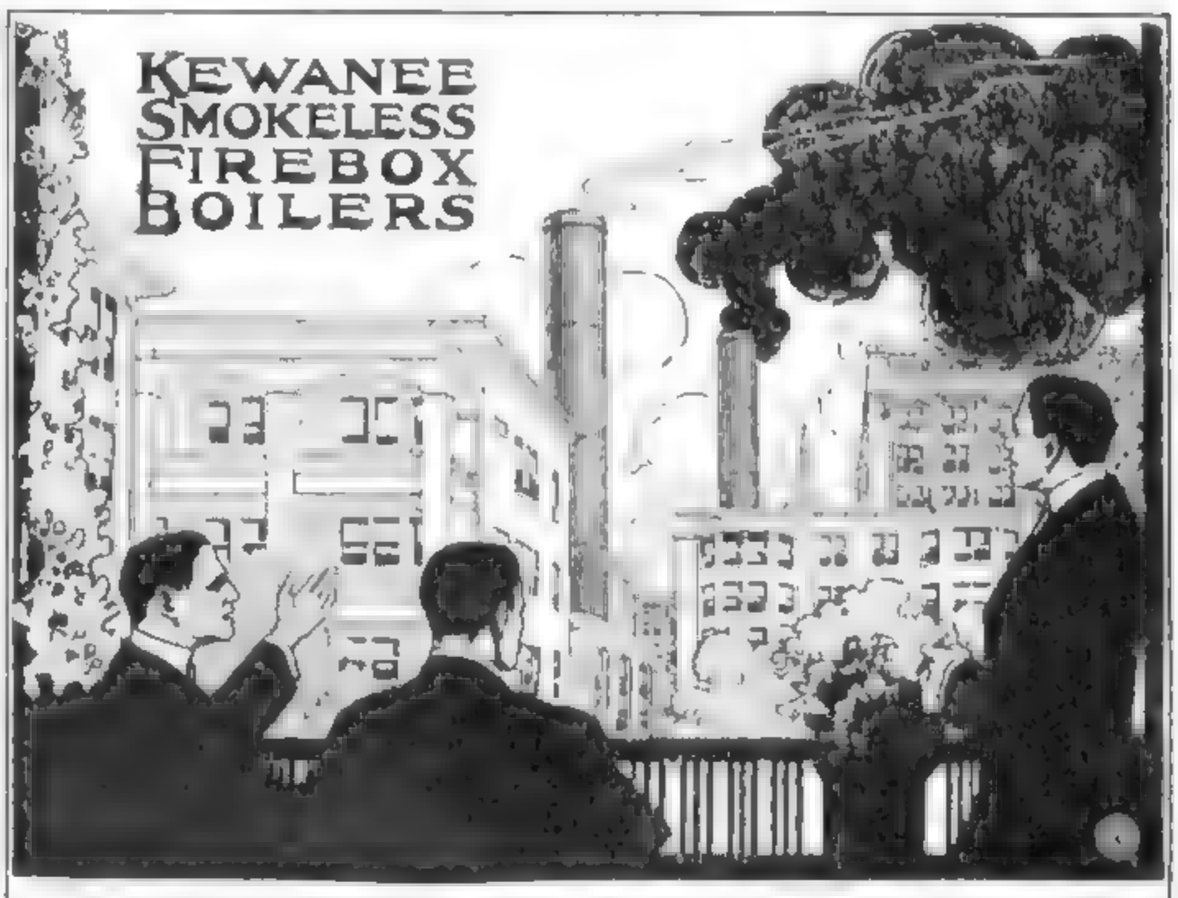
He stared into his lap; and after a little pause she spoke in another tone, slowly:

"The day you went away word came that Billy Vance was dead. That almost decided me. I came up here. Matilda was dusting the room. I stood about, looking on—not quite decided. I saw in your desk there a card with some numbers on the back. Matilda mentioned that it was the combination of your safe. On the anteroom table I saw a letter directed to you in a woman's hand. I knew the hand without even looking at the seaside postmark. I went to Dan Stapleton. I told him our family mustn't shield you any longer. Dan hesitated. I was altogether decided then.

"I came back here and got that letter and the combination to your safe. I opened the safe myself and found the Neumeier letters. I have those letters and the other one. You know there is a sort of committee here. Dan belongs to it. Unless you come true Saturday night I shall turn the Neumeier letters over to that committee and I will put the woman's letter among them. You know whose husband is a member of that committee. I've sworn to do it, Julius. I will do it! Nothing but death shall stop me. You've got to come clean or go under!" Her eyes never flinched; nor did her voice falter in the least as she said it. "I loved you in my way as much as your mother did; so I have some right," she added.

Exclamations struggled out of his amazement:

"You opened my safe! . . . You took my private letter! . . . You went to Dan Stapleton!"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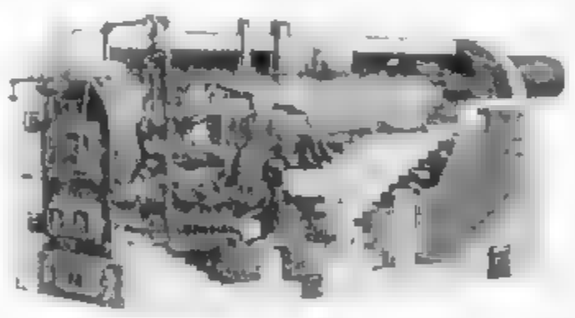
You manufacturers and owners of buildings who have been mourning the scarcity of hard-coal, simply *don't know your luck.* You wouldn't see a fat pocketbook if you stumbled over it.

The hard-coal famine is a blessing in disguise. It is proving the virtue of *soft-coal* in the *right boiler* and forcing you to see something that you wouldn't look at before. Necessity is the Mother of Progress.

You can't get anymore hard-coal or even Pocahontas. You've *got* to use soft coal. And it is going to prove your salvation at half the cost. More than that—you are never going back to the use of hard-coal. You are going to have fortune thrust upon you.



Listen—the Kewanee Smokeless Firebox Boiler *originated in the soft-coal country.* It was designed to burn the very cheapest grades of soft-coal, and it is burning them today with greater efficiency than any other type of boiler made—*and with absolutely no smoke.*

All over this country, the greatest and most successful firms are using this boiler and only recently old established firms that sneered at soft-coal for years, have volunteered their orders to us—thrown out their old boilers and *are now burning cheap grades of soft-coal efficiently—cleanly—economically.*

The war has killed the bugaboo of hard-coal. The firms we name don't care if it never comes back. They won't use it anyway. They are cured. And you will be cured if you look into the matter and ask questions of the home office or of responsible engineers, architects, builders, manufacturers and owners of buildings whose names we will send you on application.

*Write today to The Old Man Behind the Boiler at Kewanee, Ill., and ask him for the right dope on the soft-coal question. He will open your eyes.*

## KEWANEE BOILER COMPANY

Kewanee, Illinois

Steel Heating Boilers,
Radiators, Tanks, Water
Heating Garbage Burners

ALSO KEWANEE RADIATORS

BRANCH OFFICES:

CHICAGO, Market and Washington Sts.
NEW YORK, 47 West 42nd St.
KANSAS CITY, 2014 Wyandotte St.
ST. LOUIS, 1212 Chemical Building
MINNEAPOLIS, 708 Builders Exchange
WASHINGTON, D. C., 834 Southern Building
SALT LAKE CITY, Scott Building
MILWAUKEE, Majestic Building
PITTSBURG, 948 Oliver Building
DALLAS, Southwestern Life Building
DETROIT, 1928 Ford Building
LOS ANGELES, Baker-Detwiler Bldg.

Canadian Representatives

THE DOMINION RADIATOR CO., Ltd.—Toronto, Ont., Montreal, Que., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont., St. John, N.B., Calgary, Alta., Vancouver, B C.

# Hominy Grits

*Do You Know How Good They Are?*

*With Butter or With Cream*

*Fry Whatever is Left*

*Hominy With Gravy As a Change from Potatoes*

Hominy Grits is a famous Southern dainty. But millions of Northern homes so far are missing its delights.

Hominy is the sweet, flinty, inner part of white corn.

The outer coat of the corn, coarse and fibrous, is omitted. The oily germ is removed.

Hominy is the part of the corn used in making toasted corn flakes.

It makes a delightful breakfast cereal. It makes fine fritters and pancakes. It forms a great side dish at dinner.

Quaker Hominy Grits is a fancy grade of white hominy, packed in round packages with tops.

It will form a fine addition to your food list—try it.

## Quaker Hominy Grits

*15c Per Package—Except in Far West*

## A Corn Meal

Made from Granulated Hominy

Quaker Best Corn Meal—either Yellow or White—is just granulated hominy.

In old-style Corn Meal—which was whole corn ground—the outer coat made it coarse. And the oily germ made it grow rancid. This new-day Corn Meal—really hominy meal—is the best 60 per cent of the corn.

Compare it with the old style. The Yellow looks like grains of gold—the White like marble dust. And the foods they make will delight you by their sweetness and their flavor.

## Quaker Best Corn Meal

*Yellow or White—15c Except in Far West*

**The Quaker Oats Company**

CHICAGO (2082)


"I! I! Nobody else!" she declared. "I opened your safe I took your private letter. I went to Dan Stapleton. And I will see it through! Nothing but death shall stop me. Absolute loyalty to your country. Absolute renunciation of Germany. No shuffling—not the least! No dodging! A speech that every mother with a son over there can hear with a full warm heart, or those letters go to that committee! Make no mistake about me, Julius. I mean every word!"

The deep dissatisfaction and irritation in his mind found a vent then—and he sprang up again, crying:

"Monstrous! I can't talk to you at all! You, who have the freedom of my house, take my letter—which my own wife would not dream of touching! You rob my safe! You steal my letters! Then you threaten me with them!

"Blackmail! I'll not be coerced that way. A respectable person doesn't steal letters! Bring them back here! Apologize! Then I'll talk to you."

She, too, rose, facing him, and flung back:

"I shall do as I said. Those letters are locked in my writing desk. They'll go to the committee unless you come through."

Then their words rushed together, clashing

HE: Blackmail! I'll not be treated that way! Fetch them back!

SHE: I'll do as I said! They'll go to the committee!

HE: I can't talk to you! I'll have nothing to do with you till you give them back! I'll not be bulldozed so! That was sneaking!

SHE: Good! I'll do as I said!

And on her headlong way to the door she threw back at him: "Look to yourself!"

She rushed out, shaking with anger, and sprang into her car.

Julius, also shaking with anger, watched her flight through the anteroom. A little later there was a luminous moment in which he realized that what he was angry at was not so much her—intolerable as her actions had been—as himself. All round he was in a mess.

He turned mechanically to his chair and sat down, in the turmoil of his mind forced to look himself in the face, and finding it in some ways a rather strange face. At one moment he wondered blankly how he had got into such a mess. He wasn't at heart what Betty had called him in respect of his wife or in respect of his country. He could make a fairly passable speech if it came to that. But he loathed being coerced. He had the feeling of being caught in an endless coil.

It steadily grew more dim in the room. He reached out his hand mechanically and turned on the desk lamp—and still brooded ineffectually. Presently a purblind glance at the little clock on the desk showed that his dinner hour was at hand, but he sat dully on for some minutes more; then got heavily to his feet and started upstairs, absorbed.

He was in the hall above. A door flew open. Out of it issued the figure of his wife, wringing her hands, distracted, her face dabbled with witless tears. Running toward him she cried:

"Oh, hurry, Julius! It's Betty! She's terribly hurt! She drives so recklessly! They're taking her to the hospital. Doctor Teller telephoned. It's her head! Hurry, Julius!"

Instantly he became the surgeon, racing through the hall to get his car. Arriving at the hospital he was all surgeon—listening to Doctor Teller, who had brought her there from the roadside, and to Doctor Givens. He was all surgeon as he bent over the tall, inert figure with which the nurses were already busy—one of them shearing away a thick, blood-clotted strand of soft brown hair—only even then he noticed unprofessionally that it was just the side of her head. Save a scratch on her cheek and a slight abrasion on her pretty nose, her face was not marred.

Her car, unlighted and rushing down out of the steep woods road, had collided with a laden truck. Julius saw that Doctor Givens had detected the real trouble—a splinter of metal in the brain. He gave some directions as he threw off his coat and vest. While he was washing his hands and a nurse was investing him with the white armor of his calling, preparations were going expertly forward in the operating room.

He stood beside the table on which she lay. A nurse was fetching the gleaming, sterilized instruments. Other figures in white, who would assist, were busy at their several rôles. Then he realized her—Betty -a sweet creature! There was the round white of her shoulder, her delicate ear, the pretty brown hair—all, to the eye, as immobile now as death itself. They were putting the anæsthetic apparatus over her face—a sort of burial.

From somewhere came a thought: Only the highest skill could call her back to life! All hung trembling by a hair. What if she should not come back? She had said those fatal letters were in her writing desk. He could easily get them—and be free! Not a being in the room would ever know—could ever dream of it. The right stroke depended upon variations so fine that the highest skill needed a sort of instinct to find them. No one in the world could ever know.

That thought came into his mind, and for a moment held him while he stood as still as the figure on the table.

In another moment he saw the thought's face and felt a terrible reaction. That was treason to the very core; treason to his calling and his genius! A faithless man! A devil in him! He was secretly so shaken that he had to exert the utmost strength of his will in order to get himself in hand for the business before him.

He sat down on the chair at the head of the table. His fingers closed familiarly on the shining knife. Something from very long ago—something babbled at a mother's knee, shouldered up through thick layers of scientific training and adult intellectual life. Yielding himself to it he prayed in his mind "God guide my hand!"—and began his work.

Sunday forenoon young Doctor Teller and the smiling head nurse followed Doctor Holst into the patient's room. Ever since the surgeon had entered the hospital, and while he was listening to Doctor Givens' report, young Doctor Teller had been at his heels like a dog—bulging with worshipful admiration.

Already the report of a wonderful operation was spreading abroad.

As they came softly in, the patient lay white, weak, and faintly smiling. An outspread Sunday newspaper lay beside her on the bed and her languid hand rested upon it. Finally the wise head nurse had let her have her disobedient wish that every word of Doctor Holst's speech at the mass meeting the evening before should be read aloud to her. And she wanted the newspaper left on the bed, where she could touch it.

There must, of course, be no needless talking, no avoidable bodily or mental effort. Doctor Holst sat down at the bedside, strictly professional, satisfying himself as rapidly and easily as possible that conditions were satisfactory, while the smiling head nurse and young Doctor Teller stood near. Only, at the end, he laid his hand on hers, stooped close and whispered:

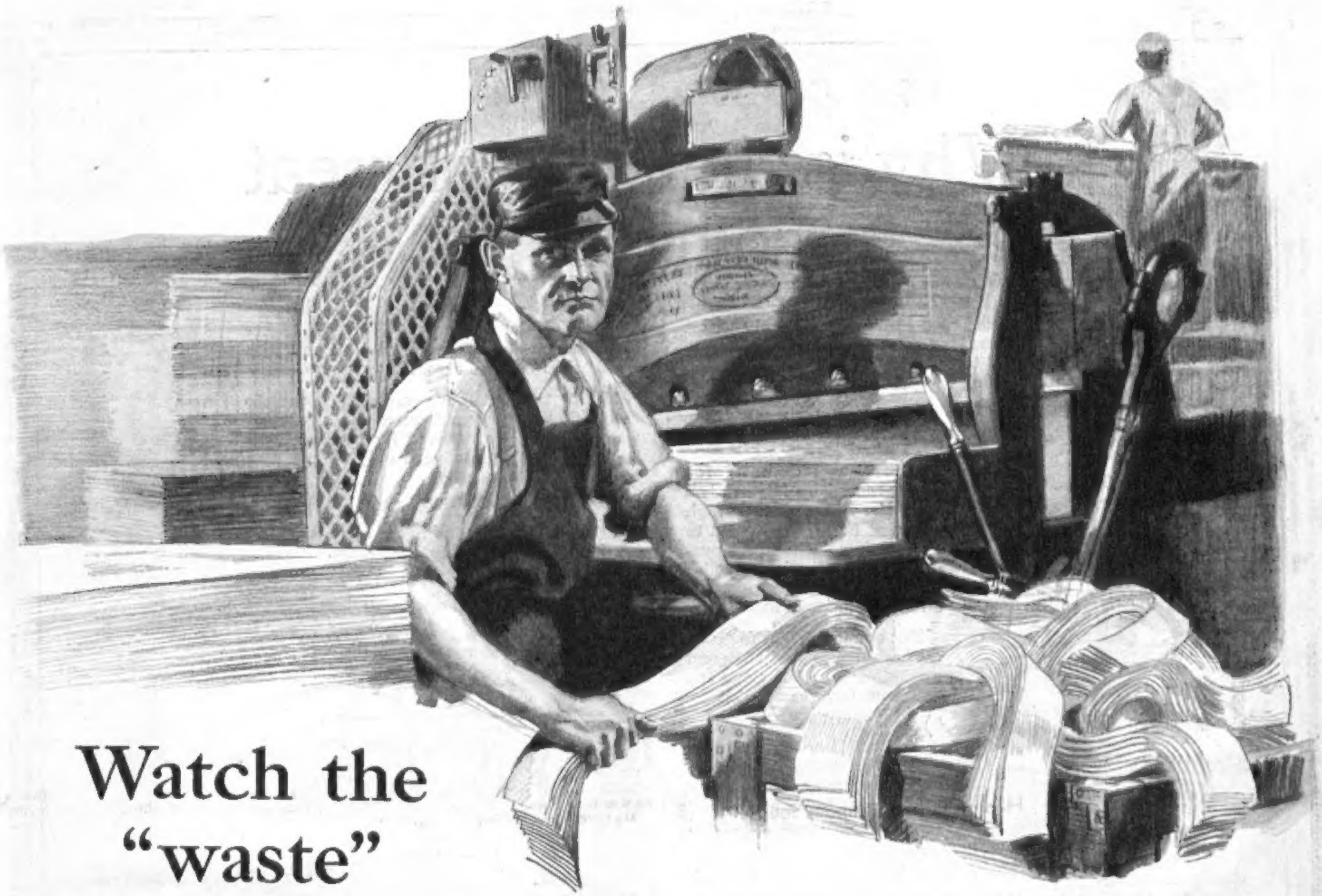
"I've come through, Betty!"

Her blue eyes shone softly into his, her lips curved a little, and her fingers closed weakly on his as she whispered back:

"I love you, Julius!"

Out in the corridor Doctor Julius Holst thought, with a sort of astonishment:

"Women! What strange creatures they are!"



# Watch the "waste" when planning printing

HERE is a scene common in every printing plant and heartbreaking to every printer.

Whenever a printing job is not carefully figured for standard size sheets, "cutting to waste" becomes necessary. The printer sees pounds of valuable paper trimmed away, simply because a customer was wanting in foresight.

The man who plans his catalog or booklet to cut from a standard size sheet of paper is conserving. It is the fellow who decides to issue a twenty-eight page catalog, say 9 x 9, without once considering whether or not this will involve "cutting to waste," that needs reforming. His order may be a small one, the waste involved if pointed out to him may seem small. But multiply him by ten thousand and we see the serious side of this "what little I am wasting won't make any difference" attitude.

Odd and unusual size printing, results every time in one of two kinds of waste: Either good paper must be trimmed and thrown away, or, in case of a large order, the paper mill must stop and reset its machinery for a special run. Every time a special size run of paper is made for you, the total production of paper mills on standard sizes is reduced by one or two tons. When you buy printing, plan for a page size that will cut economically from a stock size sheet. Good stock sizes are 25 x 38; 28 x 42; 32 x 44, and others with which your printer is familiar.

Your printer is also familiar, and favorably familiar, with the entire line of Warren's Standard Papers.

The Warren Suggestion Book, which shows these papers, will acquaint you with them so thoroughly and interestingly that after reading it you and your printer will speak the same language when paper is discussed. It is sent on request to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers and their salesmen.

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

*"Constant Excellence of Product"*

# "Why is the price of meat so high?"

THE head of a Philadelphia family writes to ask us why the price of meat is so high. He wants to know especially about the increase during the past four years.

* * *

There are, of course, many reasons.

*Clerk hire, delivery, rent—in fact, all items entering into the operation of the retail meat shop—have advanced tremendously in cost*

The heavy demand for meat, caused by large orders from the Allies, and by high wages at home, has helped to boost prices. The lower purchasing power of the dollar has also caused the prices of all commodities to increase.

But one important factor is the high cost of producing and marketing meat all along the line from farm to retailer.

* * *

The retailer, for example, must pay higher wages to clerks and more for delivery service—in fact, everything entering into store operation has advanced tremendously.

And the retailer has got to get a much higher price for meat, because he has to pay the packers more for it.

* * *

The packers, in turn, are in the same position as the retailers. It costs them more to do business. Labor, transportation, machinery, materials—all items in the packing business—have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years. But here again the packers have to get higher prices for meat when they have to pay such high prices for live stock.

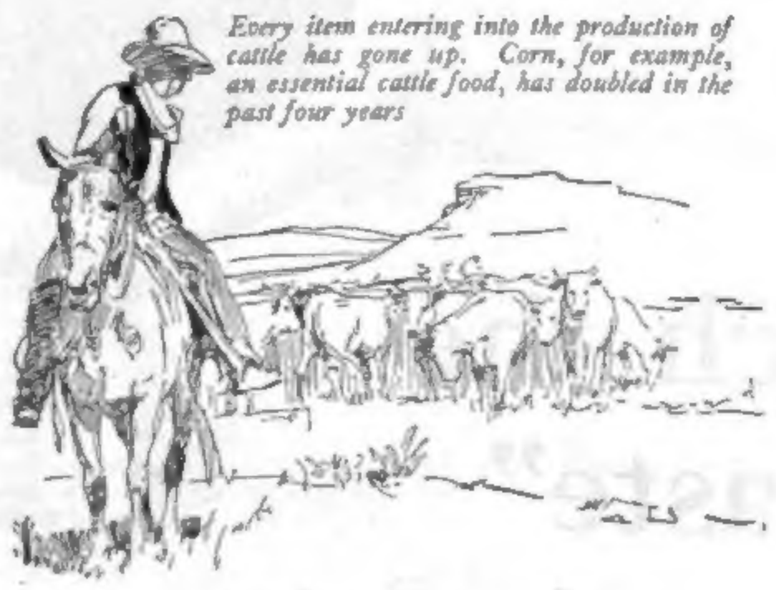
*The packer's costs also have mounted rapidly. Wages of packing house laborers, for example, have increased over 100 per cent in the past three years*

During the past four years, cattle prices to Swift & Company advanced 74 per cent, whereas the price received for beef by Swift & Company has advanced only 61 per cent during the same period.

* * *

The farmers have had to get more for cattle because it costs more to raise them.

*Every item entering into the production of cattle has gone up. Corn, for example, an essential cattle food, has doubled in the past four years*



Corn, for example, has doubled during the past four years; farm labor is scarce and wages are high.

* * *

But even with these higher production costs, the price of meat has gone up no more than the price of other foodstuffs—and this in face of the enormous quantities sent overseas to our Army and to the Allies.

During the past five years, flour has increased 100 per cent, corn meal 133 per cent, sugar 65 per cent. During the past year alone, fruits have advanced 30 per cent.

If the packers were to eliminate their profits entirely, there would be practically no change in the price of meat. Swift & Company's profits average only a fraction of a cent per pound of meat.

*The cost of all foods has increased during the past four years, and the advance in most cases has been greater than that on meat*

# Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 23,000 stockholders

# *Certain-teed White is lasting.*

White woodwork, outside, gets dingy, not so much from the dirt in the air, as from disintegration of the paint.

*Certain-teed* Paint resists disintegration longer than ordinary paint, because the lead, zinc and linseed oil are scientifically proportioned to produce the most lasting surface when exposed to the air.

***The Certain-teed Policy:***

To make every ***Certain-teed*** product from the best quality of materials; to use modern methods and machinery in manufacturing; to employ skilled experts; to manufacture on a scale that insures minimum costs; and to sell in such volume that ***Certain-teed*** prices are possible.

Under this policy we always have made and will continue to make ***Certain-teed*** Roofing. Also under this policy ***Certain-teed*** Paints and Varnishes can be made to sell at such reasonable prices.

Paint makers usually charge the same for each color. Some colors cost less to manufacture than others.

*Certain-teed* prices vary for each color, according to its manufacturing cost. You, therefore, obtain in *Certain-teed* Paints the very highest quality at a worth-while saving in cost.

*Certain-teed Products Corporation*

Offices and warehouses in the principal cities of America.

Manufacturers of

*Certain-teed Roofing*

*Certain-teed Paints & Varnishes*

*The rug on the floor which the salesman is displaying is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 350. The 6 x 9 ft. size retails for $12.50.*

# *"This Gold Seal Proves That It Is a Genuine Congoleum Rug"—*

"It also guarantees complete satisfaction or your money back. No guarantee could be broader than that. The manufacturer can make such a guarantee because Congoleum *has the quality* to back it up.

"Beautiful? Yes. These rugs are even more beautiful in your home than in this store. They are made in rich blended colors. That's what makes the designs so soft and refined.

"And the variety of Congoleum patterns is ample to satisfy a very wide range of taste—from the simple tile effects to the more elaborate forms of artistic design."

You can easily pick out a Congoleum Art-Rug which in both coloring and pattern will be in complete harmony with the furnishings of the room you have in mind.

In short, the excellence of Congoleum patterns is in perfect keeping with the high standard of Congoleum quality.

You don't have to tack Congoleum Rugs down at the corners. They never curl or kick up. They hug the floor close without fastening. That means it's easy to clean them. A few swishes with a damp mop do the work.

Then there's another big point—the price. Only $12.50 for this rug in the popular 6 x 9 foot size and $23.50 in the 9 x 12 foot size. That means a big saving.

In buying Congoleum Rugs in place of woolen rugs or carpets you are also helping to save WOOL, so necessary to keep our soldiers and sailors warm this winter.

### Send for Free Rug Color-Chart

To see the other pretty patterns before you call on the dealer, get this rug-chart that shows the actual colors. A convenient guide in picking out the patterns you like best. Send your name and address to the nearest office and let us show you how to beautify your floors for little money.

### Look for the Gold Seal

Always look for the Congoleum Gold Seal when you buy. It is pasted on the face of all Congoleum Art-Rugs and every two yards of Floor-Covering. If you don't see the Gold Seal, *insist* that the dealer show you the name "Congoleum" on the back of the material. Like all popular articles, Congoleum has many imitations. This Gold Seal gives you the protection of our "money back" guarantee.

*All prices subject to change without notice*

**The Congoleum Company**

Department of The Barrett Company

Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Toronto, Halifax, N. S.

# CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
# ART-RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Look for this Gold Seal when you buy